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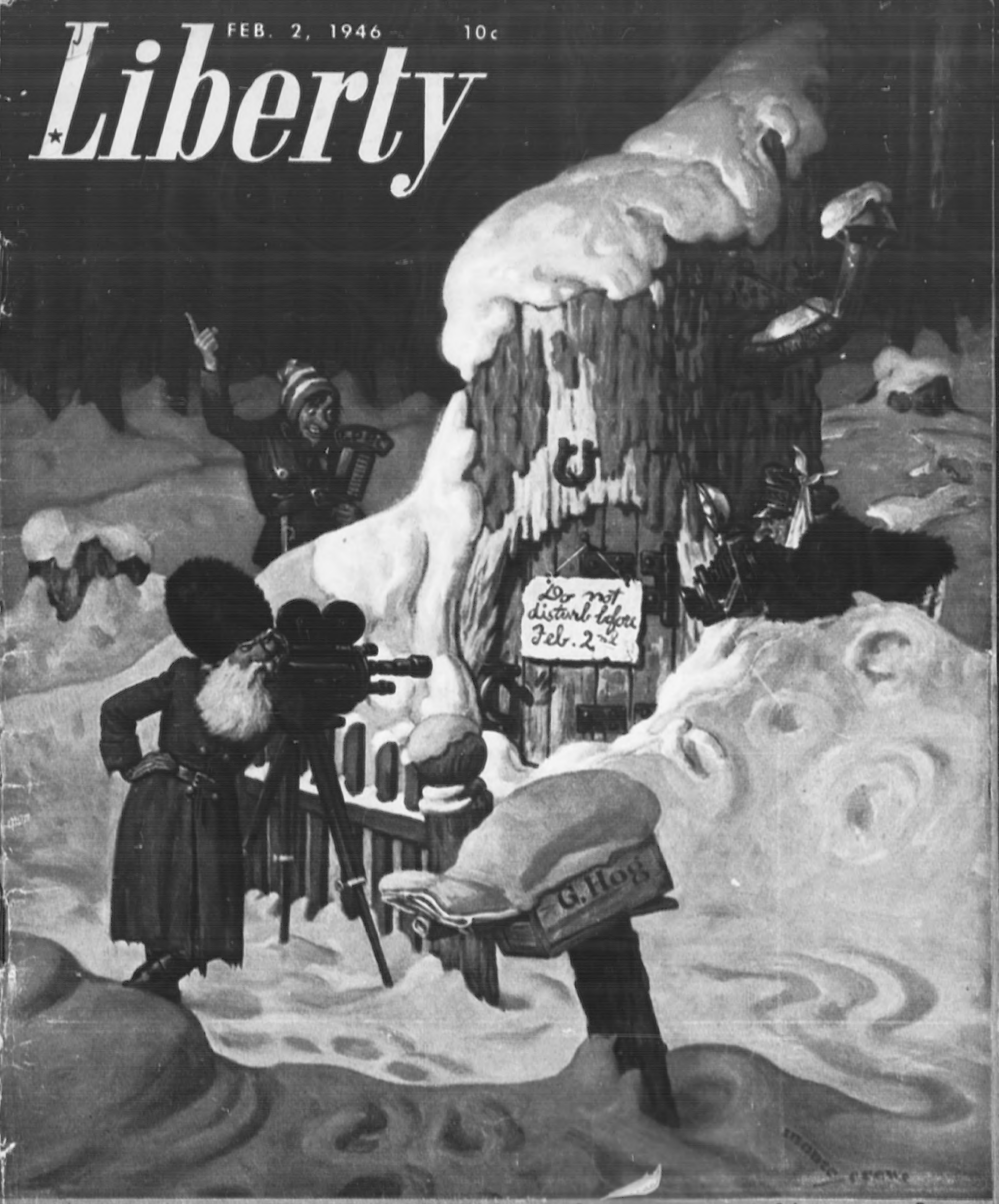

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WHAT THE JAPS ARE SAYING AMONG THEMSELVES

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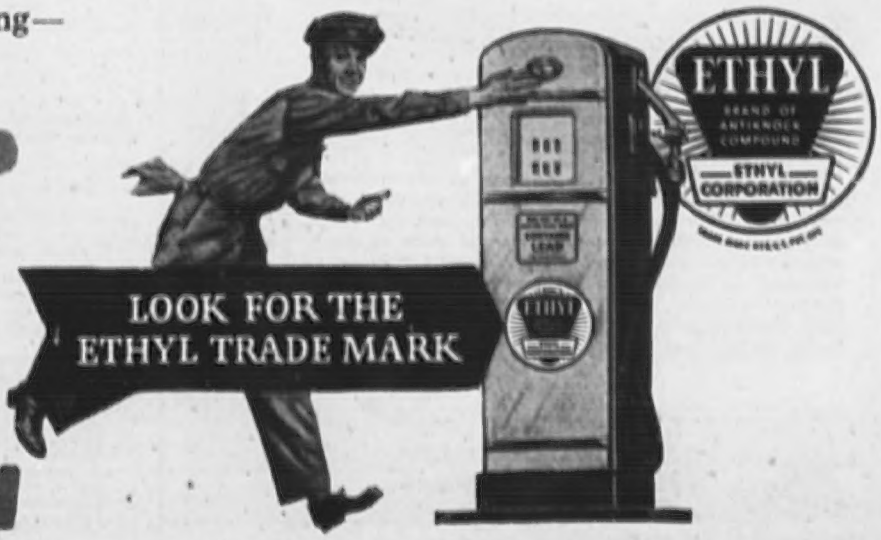

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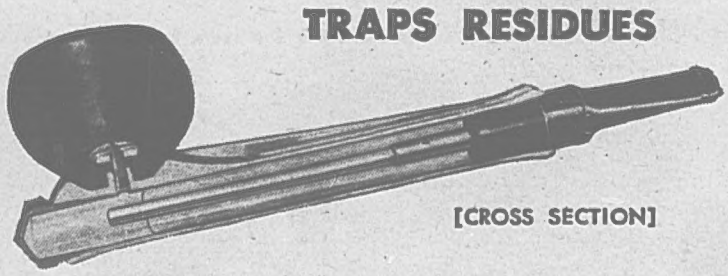

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Hot smoke containing tars and oils is drawn into the radiator where it remains for the duration of one puff. Thin walls radiate heat, cooling the smoke while residues condense on the walls of the radiator where they remain until removed. Ramrod attached to mouthpiece is used to push tissue through radiator to remove condensation. Intake tube suspended in center prevents moisture from being sucked into mouth.

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Cover: Ground Hog Day: Stalking the Shadow
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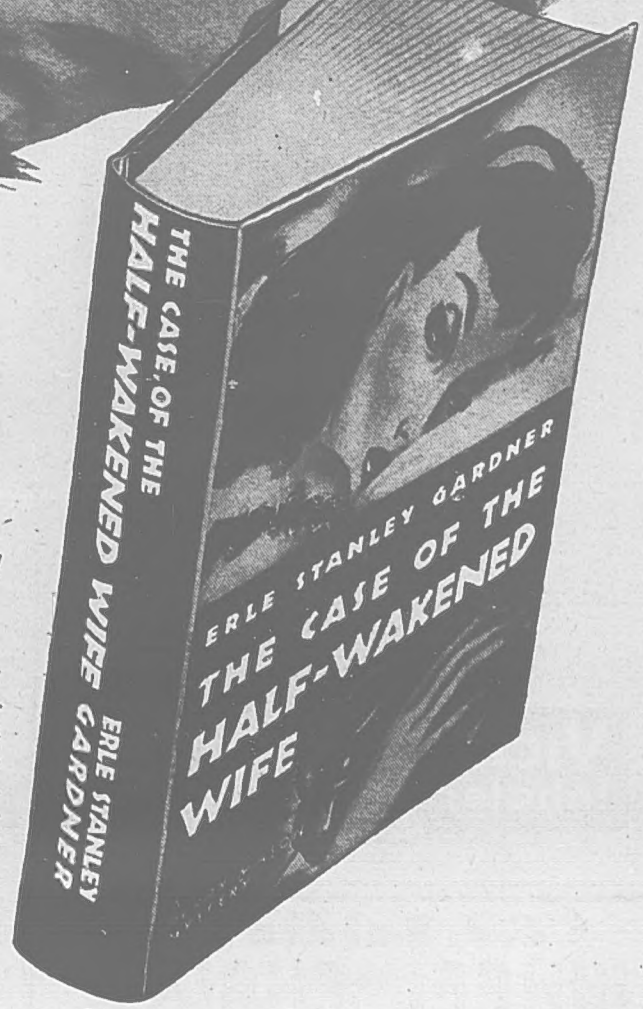

THE CASE OF THE HALF-WAKENED WIFE

Man Overboard . . . and Perry Mason's in Hot Water!

IT IS THE DEAD OF NIGHT. You are aboard a yacht loaded with people who hate one another. Suddenly you hear . . .

A scream! A splash! A shot! Then the cry, "Man Overbo-o-oard!" And you find yourself clutching a beautiful woman wearing only a thin nightgown. In her hand she holds a gun —*from which one shot has just been fired!*

That's the predicament in which PERRY MASON suddenly finds himself. But that's only the beginning! Events rush madly by. Now the lady stands before the court. Accused of *murder*. And guess who her lawyer is. Perry Mason, of course—the "legal beagle" with a list of acquittals as long as the D. A.'s face. Mason is the only person in the world who believes his client innocent. So what does the lady do? *She FIRES him!*

Can you keep up with—or *ahead* of—this nimble-witted lawyer-detective as he tries to find the joker in the pack? *Who* is measuring Perry Mason for a snug-fitting defamation of character suit . . . or is it a COFFIN? *Did* the "half-wakened wife" murder her husband?

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

SOLUTIONS FOR THE SOUTH

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Congratulations to Sam H. Jones and James Aswell for Five Million Negroes Move North (December 15).

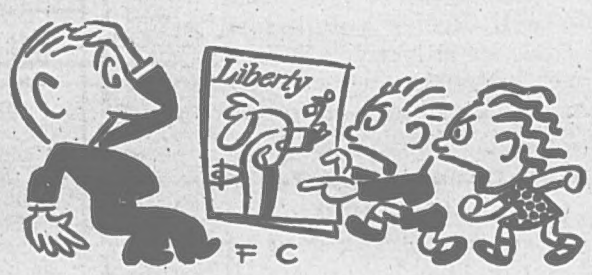
After eighty years of economic slavery imposed upon the South, it is time for all Americans to help this section of the country regain its proper place in national life. Southerners—be they Negro or white—can solve their own *social* problems when the U. S. government and the people behind it quit discriminating against them and creating *economic* problems. With a stronger South, we'll have a stronger America.—*C. H. A.*

DETROIT, MICH.—The solution Sam H. Jones and James Aswell offer is no solution at all, for it does not give the Negroes a home and country of their own, where they can work out their own destiny free of the white man's domination.

Senator Bilbo has been trying to get a bill through Congress that would provide help for any of our Negroes who want to settle in Africa on a voluntary basis. There were petitions presented in support of this repatriation bill signed by two and a half million Negroes. Why does Congress ignore this wonderful chance to solve our Negro problem?—*Buddy Miller.*

HARDTACK PLAYS HOOKY

WATERBURY, CONN.—What are you trying to do—stop your circulation? Where was Hardtack, who was missing from your December 15 issue? If you had two small boys in your family, maybe you'd think twice before cutting Hardtack out of your

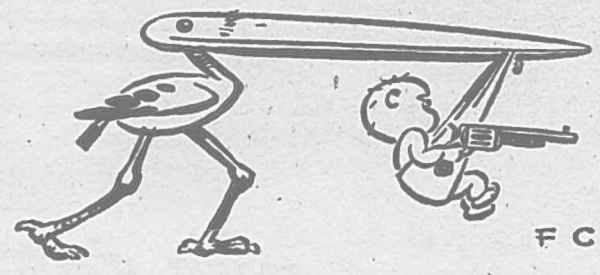


magazine. You tell me what to tell my kids. I'm going nuts making excuses for you guys. For the sake of my sanity, stop rationing Hardtack. —*George Raymond.*

Hardtack ran out of antics—but just for one week. To the many readers who wrote in asking for his whereabouts, we're glad to report that he's back in circulation again. —VOX POP EDITOR.

NO STORK STRIKE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Maybe the higher and more educated classes of women will stop having children until atomic bombs are outlawed, as Mrs. J. Vibart suggests in Vox Pop (December 15). But what of the others? They're not going to stop having children. So what would the



next generation be but morons and gangsters?

I think our government is perfectly capable of running things without a stork strike. I don't like wars. But I don't like strikes either. —*Mrs. L. Horn.*

FORT SHERIDAN, ILL. — Mrs. J. Vibart is an antagonist of organized labor. Imagine closing the Stork Club after all these years!—*Floyd F. Park.*

A MESSAGE FOR ALL

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am writing to congratulate you upon your wisdom and courage in publishing that very impressive story by Bernadine Kreis —Things Greater Than He (December 15).

The story seems to me very ably written and endowed with a message desperately needing to be presented to our American public. Many thanks to you for putting it into print!—*Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

KELLOGG, IDAHO—Your book condensation, Railroad Avenue, by Freeman H. Hubbard (December 15), sure hit a bull's-eye with me, since I did some booming myself in my younger days.

About the only item left out by the able Mr. Hubbard was some reference to one J. B. King who wrote his name on everything. In France, in the other war, when I saw my first real Yank engine coming with Yank forty-foot boxcars, I wondered if J. B. King had gotten to the AEF No. 1. And sure enough I found his signature on some of the boxcars.—*Erle P. Dudley.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

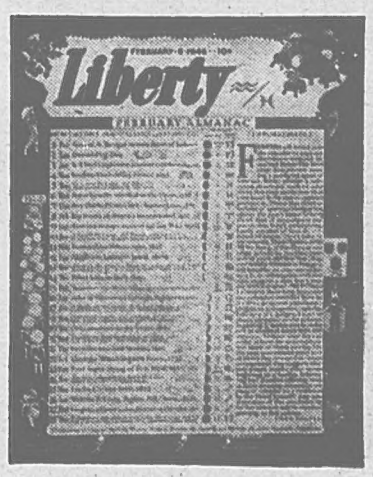
FROM CLERKING TO CRUISING

ARMED with a law degree, Donald Manashaw started his career clerking in a Wall Street office. But in 1935 he shifted to cruise directing, and that's how he got to know Cuba, the PLEASURE ISLAND he tells about in this week's issue. He's sailed on a dozen ships (from banana boats to luxury liners); made eighty-five trips in all to Honduras, the West Indies, and South America. Then he took to producing travel movies for the Cunard White Star Line; later opened his own studio in Hollywood. Now a lieutenant commander, he's been writing and directing training films for the Navy since 1942.

INTERPRETING THE JAPS

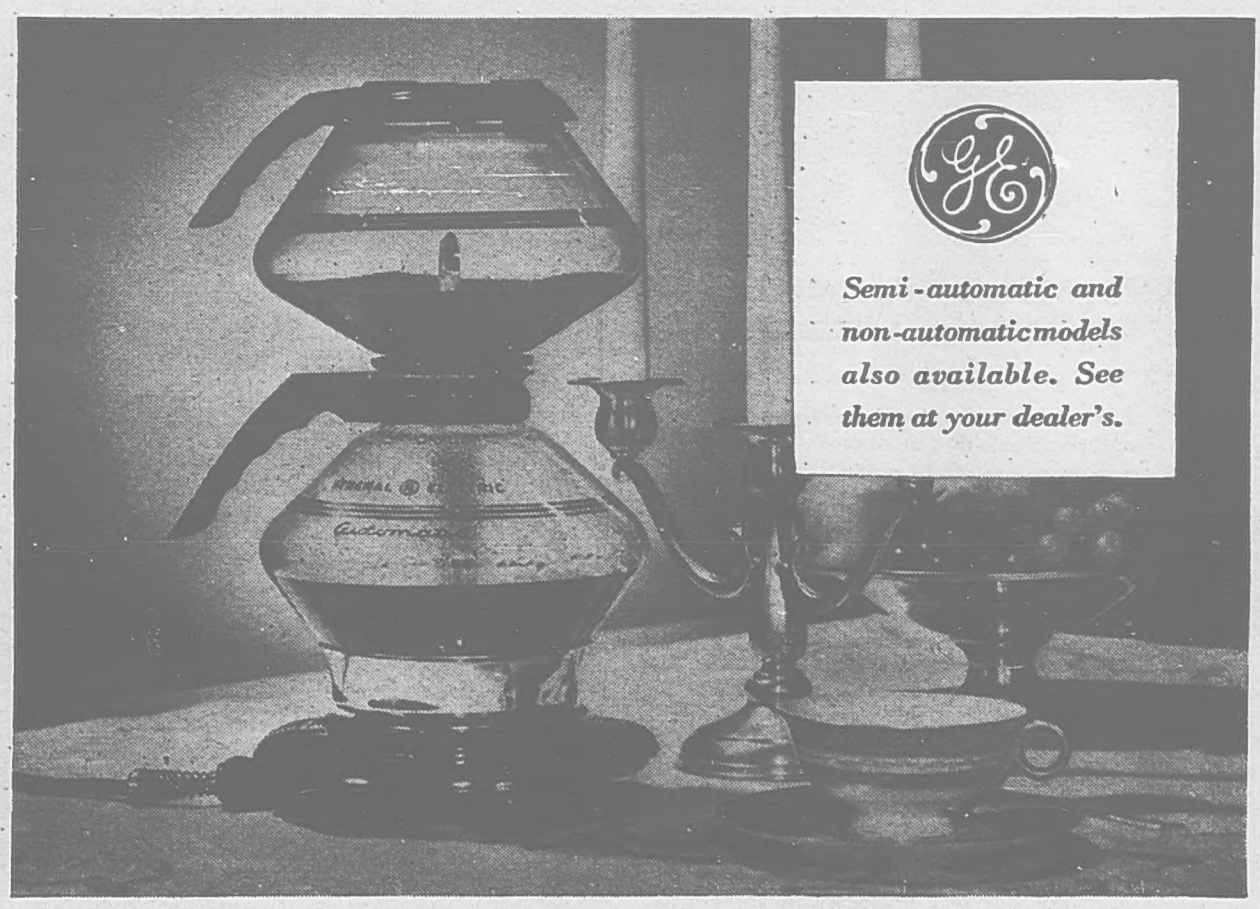
LT. BILL DOZIER ought to know WHAT THE JAP PEOPLE THINK OF IT ALL (see page 11). Raised in the California city of Stockton, where the Jap population was large, he was exposed to the language early in life. Between college and law school at the University of California, he went round the world, stopping off for two months in Japan. And he's fought the war as a U. S. Army interpreter—questioned hundreds of prisoners of war, won battle stars in the Hollandia, Leyte, and Luzon campaigns, and is now a divisional language officer in Kumagaya, Japan.

NEXT WEEK



BACK OF RUSSIA'S POKER FACE are staggering domestic problems, wrinkling the brows of Soviet planners. What are they? And how do they explain Russia's current attitude? William van Narvig gives you the facts. . . . Lend an ear to OPERA ON THE UPBEAT, by Dickson Hartwell, and hear what's happened to the Met since it went all out for the little man and snubbed the tiara trade. . . . Faith Baldwin tells the entertaining story of a pre-Pearl Harbor drip who came back from the wars a RETREADED WOLF. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, BURNING GOLD, by Robert Hardy Andrews, is a dramatic, powerful novel of high-masted galleons, villainous cutthroats, and a weird adventure in a land of fabulous romance.

Better Coffee—Automatically



Semi-automatic and non-automatic models also available. See them at your dealer's.

G-E brings you the *only* fully automatic glass coffee maker! Set it and forget it!

It's beautiful—this new G-E Coffee Maker! But, what's more important, it makes better coffee—and does it *automatically!*

Good-by, guesswork! You don't even have to measure water with the G-E Automatic Coffee Maker. Cupfuls are clearly marked on the lower bowl. You don't have to watch it or time it. After coffee is placed in the upper bowl, just press a button. That's *all* you have to do!

Good, every time! No more wondering "how the coffee'll turn out today." No more making more than you need, for fear small quantities may not taste right. A new, exclusive G-E feature—*the Brew Compensator*—makes sure your coffee's delicious, *whether you brew 2 cups or 8!*

Coffee stays hot! Even late-comers get a steaming cup of coffee. Not reboiled . . . but fresh, sparkling, delicious. After the coffee's made, a "stay-hot" heat keeps coming on at intervals. Another automatic G-E feature! General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

G-E Automatic Coffee Maker

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These are the new streamlined pen and pencil sets that are literally flying over paper to make writing history.

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Berlin's big Tempelhof airport is war-scarred but still impressive, if only as the makings of a showcase for American air power

Paris.

THE other day in Berlin I took a good look at the famous German Tempelhof airport, which is now the U. S. aviation nerve center for Germany.

Those who have been impressed by American airports inside big cities should see the tremendous aggregation of buildings the Germans erected at Tempelhof. The airport is inside the city and is limited as to runway length (about 4,500 feet), but the terminal and hangars and other buildings were without doubt the most imposing of any airport in the world.

The hangars stretch for a half mile or more in a semicircle around one edge of the airport. The main passenger terminal must have been quite imposing before it was gutted by fire. And the adjacent buildings which housed the German meteorological and other aviation services have thousands of rooms. One building alone has 3,000.

Our bombers pitted the field, but refrained from destroying the hangars. As a consequence, the United States is now using almost all of them. In the main passenger terminal the Germans had installed an aircraft assembly factory, and this is all burned out and the floor has caved in. Many parts of the airport structures are damaged.

But the United States is gradually putting the airport back to use. A very adequate passenger terminal has been built in one section of what were shops and offices. Some of the buildings have been rehabilitated, and American officials now plan to make Tempelhof a showcase for U. S. air power in Berlin.

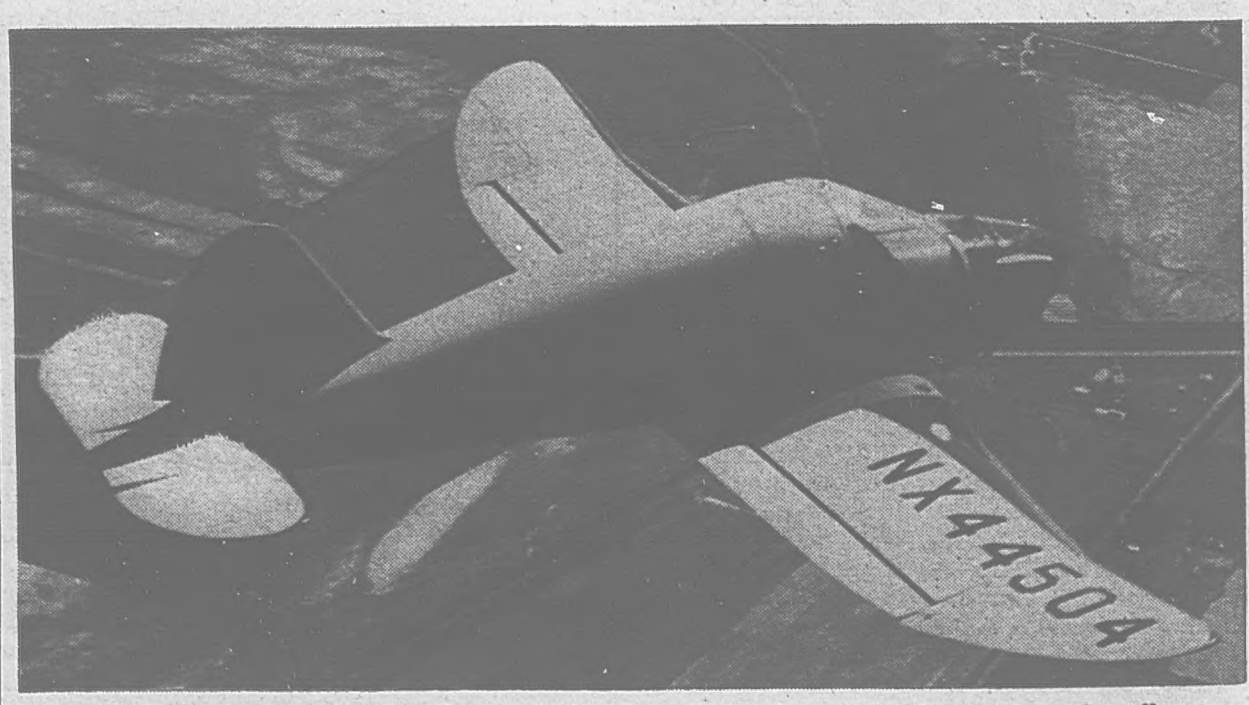
Culver's Postwar Model V

During the war Culver Aircraft Corporation developed for the Army and the Navy a single-engined pilotless aircraft. Controlled by radio, it flew successfully without anyone aboard. Out of this development has come Culver's postwar airplane, Model V.

This two-place light plane is an externally stressed skin wood and plywood low-wing monoplane with fully retractable tricycle landing gear. One of its features is said to be a new system of simplified control which makes it incapable of spinning or stalling, while at the same time eliminating the hazards of crosswind landings and take-offs and making three separately operating controls available when needed. There is also a flight control dial indicating optimum settings to obtain best performance from the aircraft.

Model V will be powered by an 85-horsepower Continental fuel injection engine, and it is said that top speed will be better than 140 miles an hour, with cruising speed of 125-130 m.p.h.

A newly developed Goodyear nylon-and-rubber fuel tank is used, permitting gasoline to be carried in the leading edge of the wing. This ensures minimum change of trim as fuel is drawn from the two tanks.



A preview of Model V, "fastest light aircraft in the world for a given h.p.," its manufacturer says. Demonstrator models are soon to be in dealers' hands.

A New Instant Coffee that Tastes as Good as Your Favorite Ground Coffee

And I make it in the cup. No pot. No grounds. No waste!

Money back if you don't agree!

Let's put it plain. You know the convenience of instant coffee. But you want to know one thing: "Will Borden's taste as good as my favorite ground coffee?"

We answer that by making this offer. Either Borden's has it—or the treat's on us!*

The reason we can make this offer is that Borden's is *the real thing*. It's all coffee, grand coffee, nothing but coffee. And, by a special process, every bit of roaster-freshness is sealed in—without the addition of non-coffee ingredients!

Of course, Borden's is convenient. No pot, no grounds, no wait, no waste. But the real news is *flavor*—rich, mellow, full-bodied. Get a jar of Borden's at your grocer's today.

Borden's is Different from any instant coffee you ever tasted! That's why we can make this money-back offer. But remember—

There are two completely different types of instant coffees. One is the "café" type, sometimes called coffee "product." It is a mixture of coffee and other ingredients, such as dextrose, maltose and dextrins. The other, represented by Borden's, is 100% pure coffee, nothing else added.

Both types cost about the same per cup on your table—*regardless of difference in size of container or price at store.* You want convenience, of course—but you want *flavor,* too. Borden's *has* it!—the flavor of your favorite ground coffee.

Makes as many cups as a pound of ground coffee

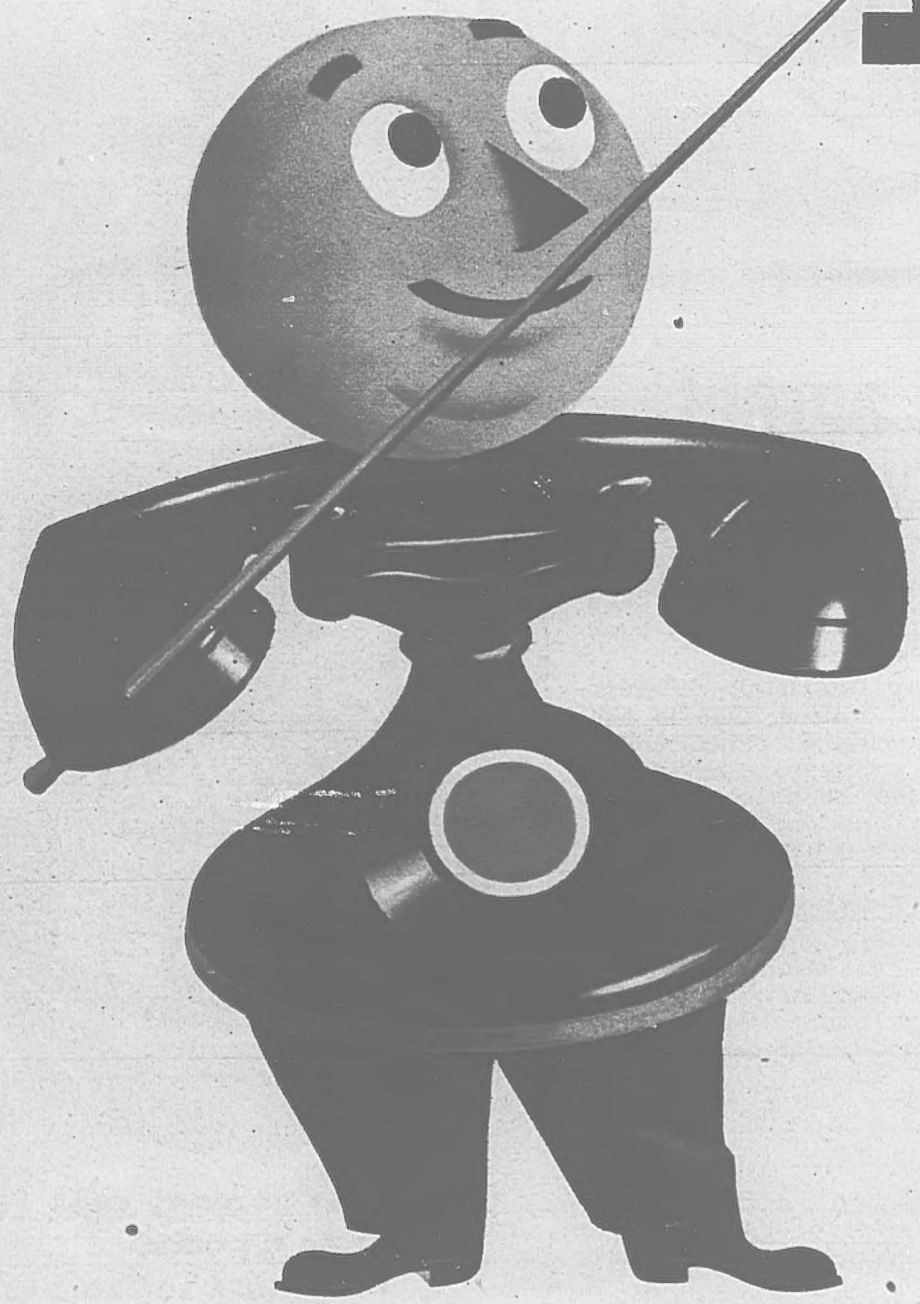
If it's Borden's **it's got to be good!**

© BORDEN CO.

**Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it's as good as your favorite ground coffee, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

We are short of Long Distance telephone circuits now

but



We plan to add 2,100,000 miles of them to the Bell System in the next twelve months.

That is as many Long Distance circuits as there were in Great Britain and France before the war. That may not be enough, the way people want to talk now, but if you will give us a little time we will get circuits enough no matter how many you want.

Our program is more circuits, more jobs, and a return to Bell System standards of service just as soon as it can be done.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

When Jap meets Jap on the rubble-pocked streets, they squat and smoke. It's an old and universal Jap custom.

What the Jap People Think of It All

Here's a peep into the mind of Nippon's common man by a Yank interpreter who hears and understands what the Sons of the Setting Sun are saying among themselves. Vox Pop in Japan will surprise you

By First Lt. Bill L. Dozier

KUMAGAYA is the end of the road. I set out as a U. S. Army Japanese-language interpreter in Australia and came up through the campaigns of New Guinea, Leyte, and Luzon. The Jap encountered en route was an exasperating mole who clung savagely to every yard of swamp and mountain and was taken captive only when insensible, severely wounded, or starving. Now in his homeland he is as mild and docile as a sunning cat. The occupation of Kumagaya has been smooth and pleasant.

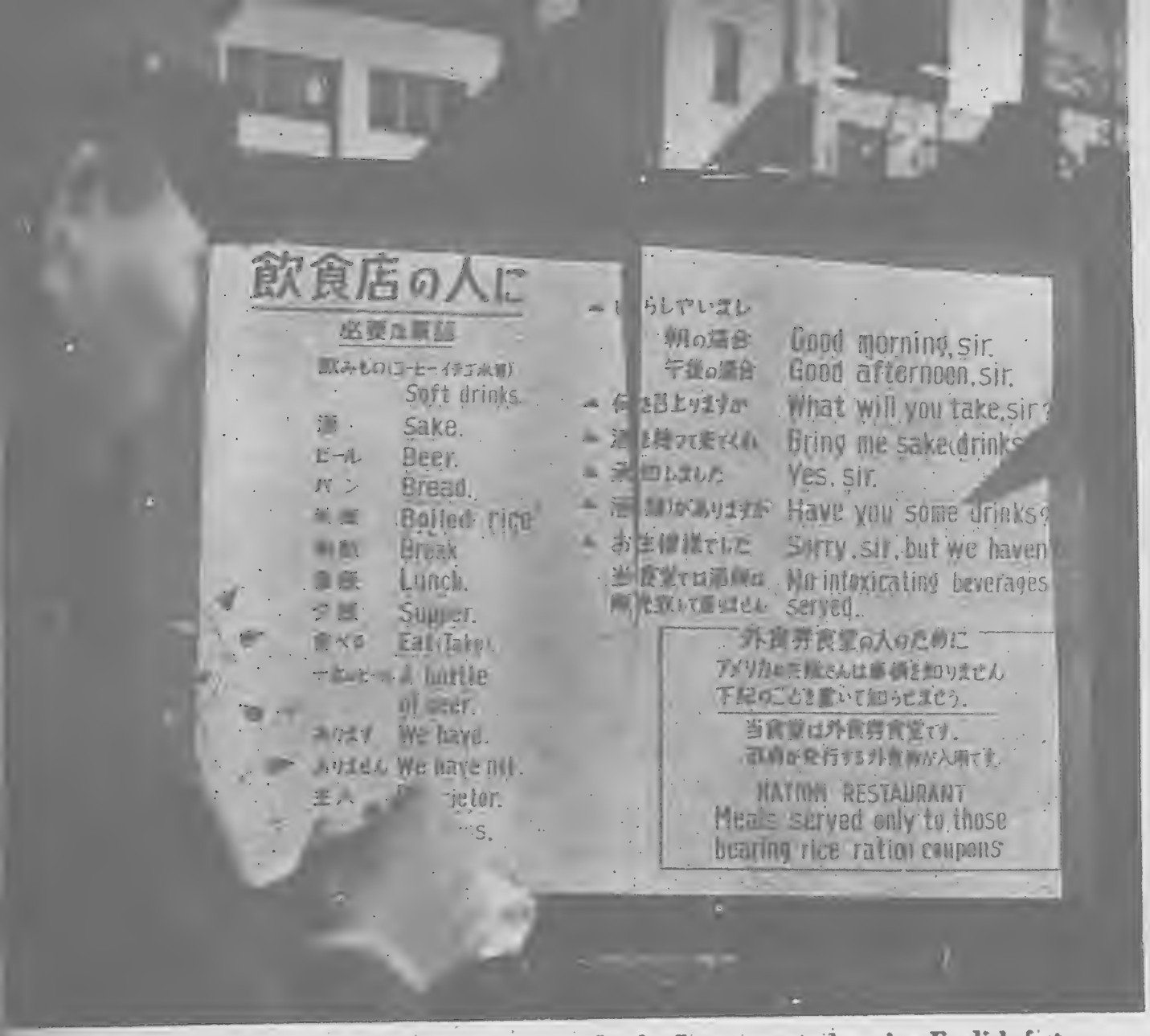
Kumagaya is a microcosm of Japan. Forty miles north of Tokyo on the famed Kanto plain, it is an average Japanese town of small factories situated in a typical Japanese countryside of miniature farms. Observations valid here should be relevant to the erstwhile empire.

The farmers, workers, small business men, bureaucrats, *gumbatsu* (military) and *zaibatsu* (aristocratic wealthy families) of Kumagaya have different ambitions and thus varied ideas. But because all are members of a people trained in group living and accustomed to group thinking, there is a remarkable similarity in their basic attitudes. Of most interest to the troops here have been the attitude toward the war, the attitude toward the occupation troops, and the attitude toward the future Japan.

In the month between the surrender and the American entrance into Kumagaya the people were in a palsy of fear. Earlier government propaganda had pictured vividly the pillage to be endured by conquered people. Accounts of Allied behavior in defeated Germany were lent credence by rumors of rapes said to have been committed by the troops who made the initial landing in Japan. The local citizenry sent their family treasure and marriageable daughters to the hills and waited in trepidation.

Our humane occupation of this province was met first with disbelief and later with an almost frantic friendliness. Little children line the roads waving paper American flags; women bow respectfully to all American vehicles. United States patrols penetrate unoccupied territory in armored cars and are received by municipal delegations offering information, banquets, and girls for the night.

Most of the officers and men have been feted at one Japanese dinner at least. A Japanese dinner is a



Desperately trying to make friends, the Japanese are learning English fast.

memorable occasion. It begins with a bath. That is, the guest is invited early enough to join in the family ablutions with back-scrubbing afforded by the grandmother or mother, albeit rarely by the daughter. After the bath the Allied guest flatfoots it in Japanese socks to the low dining table. He squats Indian fashion and, armed with chopsticks, attacks an array of such dishes as octopus, soybeans, grasshoppers, seaweed, fried eels, mountain trout, *sukiyaki* (chicken and onions fried at the table), mushrooms, *tempura* (vegetable fritters), chicken kidneys cooked in ginger, pears and persimmons. At the same time a twittering maiden keeps his *sake* cup full, and the host's family applaud the guest's feeble essays at witticism. The Japs also comment in stage whispers on the guest of honor with such remarks as "How tall!" "A real scholar of the Japanese language," "What a pleasing personality."

Occasional gestures of friendship are more profound. Through a lifetime of hard work and the help of his three sons, Mr. Ojima, a nearby farmer, created a model farm and constructed a home of affluence. All three sons were killed in the naval battles of the Philippine seas. Mr. Ojima has asked a G.I. friend of mine to live with him and "be a new son in my lonely house."

Many of the occupation force adjudge this amicability a gigantic conspiracy. It is possible that a minority are behaving hypocritically in the hope that a frictionless occupation will be short, but the wholesale lack of antipathy appears too natural to be feigned. A high-school teacher of Kumagaya admonished me: "You cannot understand Japanese behavior if you judge it by your standards. We hold no resentment toward you because of the disastrous result of the war, because we regard it not as a contrivance of man but as a mischance of fate. We are profoundly ashamed because of the atrocities committed by our troops and thus have a feeling of deep humility. Moreover, now that you are here in authority, you will receive the same favorable respect and ingratiation the Japanese people have always paid to their own masters."

A good part of the friendliness of the Nips may be due to the cordiality and kindness of G.I. Joe. He entered Japan embittered by years in the South Pacific and primed with instructions to "Be masterful." But once in Japan he soon began to give candy to the children and whistle at the girls. The American soldier just can't seem to be arrogant.

Whatever may be the cause or the good faith of the Jap attitude, the result has been an occupation of unparalleled co-operation. When the U. S. units moved into Kumagaya, the Japanese Army demobilized every fighting man in the province, assembled and inventoried all war matériel, and presented a final demobilization report neatly typed in English.

The Japanese anxiety to co-operate finds expression in many ways. For example, the U. S. Army impresses its manual labor from the surrounding countryside, rotating the duty on a daily basis among the villages. I kidded a lanky corporal about lying down while his charges were busily transporting rocks. "Man," he replied, "I'm tireder than I've been in two years trying to keep up with these boys." Japanese trucks approaching U. S. Army vehicles at night halt at the roadside and turn off their lights, inspired perhaps by a regulation of the Japanese government that: "Any driver involved in a collision with a U. S. vehicle will be punished, as all such accidents are deemed to be the fault of the Japanese driver."

THE public endeavor to learn English is almost a mania, but the results so far have been more humorous than effective. For example, I recently talked to a young man who addressed me intermittently either as "mighty American soldier," or just "mighty," and who commenced the conversation with the striking assertion, "My father is a taxi." In the near-by town of Funisawa some teacher blundered, as the hundreds of children of that village greet soldiers with a cheery "Good-by." All civilian workers must wear a designation of their employment. The electrician, a nondescript little man, has pinned a sign on his back stating defiantly: "I AM THE ELECTRIC MAN."

The most anguishing incident occurred recently when the portly sergeant supervising a civilian labor detail was addressed by one of his workers, "Oh, honorable potbellied sergeant." The angry sergeant was somewhat placated by the malapropist's evident distress and considerably distracted by that worthy's false, and loose, right upper molar which jiggled fascinatingly as he talked. A comic exchange occurred in the Quartermaster Section when a captain caught a pair of Nips stealing a C-ration can. They begged for clemency and promised future good behavior. The captain rejoined, "But if I let you off, your brothers will be doing the same thing tomorrow." The culprits conferred and then replied with relief, "We have no brothers."

The Japanese desire to co-operate is so limitless it approaches servility. Thus the evident American desire to have the Nipponese suggest their own changes in the imperial system distresses local newspapermen who have repeatedly asked U. S. officers, "Won't you please tell us just what you wish us to do with the emperor?" And the entrepreneurs of the small factories will hardly make a step toward civilian production without American approval. The small Osawa mill reconverted from fuses to wire, hired its labor, but delayed production because no Allied representatives had given consent. Finally an enlisted man in a passing jeep expressed his approval

and one tiny segment of Japan's industry was in civilian production.

The citizens of Kumagaya look upon the future with bleak despair. Economically the province, like the nation, is in a state of paralysis. During the war Kumagaya, crowded with refugees from Tokyo, hummed with the activity of scores of small war plants. On the night of August 14, the *last* night of the war, eight B-29s destroyed 60 per cent of the city in seven minutes. On August 15 all industrial plants closed, and reconversion to peacetime production is so slow that most of the people are not only homeless, but idle as well. The situation has been aggravated by the headlong demobilization of the Japanese armed forces.

A local manufacturer, when pressed by a military government officer as to why he didn't commence civilian production, replied, "How can I, in such uncertain times? I don't know what I would be permitted to produce, what raw materials would be available, and to whom I would sell. I've lost track of my prewar subcontractors and outlets. I did commence negotiations with one man recently, but he was picked up as a war criminal. Who knows? I might be next. Furthermore, even if I should decide to risk my remaining capital in new enterprise, the scarcity of Japanese transport would ensure its loss. Japan lost eighty-five per cent of her merchant fleet during the war and the lack of maintenance has crippled the railroad system. If I manufacture, I must get coal from Hokkaido, raw materials from Kyushu, and sell my product throughout Japan. Until adequate transport is available it can't be done."

One of the local unemployed, a graduate in economics of the Tokyo Imperial University, echoed his despondency: "In addition to the psychological jolt of the surrender, the nation is suffering from the physical shock of a man who has just had both legs amputated. Our whole economy was geared to the plundering and exploitation of the now lost territory in Asia. As Japan is only about seventy-five per cent self-sufficient in food, it must trade with Asia to survive. If the Supreme Commander does not relax the present prohibition against such trade, one fourth of my nation will starve to death."

In their eyes, the American is an affable gent, lavish with gifts of candy.

Whatever may be the reason for the feeling of desperation, it covers the gamut from the National Minister of Finance who publicly announced that 10,000,000 Nipponese would starve in the next year to an old pauper in Kumagaya who is so energetic and dexterous at stealing sweet potatoes from others' gardens at night he is derisively known as the "Sweet Potato King." The gap between the official price of rice, 25 yen ($1.40) and the black-market price, 1,700 yen ($95.20) is steadily widening; the yen-dollar exchange rate set by the Army at 15 to 1 is 50 to 1 on the illicit market. At present the townspeople supplement the government's 1,200-calorie ration to the 1,500-1,600 calories required for subsistence by trading their clothes and household goods to the peasants.

The great mass of the people can hardly be termed contestants or even onlookers in any plans for a new Japan. The hungry laborers are more interested in the price of *daikon* (giant radishes) than in the dissolution of the Mitsubishi monopolies. Centuries of illiteracy, regimentation, and meager cultural environment have made the Jap peasant closer to a brute than a man.

The real protagonists are the *zaibatsu* and their myriad henchmen on the one hand and the intelligentsia with the moral support of the occupation army on the other. For hundreds of years Japan was

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Even outside the Emperor's palace, the Japanese is aware of G. I. occupation.

BY LT. COMDR. DONALD MANASHAW, U.S.N.R.

F. H. HERRICK PHOTO

Cuban gaiety and love of the dance are reflected in the statuary that greets the visitor to Havana's National Casino

NO land was ever more of a "natural" for the tourist than Cuba. There is only one Cuba —different, unpredictable, incurably romantic. And this Spanish-flavored island country, less than a hundred miles south of Florida, is back on the tourist map.

Though ships won't be making the run until the War Shipping Administration gives the word, possibly by spring, you can go, for Pan American Airways is increasing its schedule to ten planes a day from Miami to Havana. As for the best time to go —the period from December to May is favored because of the cooler, drier season. However, Cuba boasts a semitropical climate, tempered with sea breezes, throughout the year.

If you're considering a two-week jaunt, count on spending $300 (if you live near New York, Chicago, or Detroit). If you want to stretch it to a month, make the figure $400 or $450. Round trip by plane from New York to Miami runs about $130; round trip by Pan American Airways from Miami to Havana is about $40. (These figures include the 15-per-cent tax for Uncle Sam.) Count on about $30 a week for a hotel in Havana, $10 a week for sight-seeing, and $5 a week for tips. Remember, too, that there are three squares a day to take care of, besides any shopping you may wish to do.

You play today and work tomorrow — and tomorrow never comes. Evenings are for rum, rumba, and romance. And the climate is like the girls — soft and warm. It's not Paradise, but Cuba—cheaper and nearer than you think

As good a way as any to get started on the trip is to have a well-informed travel agent get you transportation to Miami and reserve space on Pan American for Havana. He'll also reserve hotel accommodation in Havana for you and tell you what you are permitted to bring back into the States under your individual $100 allowance.

Among the hotels close to the heartbeat of downtown Havana are the Nacional, the Sevilla-Biltmore, and the Plaza. If you're an American citizen you won't need a visa or a passport. The English language will get you around and those in the tourist trade will have no trouble understanding you. You will find the American dollar is accepted with enthusiasm. And once in Havana you'll learn that Cuba is geared to cater to tourists. Your hotel will have folders on what to do for how much, and the ubiquitous tour con-

Perfect beaches, smart night clubs, sophisticated cities, or rugged scenery—vacation means variety on the island that's the leisurely capital of the world's *mañana* land.

BURTON HOLMES FROM EWING GALLOWAY
FRITZ HENLE FROM MONKMEYER
LIONEL GREEN FROM FREDERIC LEWIS
EWING GALLOWAY

luctor will show you how to get to the usual "spots" and some of the special ones too.

What kind of people go to Cuba? They're just like the people who go to New York or London or Rio. You'll find the farmer from Iowa, the clerk from Wall Street, and often the neighbor from across the street.

Cuba differs from the United States in a thousand ways. Right in the shadow of the Capitol dome you'll see that immediately—or rather you'll hear it. For Cuban noises are something special. For example, you'll observe a new technique in driving an automobile—with the brake and the horn. The idea is to blow the horn long and loud and often. If someone gets in your way, you yell. If it's a boy, you'll yell the Spanish equivalent of "Why don't you get out of my way?" If it's a señorita with a flirtatious smile, you'll simply yell *"Bonita!"* In the United States we generally yell at something. In Cuba you just yell.

As for eating, a meal in Cuba is divided into two parts—the *mesa*, when you eat, and the *sobra mesa* (after the meal), when you talk. The *sobra mesa* is the grand opportunity to discuss political affairs, social affairs, domestic affairs, and plans for the future. During the day most people take two hours for lunch, and stores close from twelve to two.

In Cuba you never call for a waiter by yelling "Waiter!" You hiss, even in the best of Cuban society. At the end of the meal you will often see the waiter stare into the empty coffee cup, for if he sees a dark-brown stain he knows the coffee was good and strong. The Cuban word for coffee—*café*—is his check list for every cup of coffee he serves. The C stands for *caliente*—hot; the A for *amargo*—bitter; F for *fuerte*—strong; and E for *escaso*—little (meaning demitasse). At the end of the last course you will see a group of waiters in a huddle. They'll be asking one another, "Where does that American come from? Is he a tourist or is he with the American Embassy?" When a gentleman takes a lady to dinner, the conference of waiters makes certain that she is his wife, or the same lady that he always accompanies.

The Cuban woman spends half her

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AS a chemical compound, the male sex hormone, testosterone, was discovered almost ten years ago, but the uninformed continue to believe that the sole use of this innocent chemical is to turn sexual weaklings into wolves and octogenarians into sexual athletes. Contrariwise, the more informed—meaning those who have browsed through the book department of the corner drugstore—have exaggerated notions that testosterone is a kind of gentleman's Lydia Pinkham's pill, a sure cure for practically every malady which comes on after the age of forty.

The truth is as far removed from the one viewpoint as it is from the other. Testosterone is no mere sexual stimulant, neither is it a cure-all for every ailment of the aging man. It is a vital physiologic chemical, dignified by its all-important function of influencing sexually and otherwise the mind and body of man throughout his life.

Perhaps the easiest way of forming some idea of what testosterone is, and what it may be expected to

What is testosterone? How does this hormone figure in medical science's efforts to make life healthier and happier for both men and women? A medical authority frankly discusses what testosterone is and what it does

THE TRUTH ABOUT TESTOSTERONE

BY DR. ALBERT HEMMING

do, is to review the experiments of the French scientist Berthold, of almost a hundred years ago. Berthold found when the sex glands of a lusty rooster were removed, the bird became a docile creature. His crowning masculine glory—his bright red comb—withered with his ego. Conversely, when new testes were grafted into his abdomen, the emasculated fowl again became his old overbearing self, with his comb restored to its original brilliance.

Clearly, the sex glands exercised an influence on the rooster that went far beyond the reproductive powers. But how? The answer lay in the chemical substance, testosterone, which was being manufactured in his sex glands. That vital material was being carried via his blood stream over his entire body, feeding his comb, developing his plumage, and inflating his ego. Deprive him of that substance by castration, and he lost his courage, his comb, and his aggressiveness.

But in 1849, time was not yet ripe for science to pin down sex to a chemical formula. Not for seventy-five years was the next big step taken in that direction. In 1926 a brilliant professor aided by a tireless medical student at Chicago University succeeded in extracting from bulls' testes an infinitesimal quantity of a substance which, injected into cockerels previously made sexless by castration, restored them into strutting, fighting birds.

SHORTLY thereafter, the German chemist, Butenandt, extracted from some 6,000 gallons of human urine a little-more-than-visible quantity of a substance which would do the same thing. Then in 1935, a Dutch chemist improved on the Chicago discovery by extracting from bulls' testes a pure chemical, with a masculinizing action more powerful than that of any substance previously discovered. To these precious crystals he gave the name testosterone. Finally, and perhaps the greatest achievement of all, the brilliant Swiss chemist, Ruzicka, succeeded in making this potent substance artificially from cholesterol, a chemical cheap and abundant enough to be used for large-scale manufacture.

There remained one outstanding question: Would testosterone do for men what it had done for those sexless roosters? Would it restore to normal or near normal those men handicapped by the absence or nonfunctioning of their sex glands? The answer was quickly forthcoming. In upstate New York there lived a twenty-seven-year-old student whose sex glands were undetectable. His hips were wide. On his chest were two unmasculine swellings. His high-pitched voice made him a mark in male company. Into this individual the medical men injected the newly developed hormone, testosterone. Results were obtained within sixty hours of the first injection. And in a month the patient had a new air of self-assurance. This highly intelligent but previously sexually neutral being was on his way toward manhood, physical and mental.

So here it was. Testosterone had successfully met this supreme test of its right to the title of male sex hormone. Characteristically, from the moment of preparation of those first few crystals, the chemists had been busy improving the seemingly unimprovable. As a result of their juggling with the testosterone molecule, they emerged with testosterone propionate, a compound with much more prolonged effect than pure testosterone. But the physicians wanted, in addition, a form of testosterone which could be given by mouth. The chemists emerged triumphant, this time with methyltestosterone. This chemical relative of testosterone is effective when given by mouth, and is even more potent when it is placed under the tongue and allowed to disintegrate. These, then, and not pure testosterone itself, are the male sex hormone substances which the physician prescribes.

Just what will these preparations do beyond restoring the eunuch to manhood? The answer is not so simple, because the limits of their usefulness could not yet be told by the entire American College of Physicians. Beyond a doubt, they will do all that natural testosterone produced by healthy organs will do, so let us examine nature's own testosterone more closely.

Testosterone is a hormone. Like insulin and the other hormones, it is present in the body in barely detectable quantities. Essentially, it acts in the male as a chemical foreman in charge of the sexual machinery, prodding the reproductive organs to proper development and functioning, and bringing out those physical characteristics which distinguish a man from a boy. For the most part, testosterone is manufactured in the sex glands; but it is turned out also, in insignificant amounts, by the tiny adrenal glands which lie astride the kidney, and, maybe, by other organs too. These auxiliary testosterone factories account for the paradoxical fact that male sex hormone in tiny quantities can be found in women as well as in men. Even the most voluptuous film star has her share of this chemical. But the most virile prizefighter also carries a little of the curve-producing female sex hormone in his system. This double sex life is just one of nature's secrets which mankind has so far failed to solve.

TESTOSTERONE is normally first produced in quantity at the time of puberty. Now, suppose a boy has no sex glands, either by accident or birth, by operation, or because of some disease, such as mumps, which has a tendency to shrivel these organs. His major source of testosterone has gone. The result is a youth who, like the upstate New York student, will remain sexless unless physicians intervene to inject testosterone. However, testosterone can never enable him to become a father. For this, the living sperms, which are the male contribution to a new life, are necessary, and no amount of testosterone can conjure them up if the tissues which sire them are missing or shriveled by disease.

But the completely sexless man is a relative rarity. The public is far more interested in what testosterone can do for the aging man whose sexual powers are beginning to wane. Medical science has now proved that natural testosterone production does slow down as a man gets older. Most men adjust themselves to the new conditions without even being aware

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For Selznick, this amounts to an attitude of repose. His secretaries work in relays of pairs, and stagger home exhausted.

Eager Beaver of the Movie Makers

BY SARA HAMILTON

HOLLYWOOD chuckled for weeks over the story of the big bruiser who stood on a corner of Vine Street twisting the arm of a puny little fellow.

"I won't say it! I won't!" the little one cried. "You can't make me say it!"

The bully exerted more effort. Finally the tortured victim gave in. "All right, I'll say it," he howled. "Spellbound is the best picture ever made!"

David O. Selznick, Hollywood's ingenious producer, is the giant of the fable, and John Q. Public the victim. For the truth is, if Hollywood fails to acclaim a Selznick production as the finest, he'll literally cow them into submission with bombastic ads and sizzling propaganda.

For weeks after the preview of Since You Went Away, which received divided opinions in Hollywood, trade papers ran full-page declarations of love for the film by local bigwigs, the implication being that if the laymen were too dumb to appreciate artistry, here were intelligent people who did.

Hollywood's cross, as far as producers go, is that nine times out of ten a Selznick picture is the best show in town. He rarely misses. His Gone with the Wind was only a way station in a long trek of smash hits that began in 1922 when David O. Selznick was a boy out to regain the prominent place his father had once held in the industry. Intelligence and good taste were his weapons. In his hand they became the slingshot of Hollywood's modern David, and many are the Goliaths who have felt the impact of his well-aimed pebbles.

> Even for Hollywood, Selznick is colossal. His stormy disagreements with writers, actors, and directors—translated onto celluloid—make movie history. Here's the producer for whom nothing is ever good enough

If his production methods are wonderfully fearful to behold, they are all the more terrifying to experience. Nothing has ever been good enough. Writers, publicists, scenic artists, advertising men, cutters, cameramen, and electricians feel the dominating sway of his ego-ridden personality. Nor can any employee match Selznick's capacity for working day and night.

A clumsy man, six feet two, in the midst of production he'll wander about his studio office in his stocking feet, side-stepping cracker crumbs, empty pop bottles, and scattered benzedrine tablets, stumbling over furniture, knocking over bric-à-brac. His suspenders hanging, a two or three days' growth of beard on his rather handsome face, he'll endlessly dictate the memos for which he is famous.

Secretaries in pairs arrive in overlapping relays around the clock. The flow of words is never interrupted by the change of shifts. The retreating pairs of secretaries may totter

out in the midst of a subjunctive clause which is adroitly caught up by the relief team and completed into a sentence—a scathing sentence nine times out of ten.

His memos once provided the inspiration for a Christmas gift to Selznick from Don King and Cameron Shipp, two of the many publicists who have since joined the ranks of Selznick alumni. They ordered a dozen memo pads each prefaced by a printed line copied from one of their boss's familiar beginnings. One pad, for example, was headed with the line, "I am both shocked and incensed by . . . ;" others began: "With all the things I have to do, it seems a crying shame . . ."; "I am horrified to discover . . ."; "What in heaven's name are we doing about . . ."; and "I continue to be astounded by . . ."

It remained only for Selznick to take up his dictated bellowing from the opening line on. And after admiring the gift, he did.

TIME and Selznick have little knowledge of each other. He'll work through the night, go home at 6 A.M. for a shower and breakfast, and at 7.30 be back at the studio ringing buzzers. "Where is everyone?" he'll roar, storming from office to office. He will even telephone his publicity head at home and demand, "Why aren't you in your office?"

Nothing escapes the producer. Every minute detail of the business is handled exclusively by Selznick. Several years ago an important visitor to his office was astonished to find several actors from the Prisoner of Zenda cast parading before the producer. "The feathers on those hats should be two inches longer," Selznick proclaimed, and promptly dictated a ten-page memo on facts about feathers. In this way, a memo concerning some minor point in a local campaign will grow into book-sized proportions covering, for example, the entire field of publicity.

The pose is symbolic: Miss Bergman chafed under his habitual restraint.

When Neil Agnew, his New York representative, protested over the length of Since You Went Away, Selznick dispatched an eight-foot telegram explaining why deletions were impossible. "O.K.," Agnew replied. "But don't try to tell me six feet couldn't have been cut from your message."

Any comment here by Alfred Hitchcock will be strictly an interruption.

WEEKS of labor by his advertising staff can be eradicated by one swift glance through the Selznick spectacles. Camermen are advised how to obtain certain angles, cutters are frustrated, and writers flabbergasted. However, there isn't a man who has labored under the Selznick banner who doesn't respect the man as a master of every branch of motion-picture technique. Nor is there one, despite their bruised and battered souls, who has ever professed anything but fondness for David Selznick. A Simon Legree, one agent fondly terms him, who demands his Lizas leap from ice cake to ice cake in the heat of summer and brooks no arguments on the impossibility of the feat.

His inability to escape the confines of his own thinking is his greatest handicap. The product of the best writers in the country is never good enough. Painstakingly he rewrote Robert Sherwood's script on Since You Went Away, writing throughout the night and handing the revised pages to his cast each morning. Once he asked John Van Druten, the author, for his impression of each character in Margaret Mitchell's novel,

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WALTER KELLEHER PHOTO FROM N. Y. DAILY NEWS

One of the quieter moments in a hockey game, with only two zanies knocking themselves out over a little piece of rubber.

The men who play hockey are crazy about the game. But many who watch the gory spectacle say they're crazy, period. Here's an insider's account of what makes

The Slam-Bang Game of Hockey

BY STANLEY FRANK

IT was a difficult decision to accept, but there was no alternative. Bucko McDonald, a big-league hockey player for ten years, limped from the doctor's office last April and brooded over a letter to Lester Patrick, manager of the Rangers. The words came reluctantly to McDonald, a vigorous man of thirty-five given to controlled violence, but he put them down with harsh finality.

He had to quit hockey, he wrote Patrick. The doctor had warned him he might be crippled for life if he continued to expose his twisted trick knee to the shocking body contact of the game. He had no other choice. Patrick replied, expressing sympathy. Now, having quit the game, McDonald wondered how he could fill the void. Hockey had been his hobby and profession.

His neighbors at Parry Sound, Ontario, had a partial answer. They knew him as one of Canada's greatest lacrosse players, a dependable man on the hockey rink, and a likable bloke. So they nominated him for Parliament on the Liberal Party ticket.

Nobody took McDonald's candidacy seriously in a district that had always been a Conservative stronghold. That is, nobody except the constituents, who sent Bucko to Ottawa as their representative in the general elections last June.

Wilfred Kennedy McDonald, M.P., soon was up to his neck in Canada's postwar problems. But presently the frost was on the pumpkin and the ice was on the lake. McDonald dug out his skates and hefted his stick, just for old times' sake. That's what he thought. The old fever was beginning to seize him, and a few weeks later he heard of a good amateur team in Quebec that needed players. Now Bucko was running a high temperature. He tried to tell himself he was going to Quebec to investigate the political situation, but it was a feeble gag.

Today the Hon. W. K. McDonald is playing captain of the Hull Volants in their week-end games. At no charge to the management, he is knocking down people, and getting knocked down, with the same zeal that commanded a good salary from the Rangers. He still has a bad knee and the doctor's prognosis has not

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Hockey tempers are as sharp as the blades themselves. This stick-swinging brawl featured the Detroit Red Wings vs. Boston Bruins.

changed. One more good whack will leave Bucko with a permanent limp, or worse, and the chances of getting that injury in Hull are just as good as they would be in Madison Square Garden, but it obviously makes no difference. For if it were not for his parliamentary obligations during the week, Bucko would be cracking the ice for the Rangers this season.

This is only one illogical explanation for McDonald's daft behavior. He is a hockey player and, by definition therefore, crazy—about hockey. A fellow doesn't have to be crazy to play professional hockey, but it helps. An old hockey nut will chase a puck anywhere as long as he can stand up on skates, and he will ignore frightful injuries, pain, galloping debility, and all other restraints for the sake of playing.

FOR example, Dutch Hiller was involved in an accident two winters ago that would have given any gent in his right mind an immediate yearning for a tropical spot where ice is found only in stimulating waters. Hiller has such poor vision that he must wear contact lenses, or glasses taped to his head during games. This night, Hiller, an aggressive Ranger forward, was wearing the glasses while playing against the Detroit Red Wings, when he barged into a melee on the boards for a loose puck. In the scramble an elbow jammed the frame of his glasses deep into an eye socket.

The ice looked as though an abattoir had been opened on the spot. Several squeamish clients passed out as the blood spurted from Hiller's agonizing wound. The doctor, always in attendance at a hockey game—the euphemism for these legal bloodlettings—put nine stitches over Hiller's eye and seven under it. Did Hiller forswear the murderous business? He was back in the game the same period, recklessly pursuing the puck through the peephole cut in the enormous bandage swathing his head. He didn't miss a game while the injury was healing.

Hiller's fanatic demonstration was neither extreme nor unusual. If a pro can skate unaided and the leaks from his wounds don't besplatter the rinkside customers, he's expected to return to the game as soon as his carcass has been hemstitched. That is the self-imposed code the hockey hooligans recognize, and it is rarely violated.

Helge Bostrum of the Chicago Black Hawks once was carried off with a foot literally hanging by a thread after his Achilles tendon was severed in a collision with Earl Siebert. The terrible gash required 170 stitches, but Bostrum continued to play minor-league hockey for coffee-and-cake money in Kansas City for several years after. The great Pete Lepine had both legs broken and needed 102 stitches in a ruptured blood vessel to save his life. He was out for nine weeks, then went on playing for many years, greater than ever.

Dave Trottier of Montreal fell and had his throat cut by the skate of another player. Fourteen stitches later he was in action, with no inconvenience except a slight difficulty in his speech. Then there is the strange madness of Dit Clapper, who has been with the Boston Bruins since 1926. Six years ago Clapper, like Bostrum, had his Achilles tendon severed. He could have had a lifetime job as coach of the Bruins—but not Clapper! Last year, playing his nineteenth major-league season, he made the managers' second All-Star league team.

INFECTION by the hockey virus seems to destroy a man's reason while investing him with indestructible qualities. The hottest line in hockey today is the Canadiens' trio of Elmer Lach, Maurice Richard, and Toe Blake. In the summer of 1940, Lach, a big farmer from Saskatchewan, was smashed up so badly in an automobile accident that he appeared to be beyond repair for future service on the ice. His business arm was broken and the elbow was shattered. Lach remained on the shelf for a year while his elbow was mending, then tried a comeback in 1941 without conspicuous success.

The anvil chorus was ready to write off Lach as a has-been, but the loon quickly put an end to such

(*Continued on page 57*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN—It's Georgina Campbell, Bride No. 8, posing here with Tommy Manville, middle-aisle pedestrian. This is for keeps, says he.
INTERNATIONAL

THE LABEL SAID "EXTRA DRY"—but everything else was soaking wet as Margaret Truman christened this air liner for regular service to London.
INTERNATIONAL

HE'S GOT A KICK COMING—At a turkey shoot in Lexington, Ky., Hiram Harris, 75, charged his old fowling piece from a powder horn. It's a bit of a trick in a high wind.
WIDE WORLD

BUT, GENTLEMEN, IT'S ONLY A GAME—No Neanderthal men ever went after a haunch of venison more purposefully than this. The hoopsters: Bob Kurland, left, Oklahoma A. & M., and Jack Goldsmith, Long Island University.
INTERNATIONAL

PROOF POSITIVE OF MOTHER LOVE—While gibbons have faces that show only traces, their courage is not to be sneezed at. So the Bronx Zoo's Sweet Susie shows her tiny papoosie: A camera's a thing to be pleased at.

EUROPEAN

CONTRADICTORY — Modeling a bloomer bathing suit in New York, Elizabeth Bushnell contrived this strange study: her right side's all angles; her left, a line of grace.

INTERNATIONAL

CLEVER, THESE YANKS—Gaylord Buchanan of Claysville, Pa., kept getting radio news in a Jap prison camp in Java, but his captors couldn't figure how. He hid this tiny set in his artificial leg.

INTERNATIONAL

THE LADY IS A GENERAL — Here's serene strength of the kind that outfought and outlasted the Germans. She is General Zinaida Troitzkaia of the powerful Red Army.

PACIFIER — Aged two, this Gypsy lad from Pomerania enjoys a pull on his mother's pipe in a British camp somewhere in Germany. She said a puff or two kept him quiet.

INTERNATIONAL

What You Do Is Pretend

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Nobody who passed the mechanical man in the Broadway window supposed he was real —until one day someone saw him cry. A throbbing slice of life in Bagdad-on-the-Subway that will make you think O. Henry lives—and writes—again

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN THOMAS

One, two, three, four—

He counted automatically, with no conscious thought.

Six, seven, eight—

It was snowing outside, but he had a crowd. Well, five or six people, that was—faces peering through the big window at him. He had been here so long, watching faces out there, that he could read lips without effort. At this moment a woman was saying to her husband, "I tell you, it's a real man!" And the husband said, "Maybe. I don't know, though. No, I don't think it is. Seems like I can hear the joints creak."

Nine, ten, eleven—

With the count of twelve he snapped back to the first position, quivering. Then he started over again. His eyes didn't blink once, and he looked straight ahead, but he did not see the people this time. As a matter of fact, he seldom saw them. What you do on a job like this is pretend you are somewhere else. He was fine at pretending. He'd lived a million lives that way. He'd been everything from a king to a bellboy. He'd been Harry James once, playing a trumpet, and once he'd been President of the United States. His concentration was absolute, and when he went visiting like that, it was quite real.

But tonight he didn't attempt any excursions. He couldn't. It was all he could do to perform his tasks as a mechanical man.

He did not believe Lauren would arrive from the Coast, and he didn't expect her to any more. He hadn't explained in the wire exactly how sick Donnie was, and Lauren was quite busy out there. Probably when he got home there'd be a wire saying, "Keep me posted, John, on all developments." He hadn't been home in three days.

Their petition for divorce had been filed. She was getting it in California, and he'd read in Louella Parsons' column she'd been out two or three times with somebody, he didn't remember whom. He remembered the last time he himself had seen Lauren. It'd been he who'd insisted she go: "They've offered you the contract. It's a wonderful break!" And then, when she'd argued, he'd still insisted: "We don't get along, Lauren. Why kid ourselves? Starving. Hitting the agencies day after day. You take Carol, I'll keep Donnie. That's as it should be. The girl with her mother. The boy with his father. I'll take good care of Donnie, if you let me. . . ."

He'd persuaded her finally, and she'd left; and the night she went away he thought it was the end of the world. But she was going to be big-time, and he never would be. He knew that now. But he'd clung to Donnie, because a man couldn't give up everything. Donnie was five years old.

One, two, three, four—

Six months ago, when he'd read that Lauren's option was dropped, hope had glimmered in him. But by the time she wrote and asked about coming back, things had turned worse. He'd written a cruel letter, full of lies: "I'm interested in another lady. . . ." And that was the week he got the job here in the window, and knowing he couldn't continue on and on like this, he'd told Donnie, "After a while I'm going to send you to live with Mommie."

He never had, though. Because he couldn't bear being alone. He was such a coward! And he'd made a mess of it now, of everything!

Six, seven, eight—

He couldn't keep from it any longer. Thoughts of Donnie flooded through him. He'd tried to numb himself against them, immunize his mind, but it was impossible. The walk-up flat he and Donnie lived in was cold. Donnie had developed pneumonia. He'd been taken to the hospital three days ago.

Only this evening John had been there. Donnie had lain on a big white pillow, his face white as death. Temperature one hundred and six and two tenths! John had leaned over the bed. Donnie's lips were parched. He'd licked them and tried to smile, and couldn't. He'd whispered, "Pretend, daddy."

"Pretend?" And John had looked up and around at the nurse and the doctor, and then he had said:

"You know where we are, son? In a big beautiful castle with gold walls. So bright it hurts your eyes! A little silver music box is playing, and outside in the snow there's a sleigh. Hear the bells? It's the candy man, with peppermint for you, and Eskimo pies . . . and a little Scotch terrier puppy for you to play with. . . ."

Donnie's eyes grew bigger and bigger, and then they slowly closed.

John had thought he would go crazy! They had put the oxygen tent over Donnie, and the doctor had insisted John leave the hospital. "There's nothing you can do. Come back in three or four hours."

Nine, ten, eleven—

It'd been futile—futile to think he could blank out his mind here—when all this time Donnie might be dead! And yet he'd taken wondrous trips from his window! Always afterward, putting Donnie to bed, he'd told him of those magic voyages. The same way he used to tell Lauren—in the old days, when he and Lauren had pretended things together.

One, two, three, four—

It was still snowing, and the crowd out there was thicker, but John did not think he could go on.

Five, six, seven—

Suddenly he saw a new face. Lauren! Lauren and Carol. Carol, three years old, was bundled up. He'd written, of course, and told Lauren where he was, and all about the job. How he studied faces and read lips. Now she was here. She'd arrived after all! Without moving so

much as an eyelash he focused his eyes on her face. Dear Lauren. Prettier than ever! Her lips moved.

"Fine performance."

Was that all she could say?

"I'm through with things on the Coast," her lips said. "I lied about doing well. I'm back to stay, if you'll have me—*us*, I mean." She nodded down at little Carol.

The snow kept falling. He saw the twinkling lights of Broadway. He supposed he should be glad. But he couldn't yet. He was confused and didn't know why. Now Lauren's lips were moving again.

"I've just come from the hospital. Donnie's fever has broken. He's going to be all right."

That was it! That was it!

"He's going to be fine. He'll be back in the flat in a couple of days. We're all going to be together. We'll fight it through, darling! We'll never, any of us, ever leave the others again! John, we can pretend all the most wonderful things together—and this time we'll make them come true, won't we?"

The figure in the window broke. It just sat nodding its head up and down, up and down: *Yes, yes, yes!*

Somebody in the crowd said, "Look! The mechanical man is crying!"

THE END

Suddenly he saw a new face. Lauren! Lauren and Carol. Without moving he focused his eyes on her face. Her lips moved.

Mrs. Dickeson, sitting so quietly at a corner table—who could have dreamed what was in her mind — or her handbag? A tale with an ending that will snap you straight up in your seat

The Girl with the Alligator Bag

BY ARTHUR GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY BESSER

STRICTLY speaking, I suppose, Martino's is a dive. But it is a very elegant dive. It stands there on East Fifty-fifth Street with a lot of other Manhattan ex-speakeasies which have become reputable now, with awnings outside and sometimes even a doorman. In fact, most of them pride themselves on their ultra-respectability. But now and then, for a moment, the mask slips a little and the old tigerish violence shows through.

Martino's is rather dark and narrow, with a long mahogany bar against one wall and booths and tables along the other. In prohibition days the tables had red-and-white-checked tablecloths, and behind the bar were some glaring murals. Now the tables are discreetly draped with snowy linen, and the bar is backed by a long modernistic mirror, so that you can sit at the bar and watch the people at the tables simply by looking in the mirror. Sometimes this is interesting.

If Martino knows you, he is likely to come forward smiling like a Corsican bandit when you go in. Behind that face is enough sin and wisdom to fill twenty books. Martino has repented much of his early villainy and is flourishing like the Biblical green bay tree.

It was a hot August afternoon when I turned east on Fifty-fifth and headed for Martino's. My limp had almost disappeared. The civilian clothes still felt strange and loose, and I felt a bit strange and loose myself. Maybe that's why I headed for Martino's. Or maybe it was simply because I knew I'd get at least one drink on the house.

Martino had seen me the day before at the same time, and the day before that, but he acted as if I had just come back from overseas. "Mr. Danny," he said, beaming, "how are you this hot day? How is the leg?" Martino had known me since the last days of prohibition, when I used to come down to New York from New Haven, like a sophomore wolf on the fold, to raise what I fondly imagined to be hell. He had looked after me then, in his villainous way, and there was still something queerly paternal in his attitude. I didn't mind; it gave me a sense of security, a sense of belonging, that I hadn't found anywhere else. "How are *you,*" I said, "you sinister shepherd of lost souls?"

I sat down at the bar and asked Tony for a whisky sour. Then I looked into the mirror and began examining the people in the booths and at the tables behind me. As usual, they were mostly women, some in pairs, some alone. Without exception they were well dressed, and two or three were very pretty.

THIS daily five-o'clock gathering of women had puzzled me at first. In the past three years I had seen plenty of unescorted women in bars from Casa to Cairo—yes, from London to Leipzig, for that matter. But invariably they were pick-ups. Professionals, mostly, or semipros at least. These women weren't like that.

I had asked Martino about it the first afternoon. "What are you running here," I'd asked him, "a charm school?"

Martino had hoisted his shoulders and spread his hands sadly. "What do you expect, Mr. Danny? Lots of these women are still without men. There is Mrs. Edwards in the corner. Her husband is in Japan. You see the silver foxes over there? Her fiancé is still in Germany. What can they do, these girls? They stay home, or maybe work all day. Then they come to Martino's for a little while."

"Looking for what?" I'd said. "Trouble?"

Martino the reformed sinner had raised his hands in pious deprecation. "Trouble? Certainly not, Mr. Danny. You see how respectable is my place. I do not allow any goings-on here." He paused, and then the old Martino looked at me out of the corner of one eye. "Do you *want* some trouble, Mr. Danny?"

"No, you sanctimonious old fake," I had said. "I don't want any more trouble."

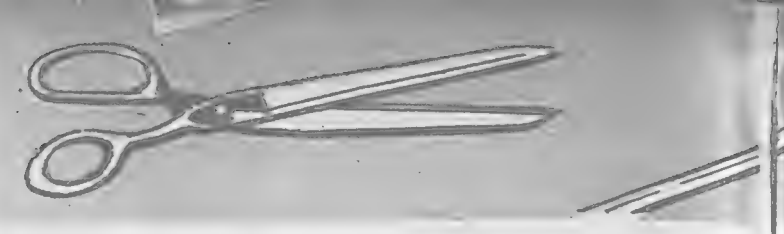
BUT I watched them. In the mirror I watched them. They sat there, so patient, so resigned. And so expectant. They raised their glasses and more often than not the dim light flashed on a wedding ring. They didn't drink much. Usually after one or two drinks they'd get up and go out. Once I saw a young Canadian flier leave the bar and walk over to a statuesque redhead. "I wonder if you would let me buy you a drink?" he said very politely, ready to withdraw at any hint of displeasure. Instantly Martino was beside him, bowing and smiling. "Is this gentleman a friend of yours, Mrs. Douglas?" The redhead looked at him steadily. "Yes, thank you, Martino," she said. "Quite an old friend."

I don't know.

This afternoon I looked first for the girl in the corner where two walls came together to form a right

(*Continued on page 63*)

"Excuse me, Mrs. Dickeson," Martino said nervously, "this is Mr. Crane. I know you are lonely waiting for your husband, and he is lonely—"



Gus

MISS CHLO CALDER riveted long black eyes upon Augustus Crane, office boy in the advertising firm of Dark, Devlin & Disbrow, and forced a severe look to stick. But it took effort. Gus, she thought, was just about the handsomest lad that she had ever bawled out.

"You," she said, "are making a fine mess of yourself."

"Who, me?" said Gus.

"Yes," confirmed Chlo. "And I'm surprised at you. You used to be a nice kid, too nice to let a little thing like posing for an ad or two go to your head."

Gus smiled, like a smug and amused angel. "I hear the ads are doing all right," he said.

Chlo nodded. "But you're doing very badly. Of course"—she hesitated—"a lot of it's my fault. I should never have persuaded them to let you model for the pictures."

The advertisements referred to formed a series featuring Gleam-o, a hair dressing for men. When the idea of the campaign was originated, Pixsley, D., D. & D.'s head art director and one of Chlo's especial pals, had desired an unusual subject for the photographs. He was fed up with gentlemen from the model agencies. They were too—well, professional. Mr. Pixsley wished to build these illustrations around someone with youthful freshness, a regular-looking guy who still wouldn't stop the clock in the Grand Central Terminal.

Whereupon Chlo had had her inspiration. Why not use young Gus Crane? Pix leaped upon the suggestion. Gus, to his delight, was commandeered. And presently the ads, with Gus's wavy sorrel locks judiciously controlled by Gleam-o, had burst upon an unsuspecting America. Likewise a bigger, but not better, Gus had burst upon Dark, Devlin & Disbrow.

Quite suddenly Mr. Crane found himself treading purple heights. He received commendation, flattery—

"Go on," Gus invited proudly. "Have a gander at 'em! A coupla dames even sent their pictures."

the Beautiful

Chlo, the secretary with a Mr. Anthony complex, atomizes D., D. & D. in an effort to deflate Gus, the office boy with a Sinatra complex. She kind of puts her lovely foot in it this time; but, as usual, all's well that ends — and this does most unexpectedly

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

plus a generous dose of kidding. The kidding didn't take. Gus rose above it. He strutted in his unwonted importance. He basked in a glow of self-satisfaction, bemused by his own image in newspapers and periodicals. He still functioned as office and errand boy, but after the manner of a potentate dispensing largesse. He became, in a word, insufferable. And Chlo felt personally responsible. She had to do something about Gus. So she hauled him onto the carpet—and was getting nowhere fast.

Now she said, "Do you know what they call you? The 'Narcissus of Astoria'!"

But if Chlo thought to devastate Mr. Crane, she failed.

"Do they?" he said, looking pleased.

Chlo's eyes narrowed. There seemed no chink in the armor of his exalted ego. She tried another tack. "I suppose you don't even care what Flick thinks of you any more?"

"Flick?" Gus displayed bored politeness.

Chlo got mad. "Yes, Flick," she snapped. "Flick Johnson, in the stenographic department. She's your girl, isn't she?"

"Oh!" Gus smiled his beatific smile. "Flick's a nice kid. But I haven't seen her much lately." He paused. Then: "If you're all through, Miss Calder, I'd like to show you something."

"Well?" said Chlo.

GUS drew letters from his pocket. He tendered them with a certain superciliousness. And Chlo started. Good heavens! The boy had actually been receiving fan mail. The missives, each from a gnat-brained bobby-soxer, bore addresses reading, "Mr. Gleam-o," "The Gleam-o Man," "That Super Gleam-o Model," and similar nauseousness.

"Go on," Gus invited proudly. "Have a gander at 'em! A coupla dames even sent their pictures."

"No," Chlo felt licked, "I won't read them. But would you mind getting out of here, Mist-er Sinatra, before I swoon?"

"Nope," said Gus blandly, "I wouldn't mind." He grinned and went away, whistling.

WHEN he had gone, Chlo sat for a moment, drumming on her desk. She was thinking not so much of Gus, but of ashen-haired Philippa (Flick) Johnson, and the hurt, rather bewildered look that was often in Flick's aquamarine eyes these days.

It was strictly due to her own interference in Gus's life, Chlo saw, that the office romance between Gus and Flick threatened to crack up. Wherefore though her impulse was to drop the egregious slightly sickening Gus like a hot brick, she couldn't. Flick was by way of being a protégée of hers, and Flick was misguided enough to adore Gus.

"I'm the joker here, really," Chlo informed a vastly disinterested inkwell, "and I just can't walk out."

She got slowly to her feet. A notebook, staggering under the dictation of T. K. Dark, head of the firm, whom she served as secretary in chief, all but screamed at her. Chlo averted her eyes and transferred her five foot ten of alluring slimness to the lair of Mr. Beacham, the office manager.

"I just dropped in," she said easily, "to see how young Gus Crane is getting on. You know, I—I take an interest in him."

Mr. Beacham regarded her through gold-rimmed specs. He knew about Chlo's propensity for taking an interest in people.

"H'm!" he said. "Well—er—frankly, Miss Calder, Gus is a—um—disappointment."

"Yes?" Chlo waited.

"Until recently," pursued Mr. Beacham, "he did good work and was well—er—liked. In fact, I had him in mind for promotion and a—a salary raise. But the boy has changed, Miss Calder. Now I am thinking of—ah—letting him go."

Chlo repressed a wince. But she thought: Nice pitching, Calder. If you'd let the kid alone, he wouldn't be losing his job, practically.

"Mr. Beacham," she said, "I wish you'd hold off just a little while. I think I can do something with Gus."

Actually, it was her private opinion that only an atomic bomb could do anything with Gus and his blimp-sized cranium. But she spoke with assurance and smiled upon Mr. Beacham.

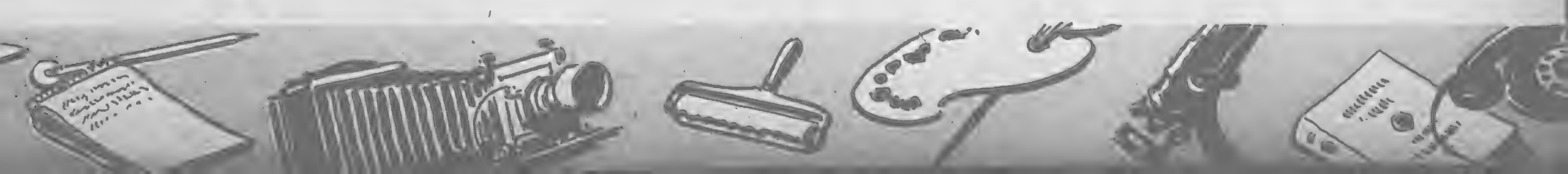
"Well," Mr. Beacham considered, "I could wait a trifle longer. We don't—um—want to discharge the boy. But he will have to buck up, Miss Calder. Radically."

"He will," promised Chlo, without the least idea of how she was going to effect this.

The idea arrived from out the blue an hour later.

A student of military affairs might have termed it a "two-pronged" idea. And it was rather elaborate. It called for a lot of business on behalf of an office boy and his girl. But to Chlo both boy and girl were, essen-

(*Continued on page 70*)



"All right, padre," Shanley said, "Let's toss for it! Heads, I leave the Yangtze. Tails, you keep hands off my affairs. How about it?"

Shan Lee's Lucky

BY WALTER C. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

IT was at Ho-Fang on the Yangtze that I had my first glimpse of Mark Shanley and his lucky gold piece. In those days I was local factor for the China Rivers Company, and my *hong* was on the water front.

One evening, when working late over my reports, my wrinkle-faced gateman announced, "*Mei-kuo* man make knock. Want speakee Number One boss-man. Can do?"

"An American?" I asked, surprised, for white visitors were a rarity in Ho-Fang. "Well, show him in."

The old gateman ushered in my unexpected visitor—the most strikingly handsome man I have ever seen: thick brown hair above a clean-cut strong-jawed face, and teeth of an incredible whiteness. His suit was finely tailored, and he carried himself with military erectness.

I noticed his hands—long, slender, and modeled as perfectly as a Chinese hand, and that is high praise. But most remarkable were his eyes—tawny eyes, direct and piercing, and forever alive with a bright and restless fever.

"My name is Shanley — Mark Shanley," he announced. "I've just come ashore from Wan Sook's fan-tan boat to stretch my legs and get a breath of fresh air. I saw your light, and wondered if you would be good enough to offer a fellow American a drink."

I recognized him then. This was the gambling man "Shan Lee," the man who played the river boats. Already there were many stories along the Yangtze about Shan Lee's fabulous luck.

"You happened along just at the right time," I said. "Our supply boat came in today. How about gin or whisky?"

"Whisky, if you will," he said, and I poured out a brace of drinks.

"Top-chop!" he declared, smiling gratefully as he put down his empty glass. "They have nothing but vile stuff on these river boats—sour rice wine and raw *kaoliang*—"

"Another?" I suggested.

"Thanks," he replied. "Forty hours at a fan-tan table puts one a bit on the thirsty side."

"Forty hours!" I exclaimed.

His white teeth flashed in laughter. "When the fish are running, you keep hauling on the net, you know."

We talked then about one thing and another—a most interesting talk. I remember one remark in particular.

"Rivers have always had a fascination for me," Shanley said. "I've seen most of the famous ones—the Mississippi, the Thames, the Rhine, the Danube, the Volga, the Ganges. Of them all, though, I'll take the Yangtze. That's my river."

WE were standing by an open moon window, glasses in hand, watching the blue-purple twilight creep along the Yangtze valley.

"Some day," Shanley said quietly, "I'm going to have a gambling boat of my own. Not like those filthy, broken-down scows out there. A real boat, scrubbed and polished to a shine and fitted up mandarin style with the finest Oriental art money can buy. I'll take the whole river for my run—Chinkiang to Chungking. And I'll give them real gambling. Poker—that's the game for action! Fan-tan and mah-jongg are too damn slow."

"So you're going to be the Richard Canfield of the Yangtze?" I smiled.

"Why not?" he challenged.

"Why not indeed?" I said. "But won't it take a great deal of money?"

"Oh, I'll get the money," he declared confidently. "*This* will bring it to me!" He stretched out his hand then and showed me a gold coin, the famous gold eagle that was to bring him fame and fortune. It lay on his palm, a soft glowing yellow, its face marred by a deep narrow nick running from the milled edge almost to the center.

"My lucky eagle's never failed me—and never will," Shanley declared quietly. "Some day I'll hit a winning streak as wide as that river—and then I'll have my boat."

"Well, if you do," I said, "there's the name for it—the Lucky Eagle."

Up in Ho-Fang we heard about that fabulous Lucky Eagle long before we had a chance to set eyes upon it.

Ai-yee! the Chinese said. Never had such a gambling boat been seen upon the Yangtze. Truly it was a floating palace, beautiful with rich jades and rare porcelains and dynasty bronzes. Its walls were paneled with priceless lacquer and hung with precious paintings upon silk.

Hola! they said, it is the Wonder of the Waters, this boat of Shan Lee's. Everywhere it goes, the great ones of Han—*taipans* and *tuchuns*, bankers, rich merchants, and high officials—all come hurrying to match their luck against this new master of chance with his strange new betting game called "poh-kair."

Then one day the Lucky Eagle arrived at Ho-Fang, its name large-lettered in gold leaf on the bow, in

I came upon Maria and Mark, sitting on the broken wall.

English and also in vertical Chinese. That afternoon Mark Shanley came ashore and casually walked into my *hong*.

"Well, Shanley," I said, "I see you got your boat."

He smiled, spinning the gold piece. "I came to invite you aboard for a look-see."

At first glance the Lucky Eagle was just another brown-sailed river junk, but once aboard, the similarity ended completely.

(*Continued on page 50*)

Eagle

To Mark, the fabulous gambler of the Yangtze, life was the flip of a lucky coin. It was hate at first sight between him and the Reverend Lundeen. And now the reverend discovered his own daughter was the stake in Mark's latest, most desperate gamble

When good tastes get Together

ONE FINE TASTE adds to another when you begin a meal with a cocktail or highball made with Seagram's 5 Crown.

For Seagram's 5 Crown is made to *accent* good taste. Seagram's long experience in making finer whiskies...making them taste better...adds a special smoothness...a rare mellowness that gives this whiskey finer flavor...for your finer enjoyment!

Good taste says, "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"...because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

Seagram's 5 Crown

Say Seagram's *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

The LOST CAESAR

BY RUTH FENISONG

Beautiful Corinne was about to leave her wealthy husband when her first love came back from Hollywood, but she hardly expected murder to trap the three of them. This exciting café-society mystery mounts to a breathlessly dramatic finale.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. EMERTON HEITLAND

ROBERT IVORS joined Corinne at the breakfast table.

She said, "Good morning," but it was not a good morning. For a long time nothing had been good.

Robert addressed his wife tenderly. "You look rather tired, darling. Didn't you sleep well?"

"Yes, thank you, I slept well." She could hardly remember what it was like to experience a night of unbroken rest.

"I thought I heard you moving about."

She shook her head. She no longer struggled against the wakeful hours induced by waiting for his step across the threshold of her room, never knowing which of two personalities she would be expected to receive, the sniveling slave or the gracious king.

Robert was studying her, and to make him stop she said, "What made you get up so early? I know you had a late meeting last night."

"I'm turning over a new leaf. If you can rise at dawn every morning, then so can I. I'm going to share your labors. You've accomplished a miracle. You've transformed Robert Ivors, playboy, into Robert Ivors, worker. I had a talk with Willard Hunt yesterday."

"You had a—"

"I dropped around for a glimpse of you—but you were in conference. Hunt told me more about Hastings in a half hour then you've told me in our year of—connubial bliss. I found it fascinating. So fascinating that I asked him if he could fit me in anywhere. I've always had something of a collector's urge—and I don't see why I shouldn't gratify it by selecting the ornaments used on the Hastings' products. Hunt explained to me that each pocketbook or belt was set apart by some unusual clasp. There's an auction at nine o'clock this morning that Hastings

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Accessories can't afford to miss. I mean to be there on the dot." He started for the door.

"Robert—wait."

He halted and turned to her questioningly.

"Corinne—you're not well—you're trembling." He took a step toward her.

"I want a divorce."

"A divorce! But why? Haven't I tried to—to do everything I could to make you happy?"

For a horrible moment she thought he was going to cry. She steeled herself. "I'm not happy. You must know that. I—" She had not the ruthlessness to say, "I cannot bear you—physically or mentally I cannot bear you—your touch—your bombast—your mediocre mind—your swift transitions that spring from heaven knows what muddy source—" Instead she went on helplessly, "There's

nothing disgraceful about an admission of incompatibility. You'll go on—with someone else—and I—"

"And you?" He had suddenly and completely regained royal calm. "You've seen the morning paper?"

"No—no, I haven't. What has the morning paper to do with it?"

"It states that Justin Corley is in town."

"Oh, no!"

"Be frank, my dear. You did see it. Surely nothing else caused your little outburst. Or perhaps Mr. Corley has been in direct contact with you."

Corinne said quietly, "I didn't see the paper—and he hasn't—and he won't." Her heart repeated hopelessly, He won't—ever.

ROBERT IVORS walked through the lobby of the apartment house at Sutton Place and waited outside under the canopy while the doorman signaled to his chauffeur.

The car drew up and the chauffeur stepped out.

"Good morning, Mr. Ivors."

Ivors stiffened with shock. This man was— "T-Topping!" Ivors stuttered. "I don't understand. Where's Bondy?"

"You mean your ex-chauffeur? A long story—but this isn't the place to tell it. Get in—and don't use my name again. I'll explain while we roll. Where to?"

Ivors produced the address of the auction rooms.

Topping brought the car to motion. Ivors did not find his voice until they were riding down Fifth Avenue. "Has this anything to do with—"

"So you heard about it. Yes—I was with Krimmer, but I gave them the slip. We were standing outside that cigar store when they tagged us. Krimmer wasn't so quick on his feet. But he'll be all right. No evidence."

"Where—how did you get Bondy to—"

"That's not your worry."

"Now look here, Topping, I refuse to be responsible for any foul play. I—"

Topping said dispassionately, "You better call me Al—or Joe—or maybe Benson. I've used Benson before. It's got class."

"If you've done Bondy any injury I won't stand for it—I'll—"

"Your money makes a lot more sense than you do, Mr. Ivors, not meaning any disrespect. You leave the heavy stuff to those that can handle it, and you'll be way up in front."

"Your presence is a danger to me. I am certain that the Council would not approve. I must find some way to get in touch with—"

"You'll get in touch with nobody. It wouldn't be healthy."

CORINNE went out of the apartment house, neither knowing nor caring that the April air was warm and sweet. She walked downtown for a few blocks and turned west automatically. It was half-past nine when she entered the large building that roofed Hastings Accessories.

There were no impatient ladies in the reception room as she stepped out of the elevator. She supposed, gratefully, that Willard Hunt had attended to her first appointment. The room was empty, or almost empty. A dingy little dog occupied a cushioned chair near one of the display cases.

A touch of color was stirred into her cheeks as she recognized the animal. I wonder what excuse Dodie Merritt will offer today, she thought, and made a mental note to be firm with the brittle assistant designer.

Corinne had been dictating for about half an hour when the phone began to ring. Mildred, her secretary, handled the first two calls easily, but seemed troubled by the third. She put the receiver down and said, "There's a—I can't pronounce his name—outside. I'm sorry, but it sounds Polish. It has a lot of consonants."

"Well—go to the reception room and find out what this man wants. And on the way please stop at Miss Merritt's office. Ask her to step in here."

In about five minutes Mildred returned. She seemed quite distressed.

Corinne said quickly, "Did Miss Merritt—"

"No—it's not that. It's the Polish man. I can't understand what he's trying to say. It's—"

A baritone voice finished the sentence. "Double talk. Don't worry. Nobody can understand it."

Corinne's eyes lifted to the owner of the voice. And Dodie Merritt, who had crept up behind him, stiffened and came to attention.

"Mr. Prznkichk," the voice said deeply. "Your humble servant."

"Justin," Corinne said. In that unguarded moment she was radiant.

The man muttered something that sounded like, "Well, it seemed the best way to get in." And then his arms encircled her.

They kissed as though they could not help it, as though if they abstained they would starve to death.

Mildred was standing between them and the door. She gave Dodie Merritt a firm push, followed her into the corridor, and closed the door behind her.

"You shouldn't have come here, Justin," Corinne said. She was afraid of her lifting heart. "I'm married," she reminded him.

"You'll get unmarried—and married again—to me."

"Why didn't you come for me before? What makes you so much more eager for marriage than you were a year or so ago?"

"A year or so ago I was a little fellow with a giant-sized inferiority complex. I'd been piddling away my time. I didn't amount to anything. You had beauty plus dough—and I had neither."

"I don't believe it. You just couldn't bear to be tied down. The Hollywood job was in the offing. It meant you were on your way. I'm not blaming you, Justin. Some men aren't the marrying kind."

"That wasn't my trouble. I wanted to marry you—to chuck everything and marry you."

"To chuck everything?"

"There was my sister—Martie," he said. "Martie was in a spot—a widow with two little kids. She'd earned the right to be my first consideration. There were no two ways about that. I couldn't tide her over and have anything left to spend on a private life."

Someone was knocking on the door. Corinne stiffened warily. She sent light conversational tones through steadied lips. "How is Martie now? Has she come to New York with you?"

He stared at her in horror, but after a moment he answered the appeal in her eyes. "Martie's all right. Yes, she's with me."

"I've thought of her so often. I'm glad you dropped in to choose some accessories for her. Let me show you the new workshop—"

The knocking had stopped. Footsteps were receding down the corridor.

Justin took her hands and held them fast. "Corinne, let's not play it that way. Let's flaunt it. Before I crashed this door I didn't know anything about the guy you married. I wasn't sure that things would go my way. I was prepared to take a beating. But not now. Now I'm sure. Now I know that he's made you into a frightened shadow. We love each other. Neither of us can escape from that. I've had a whole year of trying—and so have you. Let's go on from there—good and loud and proud."

"Justin, I love you."

"You don't have to say it."

"But I'm afraid. Robert's not predictable. Justin—I asked for a divorce this morning."

"Then everything's—"

"It isn't. He wouldn't listen."

"Well—we'll put him straight. We'll—"

"No. He will listen—later. I'll make him—only not if he knows that you've come back to me."

"That kind of guy?"

"I'm not sure. Perhaps I'm doing him an injustice, but—"

He said shakily, "So we go devious. We play it your way. I'm a customer and you march me to the workshop and I buy something to make Martie's eyes bug out and to keep anyone else's eyes from doing likewise."

ROBERT IVORS went into Corinne's office. He was carrying a square box under his arm and he placed it on a table covered by a leather skin. He went to the desk and pressed the buzzer. Mildred appeared.

"Where's Mrs. Ivors, Mildred?"

"She just stepped into the workshop—with a client."

"I see. Then perhaps we'd better not disturb her."

Mildred said fervently, "No, Mr. Ivors. Shall I ring your office when Mrs. Ivors is free? She may be tied up for quite a while."

"What I wanted isn't urgent." He indicated the box on the table. "I've just come from an auction. This is all so new to me—I can't help feeling like a small boy who's caught an unexpectedly large mess of fish. Perhaps you'll let me show off for you—since Mrs. Ivors isn't here."

Nervously she glanced toward the door. "Well—I don't understand much about—"

"Nonsense. Open the box." It was a royal command.

She went over to the table. Her fingers fumbled with the string. When she had lifted the cover, Ivors began to unwrap the separate little packages of tissue paper with which the box was filled.

She jumped as a wheezing gray-white shape scurried at her from the doorway.

He jumped, too, before he said, "My dear child, one shouldn't have nerves at your age. That's Miss Merritt's dog, isn't it? She was telling me about it yesterday. I believe she calls it Misty."

Misty was on her hind legs, yapping and scraping her claws along the leather skin that hung over the table.

Mildred said resentfully, "Miss Merritt has no right to bring it here."

"Whoa there!" The dog had succeeded in gripping a corner of the skin. A tug dragged it to the floor, scattering the trinkets.

"Oh, Mr. Ivors, that's too bad."

Frightened by the small rain of objects, the dog scuttled to the far end of the office. Ivors got down on his hands and knees.

Mildred joined him.

He had squeezed as much of his body as possible under a chair. "There—I think they're accounted for." He emerged and squatted on his haunches. He scooped up the heap he had collected. "Look at this—a genuine Egyptian amulet. What a story there must be behind it. It would be interesting to discover who wore it—or carried it—or whatever it was they did in—"

Mildred made a desperate interruption. "Why don't you ask Mr. Hunt? He's an expert on such matters. You'll find him in his—"

"A good idea. Perhaps I will."

Mildred wanted to get him out of the office before Corinne returned with—with that man. She thought loyally, Miss Hastings is above reproach—and there must be some decent explanation for the way she acted, but . . . Hurriedly she gathered up the loose pieces of tissue paper, and began to rewrap some of the ornaments.

Ivors said, "Don't bother. Just drop them in as they are." He arose slowly. "Hello!"

WILLARD HUNT crossed the threshold on the run. He was tall and so lean that at first glance he seemed one-dimensional. But he was more like a figure cut out of sheet iron than a paper doll.

"Did that damn dog come in here? Oh—Ivors—I didn't see you." His fanatical blue eyes seized upon Ivors for a moment before they were diverted by Misty's wheeze. "Ah." He swooped. Misty crawled under the chair, and Hunt's bony fingers gripped air. He swore. "I've had enough of this. Merritt's got to toe the mark."

As he stood up to face Ivors, Mildred caught the gleam of another trinket on the floor. She dropped it into the box. She decided to hold the fort no longer. She would give warning that it was under siege. "If you'll excuse me, there's a letter in my typewriter I must finish." She hurried out.

Ivors said, "What's all the shooting about, Hunt? Surely that poor little dog isn't doing any harm."

"That poor little dog is driving the girls in the workshop crazy. It chews things—or swallows them without chewing. Damn it all—this is a business—not a kennel. Merritt should know better than—"

"Come now—you mustn't be too hard on the girl. She told me yesterday that she was in something of a predicament. It seems that Misty's taken to crying when she's left alone—and the landlord has had so many complaints that he refuses to put up with it any longer. I'm sure Miss Merritt brought the dog here this morning only as a last resort."

"She's brought it here as a last resort once too often. It was sick all over the reception-room upholstery the last time. How can she expect Corinne to put up with—"

Ivors smiled. "I imagine you were more upset than Corinne."

Hunt said grudgingly, "Corinne has her moments—and that was one of them. But as a matter of fact, I was upset because I hired Merritt in the first place."

"Oh? I thought Corinne was the last word in such matters. Perhaps that explains something I've sensed. Corinne doesn't seem to like Miss Merritt very well."

"That's rubbish. Corinne wouldn't know she existed if the little fool didn't go out of her way to annoy her. Corinne is the last word, of course, but I try to spare her as much as possible—and the job that Merritt applied for happened to be in my department. I hired you, too, without Corinne's consent, didn't I?"

"So you did." Ivors laughed. "But you weren't taking much of a risk there—considering the fact that Corinne's my wife. She's fortunate to have such a loyal and considerate manager who—er—who has an eye for beauty as well."

Hunt looked at him curiously. He went on, "I mean—Miss Merritt is a beauty, isn't she?"

Hunt seemed tired of the subject. "Did you attend the auction this morning?"

"Indeed I did." Ivors glanced toward the small table. "That box holds the fruits of my astute bidding." He looked down at his closed hand. "Or most of the fruits. I still seem to be clutching one of them." He spread his palm. "How about an expert opinion of this Egyptian amulet? I understand you've done quite a bit of research."

Hunt gave it cursory examination. "It's not Egyptian—it's Hindu. Kali—Goddess of Death—wife of Siva. See

—four arms. Those tiny raised blobs are intended to be bloodstains."

Ivors coughed apologetically. "I guess I have a great deal to learn. I suppose you specialized in these things at your university."

"Thanks for the compliment," Hunt said sourly. "The public library was my university."

"Well—I guess democracy is of some use."

Under the chair, Misty's breathing had taken on a peculiarly unpleasant threat.

Hunt said, "Oh, my God—the little brute's getting ready to heave. I'll have to get her out of here before Corinne comes back." He knelt and said in suffering tones, "Come out, Misty. Here—no one's going to hurt you."

Misty growled and snapped at his hand, then darted out and took refuge behind the desk. Hunt got up. He flung a bitter, contemptuous glance at Ivors' departing back.

Thorough to the point of mania, Hunt hated dilettantes. But there were other reasons why he hated Ivors. He was furious because he had been compelled to fit him into the Hastings' scheme. . . .

DODIE MERRITT sat in her office and gazed thoughtfully at a pink fingernail.

At thirty—twenty-three for publication—Dodie was still a very pretty little girl, possessing a vivaciousness that showed and a rapaciousness that was fairly well concealed. She never passed a mirror without smiling at her proportionately rounded five-foot-two, her innocent doll-face topped by upswept yellow curls.

She had come to New York to meet the right people, the right rich people, from whose ranks she intended to cull a husband. At first she had tried to get a job in the theater and had thrived on promises for a while, but there was too much red tape to be unwound, and she could not afford to wait. Then, by chance, she met someone who knew Willard Hunt and who suggested that she apply for work with him. So she had settled for Hastings.

She had arrived there in time to attend Corinne's wedding along with the rest of the personnel. And the quest that had brought her to New York ended as soon as she saw the bridegroom.

She managed to be in evidence each time Ivors came to Hastings to seek his wife. Soon her open admiration got through to him. He began to call her by name, to pause for conversation.

"Why, Mr. Ivors!" she exclaimed now when he entered her office.

"I won't take up much of your time."

"Oh—please sit down."

"Your welcome might not be so warm if you knew the reason for this visit."

"It's Mrs. Ivors—she's sent you to—"

"Now—now. Don't run away with yourself, child. As a matter of fact, I haven't seen Mrs. Ivors since I came in. I tried to, but she was busy."

"Oh—what a shame! I did think he'd have left by this time."

"He?" Robert smiled. "Is Hastings going in for male clients these days?"

"This man isn't a client. At least—"

"At least he didn't look like a client?" Ivors seemed amused.

"I do hope you won't think I'm prying. It just happened that Mrs. Ivors had sent for me, and then she forgot about it because he—well—he was there before me. I guess he's a friend. I couldn't help hearing his first name—Justin." More than slightly chagrined, she saw that Robert Ivors was not paying much attention to her.

"I'd almost forgotten the real object of our little chat." He cleared his throat. "I'm afraid that Misty is in disgrace again. It's the general opinion that she doesn't belong in an establishment of this sort and—er—Mr. Hunt wants to talk to you."

She gazed at him tragically. "He'll discharge me. Oh—what shall I do—Misty's all I have. I—I can't leave her at home because—"

"But there must be a solution. Have you tried looking for another apartment—a place where they won't object to—"

"I've walked my feet off. There just aren't any apartments to be had. I can't give Misty up—I can't—I—"

"Of course you can't," he said. "Let me see—I have several friends in the real-estate business. I'm sure one of them can help you out."

Her look of tear-starred gratitude contained the act of kneeling at his feet, of covering his hand with kisses. "You—you mean you'll really find an apartment for me?"

He wallowed in it. "I don't make promises lightly, my dear. Now promise that you won't worry any more. Just tell Hunt that you're about to locate new living quarters and that it won't be necessary for Misty to disturb the peace here any longer. Au revoir, my dear."

At twelve-thirty hunger disturbed Dodie's concentration. Dear darling little Misty must be hungry too, she thought. I'll get her some nice juicy hamburgers.

On the way to get her hat and coat she almost tripped over the old man who did odd repairing jobs. He was kneeling before a tall metal cabinet in the corridor.

"Say, miss." His voice was hoarse and troubled. "I was getting a broom to sweep up some cuttings—but this ain't a broom. It ain't a mop either."

She said impatiently, "So I give up—what is it?" Then she saw the gray white heap at the bottom of the cabinet. She knelt and gathered it to her. She began to scream.

She kept screaming as the corridor filled with men and women. "Misty—Misty!" she screamed.

THE crowd that had been drawn by Dodie Merritt's screams made way for Corinne.

"What's happened?"

"You should have thought of your precious business before you killed my dog!" Dodie accused. "You're not going to get away with it—I'll call the police—I'll—"

Robert Ivors went to Dodie and gripped her shoulders. "Hush—you don't know what you're saying. It's been a shock. Come along now—there's a good girl."

Dodie permitted him to lead her away.

Hunt worked his way to Corinne.

"Let's go to your office." Hunt had to touch Corinne, to repeat his words before she heard.

In her office she said, "I didn't kill the dog. I don't even think Dodie Merritt believes I did."

"Of course not," Hunt said.

"How do you suppose it died?"

"It choked on something. It was always choking on something. But just to make sure, I'll take a close look before she carts it off to wherever they do cart dead dogs."

Ivors came into the office carrying his hat. "That won't be necessary. I checked. There aren't any signs of violence. Of course it was preposterous to think there would be. Corinne, my dear, I hope you'll forgive the girl. She—"

"Of course I forgive her."

"Nobody really believes you had anything to do with it," he went on earnestly. "You wouldn't poison an animal."

"Poison?" Hunt spoke. "I thought you said—"

"I said no signs of violence. I don't understand enough about drugs to know whether or not—"

Hunt said sharply, "Oh, for heaven's sake—that animal died a natural death. It was old and overfed."

"No doubt you're right—although Miss Merritt insists that it was in the best of health. At any rate, I've told the entire staff to pay no attention to—er—that unfortunate accusation—and I'm sure Miss Merritt will be glad to make a public retraction. I've convinced her—"

Corinne pressed her hand to her temple. "You told—you convinced—"

"So you've nothing to worry about. It will blow over. And now, with your permission, I'll escort Miss Merritt home. She's too distraught to work this afternoon, and I think it's wise to show her every consideration."

Hunt was scowling. He said, "Now look here, Ivors—"

Corinne stopped him. Corinne had moved in her chair, and her face was a face he remembered but had not seen in a long time. Her cheeks and eyes had taken on color.

She had intended to tell Robert of Justin's visit before someone else told him, but coupled with that intention was a sudden wish to hurt him because of the ridiculous thing he was implying.

"By all means see Dodie home, Robert. But before you go I want to congratulate you on your morning's work. You've done wonderfully well. I found immediate use for one of the ornaments—on a gift for Justin Corley's sister."

Ivors said, "Did you? Thank you, dearest. Your praise means a good deal to me."

"Justin came in and staved for quite a while. We were talking of him only this morning. Remember?"

"Yes. Of course I remember." Ivors walked over to the table which still held the box of ornaments. He fingered them abstractedly.

Hunt was watching him. "If you should happen to be superstitious, I'm sure Corinne didn't choose Kali, the death goddess, for the gift that went out this morning."

Corinne said, "No. I used something that looked like a gold piece. It just happened to fit into the pocket of that 'Lucky Compact' Dodie Merritt designed."

Hunt said to Ivors, "Merritt's probably working herself into another frenzy while she waits for you. If you don't hurry, she might do something drastic. What about the body?"

"My chauffeur took it. He's driving out to the Long Island estate to bury it." He went to Corinne. He kissed her forehead. "Don't take this to heart, dearest. Until dinner, if I don't see you before then."

Hunt said, "Tonight the Designers' Guild is throwing its annual dinner, Corinne. You promised to attend."

"That's so. Do you mind, Robert?"

"Not at all. It's part of the price I must pay for having such an important wife. Er—I presume you'll be her escort, Hunt. Take care of her. She's very very precious."

JUSTIN CORLEY returned to his hotel at one.

"Greetings, Martie," he said to his sister. "City noises get you up?"

"You forget I was raised on city noises."

Justin was not a tall man, but he was straight and compact. He had tangled lashes and a full, hungry mouth. Although he was only twenty-nine, his almost black hair had started to recede from a scholar's brow. Everything about him was quick and strong.

He had been writing music and lyrics for a movie studio in Hollywood. Overnight a ridiculous novelty tune had captured the public's fancy, jumped to first place on the Hit Parade, netted an absurd sum for so small an effort, and brought in all kinds of offers from all kinds of people. He had followed the novelty by creating in succession the most outstanding song of the war and the score of the most popular show on Broadway.

The telephone rang.

He picked it up and said, "Justin Corley speaking."

His tone altered and he frowned. He spoke briefly and with a hesitancy that was foreign to him, then set the phone down with a thump. "Got any plans for today, Martie?"

"Yes," she said. "I intend to shop a bit and pay a few visits if there's any time left over."

"You've got yourself a couple of dates for the evening—dinner and theater."

"Oh, Justin! We're really going to see your show tonight? I'd been hoping we would, but I didn't dare to build on it too much for fear of—"

"Take it easy, my little six-year-old. If you're good I'll buy you a nice fat lollipop too."

"But about dinner—I thought I might have it with Mrs. Kerr. I promised to look her up—and anyway—"

"Anyway, you heard me make an appointment with some meatball."

"Meatball?"

"Yeah—meatball. Corinne's husband to you."

"Corinne Hastings! Are you telling me that Corinne's husband telephoned and asked you to dinner? How did he learn that you were in town—and why should he—"

"Maybe he can read. Why he would want to meet me is anybody's guess. But we're granting him his wish—you and me both."

"Me? He's included me in the invitation?"

"Expressly."

"That's queer."

"Everything's queer."

She stared at him. "Well—we're not going. At least I'm not. I was fond of Corinne Hastings. I'd have been happy if you'd married her. But it's too late to talk about that. You'll have to put Corinne out of your plans."

"Just like that?"

"Yes. Just like that."

He looked at her through the smoke of the cigarette in his mouth. "Martie," he said, "could you be a little bit old-fashioned?" and the tone of his voice said, Suppose we drop the subject.

His hand was in his pocket. "I almost forgot—I have something for you." He gave her the small package. "A piece of leather goods."

"You saw Corinne this morning."

"Yes. I saw Corinne."

"And you bought something from her? It was thoughtful of—"

"No—it wasn't thoughtful—and you needn't thank me. It's Corinne's gift to you."

"Oh?"

"Corinne made me take it because—because she said

she often thought of you and wanted you to have it as a remembrance."

"How nice." The tiny box lay exposed. Martie took out the compact. It was black antelope, decorated with a small pocket into which had been tightly fitted a gold disk. The top of the pocket curved. The section of gold that rose above it looked like a crescent moon.

"The gold gimmick is supposed to be a luck piece," he said.

THAT evening Justin and Martie descended to the lobby and came face to face with Robert Ivors.

He picked them out the moment their feet touched the floor of the lobby. He came forward with outstretched hand. "Mrs. James—Mr. Corley? I'm Robert Ivors."

Nervously Martie noted the pause before Justin accepted the hand. Nervously she heard him say, "And all done without the aid of red carnations."

Ivors smiled. "Your face is entirely familiar to me. I'm well up on personages and events in the theater."

She said, "I'm sure I've seen your face before too, Mr. Ivors. Or rather—pictures of it."

"Have you? I do get into print occasionally, but I've done nothing to deserve it. I just happen to be descended from an old line."

Justin muttered something that sounded like "An old clothesline, no doubt," but to Martie's relief Ivors had taken her arm and was steering her through the crowded lobby.

She became conscious that Ivors was talking.

"I was apologizing for my appearance. Mr. Corley chose such an early hour for dining that I took it for granted you wouldn't dress."

She wondered why he sounded disappointed. She said, "You see—we're going on to the theater to my brother's show."

"Oh yes—of course. It's *The Blue Market,* isn't it? My wife and I went to the opening night."

He led her into a small gay room where a small loud band played on a mauve dais. Justin formed a reluctant rear guard.

As Ivors ordered dinner Martie looked at her brother. He was gazing directly at his host, and there was a wicked glint in his eye. She launched an inconsequential monologue, word following word in such tight file that there was no possible opening into which her unruly brother could slide.

By the time the coffee arrived, her throat ached from its unaccustomed workout. She broke off suddenly in the middle of a sentence, deciding to let nature take its course.

Justin was grinning. He said mildly, "What was all that again?" He ducked her glare. "Great little trouper, isn't she, Ivors?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"No—this one's on me. I beg yours. I was so entranced by my sister's performance that I forgot you had something on your mind."

Ivors looked worried, then foggy.

"There *is* something on your mind, isn't there? I don't want to hurry you, but when you telephoned you *did* say the call wasn't purely social."

"Oh yes—of course. It's not for myself. I like to lend a helping hand to deserving people whenever I can—and there's a girl—a really clever girl—a designer in my wife's employ—who is interested in doing work in the theater. But she has no contacts—and I wondered what would be the best way for her to break into the field."

Justin said slowly, "I have nothing to do with that end of production, but I'll make inquiries for you."

"That's most kind." Ivors seemed quite content to drop it right there.

"Does Corinne know that you are planning to decrease her staff?"

"As a matter of fact, I'm presuming upon your good nature for my—for Corinne's sake. She'll be glad to get rid of Miss Merritt. She doesn't like her."

"Then neither do I," Justin said flatly.

Martie made a queer little gasping noise, out of amusement by horror.

She hastily took a mirror from her evening bag.

"Powder up," Justin said. "We haven't much time."

Ivors was regarding her intently. She shut the bag "I'm ready. My nose isn't shiny—and anyway I forgot my new compact—left it upstairs. Thank you so much, Mr. Ivors. I'm sure Justin will make inquiries about your—about—"

"Miss Merritt," Ivors supplied the name absently as they walked through the crowded lobby. "Dodie Merritt. And thank you. You've been very gracious."

He left them, and Justin and Martie waited for a taxi.

A large black limousine drew up before them. Its driver stepped out. He cast a powerful shadow. "Mr. Corley? I'm Mr. Ivors' chauffeur. I'm to give you a lift."

"I'll be damned. Is Mr. Ivors in the car?"

"No sir. He had some business to transact back at the hotel." The chauffeur was assisting Martie toward the running board. Overdoing the assistance, she thought.

"What can we lose?" Justin said. He climbed in after her. "Would it be superfluous to tell you our destination?" he asked the chauffeur.

"Mr. Ivors gave it to me—the Empress Theater."

IN the theater Martie had a swell time. She sat on the edge of her seat, feasting uncritically upon the music, the spoken word, the dancing, the color, not only because she thought the show was good but because her little brother had contributed so large a part to it. They went behind the scenes to congratulate the star during the second intermission. She left Justin backstage and hurried to her seat because she could not bear to miss a thing. Justin said he would watch from the wings for a while, and did not join her until the last curtain.

In the taxi on the way back to the hotel he said, "Martie—how could Corinne have married him?"

"That's a question nobody can answer but Corinne. Maybe she wanted to get married and he just happened to come along."

"I think I could have swallowed Hunt more easily. At least they share the same interests."

"Hunt? Who's Hunt? Oh—I know. He's the man she met in the public library when she was doing research on early Roman sandals or something. He'd been out of work for a long time and she offered him a job. Is he still with her?"

"Who?"

She said patiently, "Hunt. You said Corinne should have married him."

Justin was indignant. "I did not—except that he's nuts about her—and he helped to put Hastings on the map."

"Justin—did you ever meet that girl—the one Ivors was rooting for?"

"Merritt? No—I guess she must be a comparative newcomer to Hastings."

IMMEDIATELY after they stepped into the lobby of the hotel, Martie saw Corinne.

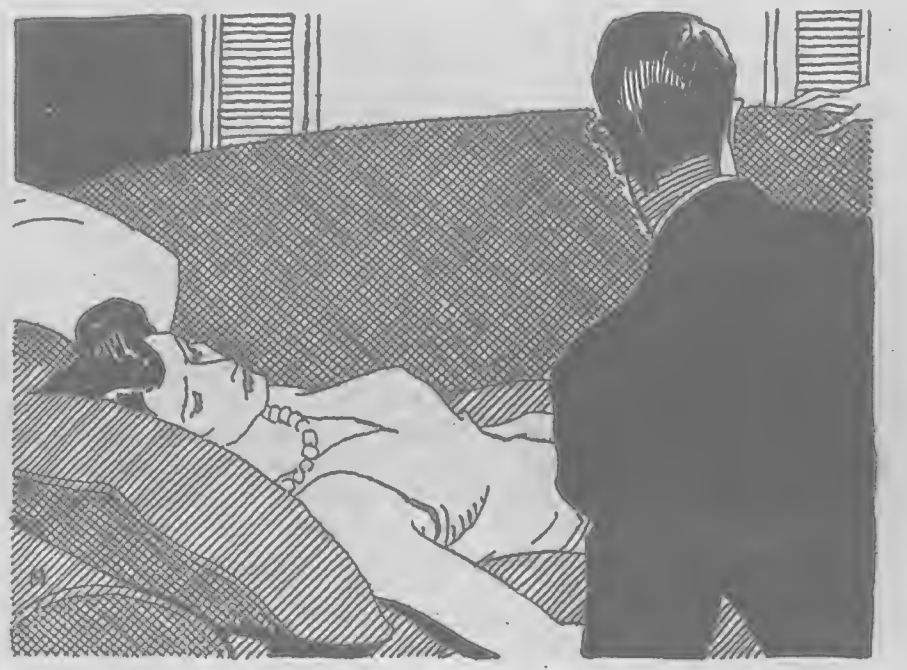
"I'm glad to see you, Martie," Corinne said softly.

"It's been years, hasn't it? I was going to send you a letter to thank you for the beautiful compact, but I'd so much rather do it in person." Martie stopped and wondered at the change in Corinne's face when her eyes fell on Justin. "Are you staying at the hotel? No—of course you're not. Justin told me—"

"I've been attending the annual dinner of the Designers' Guild. It's always held here."

Corinne's forgotten escort moved restlessly. He was a tall, thin, steely-looking man, Martie noticed.

Corinne glanced at him as though she had difficulty in recalling his identity or his reason for being at her side.



Then she said, "This is Willard Hunt, Martie. Mr. Hunt, Mrs. James."

"Why don't we have a drink?" Justin said. "Unless you're in a hurry."

Martie shook her head. "Will you excuse me if I go up to bed? I suppose I should be ashamed to admit it, but I'm tired. I guess it will take me a day or two to get used to New York's pace." She pressed Corinne's hand and left.

MARTIE'S bedroom door was closed. She turned the knob and entered. She lit the lamp on the dressing table. She sniffed distastefully. A strong odor of perfume forced its way to her nose. She knew quite well that her own perfume had only a slight, barely suggested aftermath. Puzzled, she looked around the room.

The bed was in shadow. She started to sit down on the edge of it. She changed her mind swiftly.

A curly head was lying on her pillow. She gave a thin squeak, but it was a squeak of surprise rather than fright.

Someone's mistaken the room, she thought. Her eyes measured the small peaceful form. Why, it's only a child. Her fingers sought the lamp on the night table.

But it was not a child. And it was not sleeping. It was all that remained of a small woman. The head was bent unnaturally upon the slim neck.

Martie had encountered death several times. Even before she found courage to place her hand over the silent

heart, to touch the frightening unwarmed flesh, she knew that this was death.

She did not scream. Her body was as calm as ice, but her pulse ran wild.

I'll go downstairs and find Justin. Or should I call the police first? Maybe she isn't dead. I'm excited—overwrought. What's that!

She had heard muted voices outside and a key turning stealthily in the lock. She called, "Who's there?" She wheeled to face the three figures that crowded the foyer.

From one of them came Justin's familiar baritone. "The populace was lined up six deep at the bar, and all the tables were taken. So I ordered a bottle sent up here. Mind?"

Corinne cried out, "Something's the matter. She's going to faint. Catch her, Justin."

Justin caught her. "Nonsense—she's not the fainting kind." He gripped her shoulders. "Martie—what is it?" He saw her white face. "Martie! Are you sick?"

"Justin—I want to sit down."

He picked her up in his arms and carried her to the couch in the living room. He knelt beside her and began to rub her cold hands.

Corinne and Hunt had come into the room, Hunt uncertain but dogged. He muttered, "We ought not to stay. If she's—"

"I'm staying," Corinne said. "There may be something I can do." She listened. "Wasn't that a knock?"

Hunt nodded. "I'll answer it. The drinks, I guess. It might disturb her to have the waiter come in here."

Martie sat up as he returned with a laden tray. "Either I've gone mad or there's a dead body in my bedroom."

"Come again?" It was Justin in the ludicrous cracking voice of an adolescent.

The eyes of Corinne and Hunt left Martie and met briefly. Hunt whispered, "Does she—is she subject to spells like this?"

Corinne moved in the direction of the bedrooms.

Martie attempted to rise. "Corinne—no. Let Justin."

Justin went, Hunt following.

THE men returned to the room. Justin looked sick. "Martie—how rotten for you. She's there all right. I might have known she would be."

"Who do you suppose— Well, no use speculating. Call the police," Martie said.

Hunt had poured a stiff drink into a glass and into himself with no measurable lapse between. "Wait a minute, Corley. Don't you think it would be wise not to mention that you had guests? All things considered, it might not look well for Corinne."

Justin said slowly, "Are you making some kind of an insinuation?"

"He wants to get Corinne out because there's no reason for her to be involved in this," Martie said. "It would only mean bad publicity for Hastings."

"*Maybe* that's what he meant," Justin said. "Anyway, it's true. I'm a dope not to have thought of it. Good night, my—good night. I'll let you know how things turn out."

"I don't want to leave you," Corinne insisted. "It's bound to be unpleasant. Perhaps I can divert some of the attention away from Martie. She's in no state—"

Hunt drew a sharp breath. "Before you call the police, there's something Corinne must know. Brace yourself, Corinne. I identified the body at once. It's a young woman who worked for Corinne. Dodie Merritt."

In unbelief, Corinne said, "Dodie Merritt? But why should she come here? She doesn't know Justin or Martie. She— You're sure?" She saw that he was sure. "Willard!"

"Dodie Merritt—dead." Martie echoed it faintly. "Corinne can't leave now. As soon as the police make the identification they'll question Corinne and her associates—and they'll discover that she attended a dinner in the hotel tonight and that the elevator boy brought her up here. So for heaven's sake let's get it over with."

"You're right—as usual," said Justin, and went to the telephone. "Get me police headquarters."

They could hear the volley at the other end.

"No—I don't want the manager. . . . Yes, Corley speaking . . . No. . . . Can I help it if someone parked a corpse on my sister's bed? . . . Oh, for heaven's sake—I don't get that kind of tight . . . All right—send the manager and the house detective—but don't say I didn't ask you to send the police."

AFTER a few preliminary questions, during which their identities and the identity of the corpse had been established, they had been herded into Justin's bedroom. There they waited while strange men with strange jobs treated the rest of the suite to a trial by flashlight bulbs and fingerprint powder.

Corinne, flanked by Justin and Willard Hunt, occupied chairs facing Martie, who sat on the bed.

Martie was the first to be summoned for special questioning. The detective she found herself facing in the living room was middle-aged, of average height, but thin, with thick graying hair thatching his head and eyes. "I'm Detective Sergeant Gorse."

A policewoman sat at the desk with pencil and notebook ready.

"Mrs. James, give me an account of how and when you discovered the body. Be as accurate as you can."

Martie refused to be afraid of him. She was very accurate. She did not omit a single detail. She lived it through again and hated it. Once was enough for anybody.

When she had finished he said, "What's your alibi for the time of the murder?"

"Alibi?" She considered the word.

"Tell me exactly what you and your brother did from the minute you both left until the minute you came back up here alone."

She told him, deliberately stripping her facts bare of personal bias before she presented them for clinical inspection. Nevertheless, since in her own case Gorse had been making much of little, she half expected him to go into instant action when she mentioned the part that Ivors had played in the evening. But he did not stir a feature or a limb.

Instead, he said, "Yes—that jibes."

"Jibes?"

"With Ivors' story."

"You talked to Ivors? When?"

"While they were moving the body out, I—"

She shivered. Body!

He had observed the shiver. He shrugged and went on, "I was downstairs asking the clerks and elevator men some questions. Ivors, it seems, hadn't realized that his wife's dinner was being held here. But after he finished eating with you and your brother he happened to bump into a sign saying, 'This way to the Designers' something-or-other.' So he decided to hang around in the bar until the missus was ready to go home. While he was there he got the vine that there had been foul play in the Corley suite. That's what he says. He was grilling the desk clerk when I horned in. I'd swapped a few words with Mrs. Ivors in the prelims, so I put two and two together and drew him into the manager's office for a chat. I didn't tell him his wife was up here."

"Why not?" Martie asked curiously.

"I didn't tell him—one—because his name and the way the desk clerk was bowing and scraping wised me he might be a gent with influence."

"Oh."

"And I wanted to brace his wife before he could deck her out in a pair of lawyers. You know, you're not the sort of person I'd expect to find even on the edge of a mess like this."

The policewoman said, "Do I write that in?"

"No. And not this either. Mrs. James, where are you sleeping later?"

The policewoman gasped. Martie looked startled.

The interpretation put upon his innocent words reached Gorse slowly. He muttered, "Well, I'll be—" and turned blush-red. "I only—I mean—women are funny about things. Your brother wouldn't give it a second thought—so I was just thinking you could switch beds with him in case you're squeamish or anything."

Martie was touched. "How kind of you when you have so much on your mind. A very good suggestion—and it does solve my problem."

"So much on my mind is right," he said explosively.

"I wish I could help you." She meant it. "But I don't think you'll get to the bottom of this if you spend such a lot of time on people like me."

"By people like you I take it you also mean your pals in the next room."

"Yes. Justin, for example. He—"

"As long as you're so anxious to give me the lowdown on the others, let's skip Justin for a moment and go on to Mrs. Ivors."

"Corinne? She's as gentle as a lamb. Besides, she couldn't have done it, because she was at the dinner all evening. Mr. Hunt, too. And Justin couldn't because he was with me. There are lots of other reasons why he couldn't, but you wouldn't be interested in them."

"Mrs. Ivors and Hunt haven't got even a second cousin to an alibi. They were right here in the hotel. Together or separately they could have left the dinner without being missed. And there's the ladies' room angle—dames darting in and out all evening, I'll bet."

Martie said, "Corinne's an outstandingly beautiful woman—beautifully and outstandingly dressed. If she came up to this suite alone or with somebody during dinner you'd have heard about it."

"She could have borrowed someone's coat as a disguise and passed unnoticed through that lobby. I hear it was pretty crowded earlier. I'm not saying she did—but she could have. Or let's suppose she didn't have to show at all. That fellow Hunt isn't outstandingly beautiful—or dressed ditto. What have you got to say for him?"

Martie had nothing to say. "I don't know Mr. Hunt very well. But—"

"Never mind. We'll pass on to Brother Justin. He was with you every minute—all evening?"

"Yes—except—he wasn't with me for most of the last act. He was backstage."

"How long?"

"I don't know exactly. I was so interested in the show. But I'm sure he was with someone who can vouch for him."

"Don't worry. I'll find out."

He paused, then suddenly dug into his pocket and produced an envelope. He transferred the contents to his spread palm and thrust the palm under her nose. "This yours?"

She stared at it. "No—I—"

The outer door opened. Gorse's fingers closed over the gold coin. He gave the intruder a stony eye. "Who let you in?"

"Where's my wife? How dare you hold her here? Do you realize the hour? She's not well. If this peculiar behavior on your part has deleterious results I can promise—"

"Oh, shut up," Gorse said.

"BELIEVE me," Ivor shouted, "—if I have to get every lawyer in town out of bed you'll—"

"I'll release her if you insist—but that will mean I'll have to bother her tomorrow. This way she could get the routine over with and have nothing on her mind."

"Routine! The manner in which the law functions in this country makes us a laughingstock for the rest of the world."

"You think so? I got a notion the rest of the world isn't in a laughing mood, due to its own laws."

Ivors actually said, "Bah!"

"By the way, Mr. Ivors," Gorse said, "you lost something. I picked it up close to where you were standing. Here." He extended his open hand.

"You found that—in the lobby?"

"So it *is* yours."

Ivors' head was lowered to study the coin. "No—it isn't mine—er—what a curious piece. Very possibly a collector's item."

"I'm not a collector, so I wouldn't know. Perhaps, being a rich man, such pastimes are more in your line."

"I'm afraid I'm not an expert. It's—er—interesting. Not quite round—rather crude, in fact."

"Very crude." Gorse put the coin back into the envelope. "I'll turn it over to the police if no one claims it. It might be valuable."

"Why don't you leave it at the hotel desk? If you found it in the lobby someone might make inquiries."

"Bring the three of them in here," Gorse ordered.

"This belong to either of you ladies?" he asked as they crowded into the room, and he exhibited Martie's new compact. It did not look new.

Everyone except Ivors made sounds of recognition. Martie was the first to speak intelligibly. "That's mine. What happened to it?"

"I'm asking you."

She extended her hand for it.

"That's right—take a good look. Don't be afraid to handle it. It's already been worked up for prints and had its picture snapped."

"I don't understand. The mirror's broken, the leather's scraped—and even the puff's soiled—it must have fallen out." She looked at Corinne. "Oh, Corinne, what will you think of me? Truly—I was so pleased when you sent it."

"Wait a minute—skip the Emily Post routine. Mrs. Ivors sent it to you?"

Hunt scowled. "That, my good man, is the lady's business."

Gorse's large face assumed an expression of cold anger. "Don't 'my-good-man' me. So it's the lady's business, is it? Well—it happens to be my business from now on."

"He means Hastings Accessories," Martie explained. "Leather goods. Bags and sandals and things. He wasn't—"

"Oh! Oh—I get it. Hastings Accessories—where cute stuff is the order of the day—like dead dogs turning up in closets."

MARTIE was staring forlornly at the compact. "Corinne—the gold luck piece. Someone took it out of the little pocket. It couldn't have fallen out—it was wedged in so tightly." Her eyes met Gorse's.

"So," he said. "Gold luck piece."

She stammered, "I hadn't examined it closely—that's why I didn't realize it was mine. Besides—you said you found it in the lobby—and naturally—well—I didn't have it in the lobby."

"Never mind what I said. Give it here."

"Where did you find it?" Martie asked.

"This? Under your bureau where someone with a nasty temper had thrown it."

Martie said accusingly, "I didn't mean the compact. I meant where did you find the gold piece?"

Gorse produced the envelope again and extracted the coin. He forced it into the pocket of the compact.

Hunt was watching him closely. "That's a replica of a Roman denarius, 44 B.C.," he said in a detached voice.

"A Roman who-narius?"

Hunt spelled it out deliberately. "D-e-n-a-r-i-u-s. It's stamped with a head of Julius Caesar."

"You're just guessing, naturally," Gorse said. "You never saw it before."

"Don't be so subtle. It isn't necessary for me to guess. I've seen pictures of the original coins—and I offered the information because if I withheld it someone would be sure to pipe up and tell you that I'm an expert on such matters—in which case you'd begin to wonder why I kept my mouth shut."

"That's right," Martie said. "He is an expert. He used to spend hours in the public library."

Gorse addressed Corinne. "Tell me everything you know about this powder case and the coin."

"It's one of our latest novelties. We had ordered small gold disks to go into the pockets, and we intended to monogram them and have good-luck symbols engraved on the back. But the disks were late in arriving. Today, when Mr. Corley visited me, I wanted to give him a present for his sister and I thought of Dodie Merritt's compact."

"Dodie Merritt's compact?"

"She was the one who designed them."

"I see. Continue."

"I chose one and looked for something to put in the pocket. I—"

"For God's sake!" Hunt shouted. "Even a New York cop should be able to take it up from there."

"Maybe—but we New York cops haven't your educa-

tion. We don't get time to browse in the public library."

Corinne said, "Willard, you're not improving matters."

Gorse eyed her with approval. "You were saying?"

She went on obediently, "Robert—Mr. Ivors—had gone to an auction and bought quite a few ornaments that he thought we could use as decorations for the different articles we make. He'd left the box on my desk, and I looked through it and found one that would do for the compact."

"You found this?"

"Yes."

Ivors said, "You're confused, my dear. That coin wasn't among the trinkets I bought at the auction."

Justin shook his head. "Oh, no—Corinne's not confused. And oh, yes, it was in the box. I saw her take it out myself."

"Then someone must have dropped it into the box."

Gorse said, "What makes you so anxious to disclaim all knowledge of it?"

"Anxious? I'm not at all anxious. It's simply that I

chose everything in that box with considerable care. If I had bid on that coin I'd most certainly recognize it."

"Maybe you don't want to recognize it."

"Nonsense."

Justin addressed Gorse. "I don't want to impede progress, but I think we could all be more intelligent if you explained why this coin is so important."

Ivors gave him gracious support. "Er—yes—very true. What bearing can the denarius have upon the—er—death of that poor girl?"

"I was waiting for that question," Gorse said, "and for a couple of other questions that innocent people like you should have been crazy to get off their chests right from the start. I'll take the other questions first. Both Mr. Corley and Mrs. James say they never met the deceased. Hunt admits he's seen her every day for better than a year. Mrs. Ivors, too. Mr. Ivors knew her so well that his interest covered a desire to improve on her present job. Okay. So all of you sit back and calmly accept without a whiff of curiosity the fact that she's found dead on the premises of two alleged strangers. None of you say, 'How did she get here—or—' "

"We did our wondering before you arrived," Justin said.

"And you came to a satisfactory conclusion so that it wasn't necessary to bring up the subject again."

"We didn't come to any conclusion."

"Not even a little one—like maybe somebody trying to frame you?"

"That's insane," Ivors said. "You can't be civilized to suggest such a thing."

Justin let it go at that. "What was the other question we didn't ask?"

"You didn't ask what killed her."

"You provided that information when you looked at the body. You thought out loud that her head had been snapped back by a too-hard blow on the chin, resulting in a broken neck."

"You don't miss much. Yes, that's how I figured it, and will until further notice from the medical examiner. So far he agrees with me." He arose abruptly. "Well—pleased to have met you. We'll be seeing more of each other."

Martie stopped him. "You still haven't told us why the coin is important."

"That luck piece—which didn't live up to its name—was nestling in the bosom of Dodie Merritt when someone smacked her out of this world. I was ready to believe it might have been something she always carried around with her—but it doesn't do to overlook any angle, so I thought I'd make a few inquiries anyway. What turned up makes me sure she hadn't been carrying it long."

Martie said eagerly, "But if any of us had been responsible—if the coin had anything to do with the murder, wouldn't we have removed it before you arrived?"

"Aside from you—and we'll count you out for the moment—nobody had opportunity to remove it. Mrs. Ivors didn't go into the room. Mr. Ivors ditto. Corley and Hunt went in together, and unless they were in cahoots it isn't likely one of them would have tried it. So good morning to you."

MARTIE opened her eyes reluctantly to the dark room. The touch of the bed linen against her bare arms was cool and delicate and unfamiliar. And in the next moment she really awoke and remembered.

She was not in the hotel. She was in Corinne's apartment. "Please come home with me," Corinne had said. "I have plenty of room." It was not a polite invitation. It was an urgent appeal.

She dressed and picked up the scent of coffee and trailed it to the breakfast room.

"Did you sleep well?" Corinne asked.

Martie said, "Yes. That was the most comfortable bed in the world."

"You could have slept much longer," Corinne said. "I'd have waited."

Martie paused in the act of raising her grapefruit spoon. She stared at a dark bruise above Corinne's right temple. It was too low to be covered by the hair which swept back in a straight clean line. "You—you hurt yourself?"

"Yes—I hurt myself." Corinne spoke tonelessly.

Martie plunged. "You asked me how I'd slept. At about five o'clock I was awakened by—"

"You heard Robert."

Martie glanced fearfully toward the door. "Is he—"

"He left before I got up. I can't stay here any more. Whatever happens, I can't stay here. I think he's—I think he's mad."

"Before you go on, Corinne, you'll have to realize that I won't promise to withhold what you say from the police. I know a wife can't be forced to testify against her husband, but—"

Corinne cried, "No, Martie, he didn't kill Dodie Merritt. At least I don't— Why should he? That wasn't what I meant to—"

Martie said gently, "What did you mean? You said you thought he was mad."

Corinne touched her finger to the bruised temple. Her eyes mirrored a nightmare. "There isn't any starting point in it," she said, "unless my marriage was the starting point. I wanted a husband and children. I'd always thought that any woman could love any fairly personable man—given proximity and a will to love—and decent normal instincts. But I was wrong. At least it didn't hold for me. Robert—"

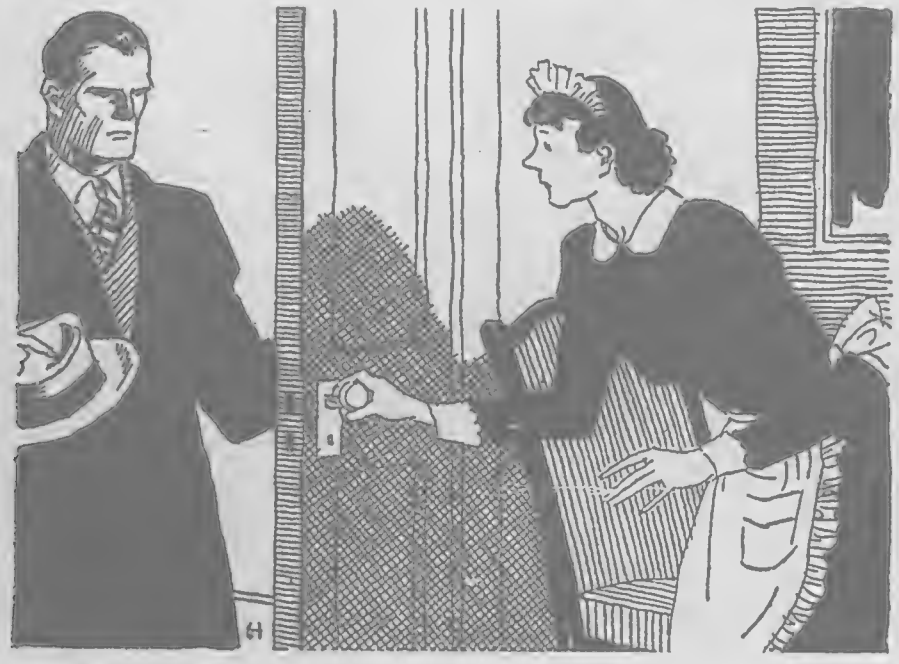
"It's all right," Martie said. "You're not the only one to fall into that kind of a trap. You mustn't blame yourself. I met Robert Ivors last night, you know. Many women might find him attractive—at first. Especially a woman caught on the rebound. But somehow, in spite of his position—wealth and all that—he seems insecure."

Corinne said bitterly, "He is. That might explain his unwillingness to let me go. It hasn't much to do with love. It's that he regards me as a prize he's won by his own efforts—a prize he intends to keep at any cost." She touched the bruise again. "He came to me in the early morning," she said, "and begged me not to leave him. He boasted of a hidden power—one that would soon be recognized by all the world. He swore that if I went I'd regret

it to my dying day—that I'd be turning my back on glory for the sake of a—a cheap whim. It sounds ridiculous. But it wasn't. It was horrible. I didn't answer him because I couldn't—and in the end my silence must have infuriated him, because he struck me with his fist. Then he went to pieces. He groveled—and cried."

"YOU'RE still beautiful," Martie said, as they crossed the lobby of the apartment house, "but won't that adhesive tape attract more attention than the bruise itself?"

"I don't care if it does. When people stared at the



bruise I'd be sure to betray myself because I'd imagine they must know where I'd got it."

Out on the sidewalk they paused, tasting the day. Perfect, Martie thought almost resentfully. But she felt the lift of her spirits.

The chauffeur stood on the pavement. He touched his cap as they approached.

"He's new. Isn't he, Corinne?"

"No. He worked for Robert even before we were—Good morning, Bon—" Puzzled, Corinne's eyes went to the car.

"Good morning, Mrs. Ivors." He grinned. "Yes, it's your car all right. My name's Benson. I'm subbing for Bondy. He's sick."

"Oh? That's too bad. What's the matter with him?"

"Pneumonia."

"Is he in the hospital—and does—does Mr. Ivors know? He'll want to see that he gets good care."

"He knows, ma'am. Everything's attended to."

"What hospital is Bondy in?"

"I've got it right on the tip of my tongue—uh—St. Martin's—that's it."

There were about five sleek women seated at garrulous ease on the reception-room chairs at Hastings. Corinne nodded from right to left but did not break her straight line toward the inner door.

Martie followed, but was stopped by Detective Gorse, who grasped her arm at the elbow and steered her back toward the door.

"You're heading me in the wrong direction," she protested.

"I'm hungry. I haven't eaten since six o'clock this morning."

Her dark eyes sparkled. "Is this a lunch invitation?"

"Yeah—at the corner drugstore."

The drugstore was crowded and noisy. Gorse commandeered a small glass table as it was being vacated. "Ham on rye and coffee," he said to the busy waitress.

"The same," Martie said. Then, impulsively, "Mr. Gorse, if I said something in confidence, would it be printed in the newspapers?"

"If you said the murderer's name, it would."

"I can't do that. I can only— It's more of an index to character than anything else."

"So shoot. What can I lose?"

She told him of the noises in the night and of Corinne's story at breakfast. She gave him almost every thought she had harbored since Dodie Merritt's body was discovered, including the detail of the new chauffeur.

"You got imagination, Mrs. James."

"Is that all you think of it?"

"No reason to look so insulted. Comes down to it, I've got imagination myself. Take your brother, for instance. You left him out of the picture entirely, but—"

She said scornfully, "I didn't leave him out. He is out."

"Well, I could find a nice little place for him somewhere in the middle. He said he never saw Dodie Merritt until she was out of this world—but little Mildred, Miss Hastings' secretary, says different. She says Miss Hastings had sent for Merritt yesterday, just before your brother arrived unexpectedly, and Merritt was right behind him when he stepped into your office."

"And Justin killed her because he had a phobia about people walking right behind him."

"He could have thought Merritt saw or heard something he didn't want her to see or hear."

"Justin has never cared who sees or hears anything he says or does."

"The frankness I noticed might be part of what my superiors would call his criminal pattern."

"Mr. Gorse, I raised Justin. If he had a criminal pattern, it's likely I'd have noticed it long ago."

"And unlikely you'd tell me about it."

"Look—I respect you too much to take you seriously."

"Your brother has some time to account for during the last act of his show. It wasn't possible to really check. Everybody was too busy backstage to keep track of him." He changed the subject as they left the drugstore. "I told you we'd swap ideas, didn't I? Well, I went to the auction room at eight-thirty this morning and proved to my satisfaction that the luck piece didn't come from there."

"What good did it do you to prove that?"

"Elimination. Meanwhile I'd let the reporters photograph the thing for the late editions." He guided her into the lobby of the office building. "One minute," he said, and trotted to the newsstand. He bought a paper and thrust it under her nose. Her attention was claimed by a blown-up picture of the denarius.

"I wanted folks to get a squint at it and maybe start thinking."

"Did—"

"Nothing definite yet. Can you describe the chauffeur?"

"Yes, but—" She described him. "A big man—a very big man. Blond. Small eyes—large white teeth. The back of his head's flat—small ears. I can't do better than that. He said his name is Benson."

"What was the hospital he told Mrs. Ivors the regular chauffeur was in?"

"St. Martin's. Is Benson the murderer?"

"He could have been hired. Some of those plutocrats don't do a thing they can pay to get done."

"But why?"

"Who knows—yet? I think you've been a help. Mum's the word?"

"Yes—but—"

"I'll be seeing you—and thanks."

JUSTIN telephoned that he had borrowed an apartment, and Corinne consented to share it with Martie. The two friends went to the apartment, and Corinne retired to one of the bedrooms for a nap. With Corinne settled in bed, Martie sat down in the living room. She was not sleepy. She was restless.

Soon she was called to the door by a tinkle of chimes. She admitted Justin. "How's big sister?" he asked, and he hugged her.

She released herself. "Corinne's asleep. I can't pretend I'm not glad to see you, but I'm not going to let you disturb her."

"All right, boss." He followed her to the living room.

"Why did you come?" she asked. "There must be loads of things you want to do."

"What about dinner?"

"I'll fix something here—and go to bed early."

"I didn't bring you to town to slave over a hot stove. You're going out with me—you and Corinne."

"Corinne may sleep until quite late, and—"

He raised his voice triumphantly. "Oh, no, she won't." He strode across the room. "Will you, my darling?"

Corinne stood near the threshold of the bedroom. "Justin, I didn't know you were here. I'm not dressed—I—" It was too late to escape his outstretched arms.

"Not dressed, the lady says. What about those pajamas?" He pushed the silken fall of hair away from her forehead. "I do believe you're still asleep. I know the answer to that one." He kissed her mouth. "There—just like in the story." Then he drew away and looked at her. "Baby—who hit you?"

Corinne lost the warm flush of sleep. She had removed the adhesive tape. Lines to show where it had been criss-crossed the livid flesh.

Justin stared at her. "Don't look like that, darling. I was only joking." After a moment he said slowly, "Or was I?"

She had been saving her tears. She spent them now. The dam had burst, freeing a year's emotional control. Justin did not try to stem the flood. He held her close, his mouth against her hair.

Martie stood by helplessly. I'd better call a doctor, she thought. It's nervous reaction—an accumulation of—A doctor will know how to—

"Justin." She forced the words. "I'm going to call a doctor."

He was not listening. He lifted Corinne in his arms and carried her to the bedroom.

Martie tried to recall the names of doctors she had known in New York. Her mind refused the task. When Justin appeared she was still standing before the telephone.

"How is she?"

"All right now," he said.

"I wish you hadn't come. I know—"

"Never mind. Corinne needed to cry." He was holding a bottle of brandy. He set it down and took three small glasses from a shelf in the door of a liquor cabinet. He filled them and said, "Will you please take one in to her? She wants to see you."

"Don't go away until I come back, Justin."

As well as she knew him, it was impossible for her to judge what he was thinking or feeling. She carried a glass of brandy into the bedroom.

"Feel better?" she asked Corinne.

"I do. Much better. Only—I'm ashamed."

"You couldn't help it. Drink this. Justin prescribed it."

Corinne took the glass and sipped.

"You really ought to go back to bed."

"I told Justin about Robert. He made me."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. Don't let him leave, Martie. I'm afraid he'll look for Robert—make matters worse than they are."

Martie said without faith, "He won't—not now. If he intended to do anything like that he'd have rushed out right away."

Then they heard the sound of a door closing.

Martie hurried to the living room. Justin was gone.

Corinne joined her.

Martie said, "The chances are he won't find him."

Corinne looked at the desk clock. "If he goes to the apartment he won't. It's only a quarter to six. Friday nights we usually have dinner at home, and Robert seldom arrives before seven-thirty. He has some sort of meeting, I think."

"Then Justin certainly won't wait. He's far too impatient. And the more time he has to think things over, the more likely he is to realize that the whole idea's a stupid one." If he does wait, she thought in not quite effectual self-comfort, at the worst he'll give Ivors a black eye, which is really no more than he deserves.

IN a little while the telephone rang. Martie answered it. "I want to speak to Mrs. Ivors," said Detective Sergeant Gorse.

Martie said, "Mr. Gorse, this is Mrs. James—I—"

"You and Mrs. Ivors catch a cab and come to her apartment pronto."

"Why?"

"There's been what you might call an accident. Listen—I'm shorthanded, but if you don't show in twenty minutes flat I'll send a police escort. Now put your brother on the wire. I've got a yen to hear his voice too."

"My brother? He isn't here."

"That's just what I figured. I wanted you to confirm it all. Hop to it now." The connection was broken sharply.

Accident! Justin. Worse than a black eye! Martie's heart pumped furiously. "Corinne—he says there's been an accident. C-could you please get our coats?"

THE interlude between leaving the apartment and arriving at Sutton Place was never anything in Martie's memory but a series of flashes captioned by unfinished thoughts. The flashes resolved into continuity the moment Gorse spoke. "This way, ladies," he said, and conducted them to a small study. "Be seated."

Martie was tight with questions she could not ask. Corinne seemed to be taking stock of the room, as though it might yield some clue to the exact nature of the summons.

Gorse watched them, his attention making record round trips from face to face. His attitude dared them to break the weighty silence.

It was Corinne who finally accepted the challenge.

"Why did you bring us here?"

"You wouldn't have any idea?"

She did not answer.

"You and your husband live alone—no kids. But of course when I tell you there's been an accident you can't narrow it down right away."

Corinne said, and Martie wondered at her calm, "When you told Mrs. James of an accident, I assumed that something had happened to Mr. Ivors. But I assumed that if it was serious he'd be in the hospital. So I still can't see your reason for insisting that we come here."

"Very fair." Gorse studied her sardonically. "Pardon me if I remark that your behavior is far from wifely. Or should I take that back? I see you've shed some tears." He paused. "Any comment? Well, I didn't really expect any. Not to change the subject, seen Corley around lately—say, in the last hour or so?"

Corinne said evenly, "Where's Mr. Ivors?"

"Resting nicely."

"Is he here?"

"No. What about Corley?"

"Why are you so interested in my brother?" Martie asked.

"Okay. So I'll answer your questions and mine at the same time. Your brother got a load of that cat scratch Mrs. Ivors is wearing. Being a man of action, he went gunning for the cat."

Martie's lips did not move. She was addressing herself. I told this man that Ivors struck Corinne. I volunteered the information. I fixed everything.

Gorse said, "No denials? I'm disappointed. I wanted to throw them right back at you." He ordered the maid sent in.

"Don't be afraid," Gorse said. "Speak your piece."

The maid's face was still yellow. "I told you everything I could."

"Who came here at quarter after six?"

"A Mr. Justin Corley," she said mechanically. "He asked to see Mr. Ivors. I told him I didn't expect Mr. Ivors until after seven. I said did he want to wait. He said no, he'd come back."

"Did you think it was a social call?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You can think, can't you?"

Her voice dwindled. "The people who come here on business are mostly from Mrs. Ivors' shop. They ask for her."

"So you thought that since Corley didn't say he was from the shop, and since he asked for Ivors, it might be a social call?"

"No. Mr. Corley looked—he looked as though he had business on his mind. Not that he wasn't polite—but he just seemed businesslike." She added, "It couldn't have been more than ten minutes after he left that Mr. Ivors—"

"That's enough. Thanks. You don't need to stay. Now we know where we stand," Gorse said.

Martie cried, "We don't know where we stand. If Ivors

really had an accident, what has it to do with us? Why are you making all this fuss? Suppose Justin was here? He didn't wait and he didn't come back, or you would have known he wasn't with me when you phoned."

"He came back all right."

"The maid didn't say—"

"The maid didn't see him. He didn't come this far. He met Ivors downstairs or thereabouts and probably steered him to a convenient alley where he proceeded to transact his business. That's how it must have been—"

Martie whipped herself to anger. "You and your cat scratches. I can't force you to state in plain words what really happened—and I don't know whether Justin saw Ivors or not—but I can tell you this much. Justin's no brute. He'd never deliberately hurt Ivors enough to send him to a hospital."

"You admit he left you with the intention of pinning Ivors' ears back?"

"I admit nothing. I should think you'd be trying to find out who killed Dodie Merritt instead of wasting your time on anything like this. If Ivors got a black eye or a bloody nose he deserved it, and he should be ashamed to call the police."

Gorse said quietly, "He's not ashamed. He's not anything—at least not so's you can notice it."

"You mean he's unconscious?"

"Permanently."

JUSTIN entered the room, a bit nonplused, but carrying it off with aplomb. "Corinne—Martie—and my esteemed friend, the sergeant. The maid told me you were on the reception committee, but I didn't believe it. Look—you've got the wrong idea. I'm not going to hurt the guy."

Gorse snorted.

"All I want is to convince him it would be an error to contest the divorce. I won't sock him in the teeth unless it's absolutely necessary, and if I've sized him right it won't be. So will you please kindly leave me to it?"

Martie said, "Justin, Ivors is dead."

Gorse shouted, "Damn it to hell!" He glared at her. "Keep still."

She glared back. "Why are you swearing? Why should I keep still? I didn't give anything away. According to you, he knows Ivors is dead. According to you, he killed him."

Justin looked groggy. "Now wait a minute—play that over slowly."

Gorse walked up to him. "Stand still. Don't make a move." His hands slapped the pockets of Justin's suit.

"What is this?" Justin's dark face was a blend of astonishment and distaste.

"Even you didn't have nerve enough to walk in here with it. Where did you ditch it?"

"Are you running a temperature? Boil it down."

"You get me. I'm talking about your thirty-two caliber—the one you used to kill Ivors."

"Now listen—it's true? Ivors is dead—shot?"

"*You* listen, Corley—and you give the answers without spouting a lot of sludge to gain time. Not that you seem to need time. That entrance you cooked up on the spur of the moment was pretty good. Where's the gun?"

As though she had just emerged from a trance, Corinne said softly, "I'm sorry Robert is dead. I didn't want any harm to come to him."

Justin went over to her. "Easy, Corinne—"

Gorse said, "That's unnecessary advice. She's taking it easy all right—mighty easy for a new widow."

Justin faced him. "About the worst insult I can dream up is to think you really believe in this stuff you're peddling. So here goes. I never owned a gun in my life. I never handled one. I never even saw one close except in the movies. I arrived here at something after six o'clock, armed only with my glib tongue and my not so glib fists. Ivors wasn't home. The maid invited me to wait, but I'm not a good sitter-arounder. I said I'd come back and I came back—as of now. And if you search for a year and a day, you'll find nothing else on my chest or up my sleeve."

"What did you do in the meanwhile, Corley? Between the time you left here and the time you came back?" He looked at his watch. "It's seven forty-five. According to the maid, she showed you out at six-twenty. Ivors arrived about fifteen minutes later. That gives you more than an hour to account for."

"And I can account for it. I was going to take a long walk, but—"

"A long walk—in the rain?"

"Yes—I wanted air and exercise. Don't look so skeptical. I changed my mind because I met a friend down the street. He asked me to have a drink with him—and I did—at the bar in the Hotel Tarquin. We sat there talking shop and stuff. There was a piano in the bar and they let me play it. I'll admit I hadn't decided until then whether to reason with Ivors or clip him. Music-soothes-the-savage-beast kind of thing."

"It's nice and I'll check it," Gorse said, "but I'm afraid I'm going to have to arrest you on suspicion of murder."

Corinne started to speak.

Martie was first. She cried indignantly, "Oh, no, you're not."

Justin hushed her. "Please excuse my sister. She's thinking that she doesn't want her two children to own a jailbird uncle. Neither do I for that matter."

Gorse said unexpectedly, "Neither do I," and cleared his throat.

Justin's set mouth softened to a faint grin. "Human as all get out. Look, feller, how didn't I kill Ivors with a gun I didn't own?"

Gorse said, "Ivors staggered into the entrance of this house and made for one of the elevators. The boy noticed something funny but smelled liquor and thought the usual. Ivors pounded on the door of the apartment. The maid let him in, and he collapsed before he could say more than one word. The maid thought it sounded like Corinne. It could have been Corley. He was shot just after you left, because he couldn't have staggered far with that wound. He died on the way to the hospital."

Corinne made a moaning sound.

Gorse did not look at her. "So what am I to do? I've got to arrest you."

"There are two schools of thought about that, Sergeant. Do you think I killed the girl too?"

"You could have. You were out of your sister's sight long enough. And it happened in your suite."

Martie said, "You know he didn't kill her. You're using Justin as a scapegoat. You want to arrest him to show whoever it is you work for that you're on the job. I'm ashamed of you."

Gorse said with admirable control, "Maybe you're smart enough to take over."

"If I did take over I'd at least have the sense to make sure of what I was doing before I sacrificed innocent people to my own ego. What about the denarius? What about the dead dog? What about the chauffeur?"

"Maybe you'd like me to bring that phony chauffeur here so you could browbeat him into making a full confession."

"I don't browbeat," Martie said with dignity, "but if you must arrest somebody, why let him go free?"

"Mainly because where Ivors' murder is concerned I've got nothing on him. Right after I heard your spiel I took steps. I put a tail on him. Like he told you, he came here to wait for Ivors, who didn't show. Then, according to my operator, he left at one-twenty, drove the car uptown to a chauffer's hangout on Columbus Avenue. He parked the car, went up to one of the rooms, and from last reports he's still there. The operator keeps phoning headquarters from a pay station in the building."

"I don't believe it. There must be another exit—"

MILDRED and Willard Hunt stepped into the room. "Mildred, you shouldn't be here," Corinne said. "Oh, Miss Hastings, isn't it terrible! Can't I do something for you?" She looked important and excited.

A policeman stood in the doorway of the study. "Excuse me—"

"What do you want?" Gorse said.

"I came about the car. Parked where it is by that empty lot, I thought maybe something was wrong."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"This is the Ivors' apartment, ain't it? Well—a couple

of letters in the pocket are addressed to Robert Ivors, so natchally I—"

Martie said, "That much for your tails and your parking lots and your chauffeurs' hangouts."

GORSE had been mumbling into the telephone. He hung up and came back to the dining room. Five pairs of eyes leaped to his face: Martie's, Corinne's, Justin's, Hunt's, and Mildred's.

"Did he get away?" Martie asked.

"Worse than that. A skip would be as good as a confession. The lad who calls himself Benson is still in his room."

"Maybe he climbed down the fire escape, shot Ivors, and climbed back," Justin said.

"I don't even know if there is a fire escape. Besides, why should he ditch the car in this neighborhood? He could put it back in the parking lot as easy as he could take it out."

Martie said, "Are you having him brought here?"

"Yep—I'm sending a car for him. Don't ask me why. How can I crack an alibi I personally handed him on a platter?"

Hunt looked puzzled. "You must have had something against him to tail him in the first place."

"Sure—Mrs. James put a bee in my ear—and after I worked at it a while, reports came in to say she was right as far as she went. Trouble is she didn't go far enough. I might as well tell what I know before the lot of you hound me to death. To begin with, I got in touch with Bondy, Ivors' regular chauffeur."

Corinne said, "At St. Martin's Hospital? How is he?"

"He's not at St. Martin's. He isn't suffering from pneumonia, and he didn't send anyone to take his place. He's home with his wife and a concussion that he got while walking down a dark street. I can guess who conked him—but that's not murder. Also, there are other counts against Mr. So-Called Benson, but they don't spell murder either. My smart operator lamped him as a guy with a record—small blackmail—street rioting, et cetera." He pointed to Mildred. "This young lady put a different bee in my ear when she described what happened when Ivors returned from the auction. She told me the ornaments spilled on the floor and Ivors crawled around picking them up. That's where the denarius comes in. He must have dropped it out of his pocket."

MILDRED nodded, pleased with her contribution. "I remember picking it up myself and putting it back in the box when Mr. Hunt came in after Misty. It was the same coin Miss Hastings used later for the compact."

"But Ivors didn't see you pick it up?"

"No, he was talking to Mr. Hunt. Mr. Hunt didn't see it either."

"Yeah. So later when he misses it he comes back to look and it isn't there. And he gets a notion the dog swallowed it. That's why he kills the dog."

Corinne cried out in horror, "Robert? No—he wouldn't—"

Hunt said, "You've got no reason to defend him, Corinne. He tried to pin it on you."

Gorse said, "A couple of the boys went out to the Long Island estate and dug up the dog. It had been strangled—and later slit down the belly. Why? Because Benson had been ordered to look for the coin—and by who but his boss?"

"What makes the denarius so important?" Martie asked.

"It's not important. More the mark of a guilty conscience than anything else. I showed you its picture in the paper, didn't I? But I didn't tell you it had brought response."

"Who—"

"Not who—they—the F.B.I. A day or so ago they took a guy into custody on suspicion of snide maneuvers on some un-Christian front. They tried to take two, but one escaped. He wasn't more than small fry, so they let him ride for the time being."

"The chauffeur?" It came from Martie.

"Or a reasonable facsimile—according to your description and theirs. Among the stuff in the pockets of the large fish they caught was a duplicate of the denarius. They didn't attach any importance to it until they saw the picture. Now, Ivors could have belonged to the same brigade. In fact—"

Corinne said, "No—whatever he was—"

"Riffraff don't always wear baggy pants, lady."

Martie supported him. "That's true. A lot of big names are mixed up in messes like that."

Gorse nodded. "A respectable jeweler called in to say he'd whipped up four of those coins for a citizen named Robert Ivors. I figure Ivors kept one for himself, presenting the others to big shots of the organization."

"It strikes me," Justin said, "that even a bunch of dirty squares would have brains enough not to walk around wearing badges to advertise themselves."

Hunt offered his opinion abruptly. "Ivors was a fathead. It's just the sort of thing he'd do. Besides, there's nothing incriminating about the denarius."

Martie thought out loud. "It could be incriminating. It could have been chosen because Julius Caesar's head is on the face. He was a dictator who might well be accepted as the symbol of a fascist-minded organization."

Hunt smiled. "Pretty far-fetched. Who can prove it?"

Gorse shrugged. "The thing I find far-fetched is how a windbag like Ivors could even get near the big shots of such an organization."

"They'd probably be glad to accept anyone with money and social position," Martie said.

"Could be. So let's make it they roped him in for his dough. And if they were any smart they didn't let their real plans slip while he was within hearing distance."

Hunt said, "I hold no brief for Ivors, but on second thought that business of the denarius could have some other explanation. Maybe he belonged to some harmless secret society—and maybe this man the F.B.I. arrested belonged to it, too, in addition to his other activities."

Corinne shook her head. "I can remember things he said—extravagant promises—"

"May I ask where Dodie Merritt comes in?" asked Hunt, "Or have we decided to forgive and forget that episode?"

Martie gave a startled exclamation. "When Mr. Ivors asked us to dinner, we put it down to his wanting to look Justin over as a"—she glanced at Corinne and said hurriedly—"as a rival, and we couldn't understand why he included me in the invitation. But you see—I had the

compact with the denarius, and he thought I'd be carrying it and that he could manage to get it away from me during dinner. That must have been why he seemed disappointed because I was in evening clothes. I guess he thought the compact wasn't for evening wear because most of Corinne's things are for sports. Anyway, I wasn't carrying it, but he couldn't be sure. So he made the chauffeur give us a lift. The chauffeur helped me out of the car in front of the theater and came closer than necessary. He must have been trying to search for the compact. He had no luck, of course, so Ivors sent him to the suite."

Hunt looked as though he had something to say. Gorse said, "Hold it. Let Mrs. James finish."

"I am finished. I don't know where Dodie Merritt comes in—except that Ivors was friendly with her and she was the one who had designed the compact. Perhaps Ivors sent her up to the suite instead of the chauffeur because she knew what it looked like and would be more apt to find it. And then the chauffeur went up anyway, on his own, because he had some scheme in mind for getting a better hold on Ivors. You said he had a blackmail record. But Dodie refused to give him the coin, so he—"

BENSON crossed the threshold. He was flanked by two policemen. He seemed lazily at ease. "What goes? If I'd known it was a party I'd have worn my soup-and-fish."

Gorse said, "Don't worry. When the party's over you'll be wearing another kind of uniform."

Benson sat down. "Since nobody asked me, I have to help myself."

"I forgot how tired you must be," Gorse said.

"Sure I'm tired." Benson yawned. "I'm not even awake. Sleeping in the daytime does that to me."

"Tough luck. You slept yourself clean out of a job this time," Gorse said.

"Says who? Listen, why not just spill what's on your mind? Speaking of jobs, where's the boss? Or don't he know he's got company?"

"You guessed it. He don't know."

Benson took a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He began to fumble for matches. Hunt tossed a folder across the table.

Gorse said, "You see—you're among friends. Everybody feels sorry because your career as a chauffeur is over—especially since you went to such trouble to launch it."

Benson yawned. "Wake me up when the show starts."

"It started when you killed Bondy."

Benson awoke—but too suddenly. "I never killed him—I only—"

"Go on," Gorse said.

"I only borrowed his uniform."

"But you had to tap him on the head first. Too bad it was fatal."

Benson yelled, "Don't give me that! So I tapped him on the head—but lightly. I'll take a couple of months in the cooler with time off for good behavior."

"You've been spending a lot of time in the cooler on and off—haven't you?"

"On and off is right, on account of I got pals ready and waiting to bail me out."

"I don't know as you can depend on your pals any more. The Feds are out to bust up a lot of beautiful friendships."

"Me no savvy. You should bring along an interpreter when you drool a foreign lingo. I'm an American myself."

"You mean you were born in this country. So are a lot of other pests—like midges—termites—mosquitoes. We've even got native snakes."

Benson muttered, "Have a good time while you can. It ain't going to last forever."

"Speak up. It's still a free country. That small-time garbage-spreading league you hang out with hasn't had its innings yet." Gorse was red-faced.

He has ideals, Martie thought. He hates this oafish man and all he stands for.

Gorse quickened his tempo. "Why did you kill Dodie Merritt?"

"Me kill a doll like her. You got your wires crossed."

"So she was a doll? Very interesting."

Benson dropped the synthetic languor. "I saw her around, wise guy, when I was hacking for Ivors."

"You hacked only one day. The day you buried the dog—after you went up to the shop to kill it. You killed it in the men's room, then stuck it in the broom closet."

"Wrong number. I didn't go up to the shop."

Mildred shouted excitedly, "He did so! I saw him talking to—"

Benson eyed Mildred with ready hatred. "So I was up at the shop. Ivors called me to take the dog out after it was dead."

"We'll let that pass. We can't burn you for killing a dog—nor even for slitting it open. But killing a woman's another thing."

"Don't make me laugh."

"I'm trying not to. I'd rather have you sing. I don't insist you met Merritt at the shop. She was a small-town girl—not very nice, according to fellow workers. When she first came to New York with time on her hands she could have wandered into one of those race-hatred meetings—those meetings where you and a couple of your buddies stand by to take care of hecklers. Maybe she fell for your brute strength. It wouldn't have become a lasting relationship, because I hear she was ambitious. I

found a few pamphlets in her apartment—the kind you patriots spread around. Rumor says she was a girl anyone could have murdered even on short acquaintance. So when you were seen in the service elevator of the York-Plaza—"

"I walked—I didn't—"

Gorse expelled a sighing breath. "Yep—said right out in front of witnesses. I can now stop playing cat because you're already a dead rat. Want to hear what Ivors said in his dying statement?"

Benson's eyes were glassy rounds in his straining head.

"He said he called Merritt to the hotel at ten-thirty and sent her up to the Corley suite to get that lost coin. He'd asked you to go up first to open the door, you being practiced at jobs like that. But he didn't want the joint wrecked, and he didn't trust you to locate the place where a lady might stash her compact, without leaving considerable traces behind you. So there you were—the two of you. You lying doggo somewhere in the corridor ready to give warning if somebody turned up—Merritt in the Corley suite. She was taking her time. You popped in to tell her to shake a leg just as she was slipping the coin down her dress front, having decided that it was foolish to surrender it to Ivors without striking some kind of a bargain. You told her to come across. She refused, so you clipped her. You parked her on the bed and maybe tried to bring her to. When you saw she was gone for good you lost your nerve. Or you heard footsteps or something. You didn't have time to grab the coin. You just had time to douse the light and blow."

"You can't prove a thing," Benson said hoarsely. "I'm not taking any rap for—" His small eyes narrowed. "Dying statement, huh? People hadn't ought to tell lies if they're dying. Everything happened just the way you said. Only you made one little mistake. It was Ivors—see. Ivors got worried and came up to find out what was keeping Dodie so long. Dodie showed him the compact with the pocket empty and swore that's how it was when she got there. Ivors wasn't having any, so she said maybe if he made it worth her while to look some more she'd have better luck. So he saw red and brought one up from the floor. You should-a heard the crack of—"

Justin said, "That's enough," and flung a protective arm about Corinne.

Gorse said to Benson, "By your own admission you're

still guilty. Not going to the police with what you knew makes you an accessory. But you can't be fried twice—so we'll concentrate on Ivors. Why did you kill him?"

"I didn't even know he was dead till you told me."

"You climbed down the fire escape and got back the same way."

"Not me. I'm no monkey. Also, why should I fog the boss? He was doing all right by me." He laughed deep in his throat. "I can't even imagine who would want to hurt such a fine gent. Maybe he went out natural—a stroke or something."

Gorse said, "I saw him with a bullet hole in his chest."

"A bullet hole?" Benson made an elaborate production of relaxing. "That settles it. Me, I've got no gat."

"No? Where did you drop it? The boys are searching your room, but in case they don't find it, I'd like to know."

"They won't find it?"

"What beats me is why you ditched the car two blocks down. Why didn't you drive it back to the parking lot?"

Benson shot out of his chair. He yelled, "I know a frame when I see one! You won't get away with it." His eyes ran the gamut of faces. "I left that car in the parking lot. I haven't been out of my room all afternoon. If the car ain't still there—if it moved—someone else moved it."

Benson was completely off balance. He had fastened his eyes to Hunt's as though they were his only support in life. He said hoarsely, "I'm not taking a murder rap for anybody—not for anybody, you understand. You got to get me out of this, Mr. Hunt, or—"

MARTIE had flown back to California. This was her first evening in the little house that was Justin's gift. Now the children were getting ready for bed and she was waiting to tuck them in.

She could hear six-year-old Nick splashing about in the bathroom. Lynnie, aged four, was sitting on the floor, beating time with a slipper to words and music of her own improvisation. "Mummy's home. Mummy will tell us a story. Mummy will—she will. Granny tells stories. Mummy's are better. Not Uncle Justin. He didn't come home. Mummy—Mummeeee—"

Baby, I hope you'll never have to listen to a story like the one I *could* tell. . . .

HUNT had been unable to get himself or Benson out of it. He, too, had lost his head and screamed. Not shouted—screamed. He had screamed, "Topping!" a name familiar only to Gorse and to Benson, because it was Benson's real name.

Hunt had regained control quickly. He did not say another incriminating word that night. Nor the next. It took days and nights to break him. But he broke.

The story that Martie and Gorse had woven was true. Except that it had been woven around the wrong man.

Hunt, kingpin of a "hate-thy-neighbor" squad. Hunt, with a mind perverted by a long stretch of poverty, who continued to carry the chip on his shoulder even when his circumstances improved.

He had been using Hastings Accessories as a cover for his activities, carrying on what seemed on the surface a legitimate correspondence about leather shipments with a group in the Argentine. Money was needed, and Robert Ivors was easy prey. He exchanged large sums gladly for even larger promises. A place in the sun.

Ivors, however, had not been trusted with the fact that Hunt was the brains of the group, nor yet that he was a member. Ivors talked too much. That was why he had been permitted to join the Hastings' personnel. Hunt wanted to keep him in sight as much as possible.

That stupid gesture of the denarius! Hunt had received one himself, through an intermediary. He had disposed of it quickly. When he learned that one of the group had been arrested, the denarius was his first concern. He did not doubt that Ivors carried his, nor did he doubt that he might flash it in public.

So he had ordered Topping—general dirty-job man—to become Ivors' chauffeur. Topping was to relieve him of the denarius. Topping did. He picked his pocket in the crowded auction rooms and passed the denarius on to Hunt. Then, while Hunt was in Corinne's office trying to rout Misty out from under a chair, the denarius had dropped soundlessly through a hole in his pocket on to one of the rugs. Mildred had seen it and placed it in the box as he talked to Ivors.

Missing the coin, he convinced himself that the dog had swallowed it. So did Ivors, who knew nothing of Topping's light-fingered operation. But it was Hunt who strangled the dog.

Ivors wanted the denarius back. It was his symbol of power.

He gave Topping instructions. And Topping executed them. He made his report of failure to both masters. But by that time both masters knew where the denarius was.

Ivors' plan of recovery ended in one last gasp after the dinner party when he sent Topping to offer his guests a lift. Hunt's plan ended in the Corley suite.

Hunt sent his henchmen on an errand. Impatient, he granted himself brief and unrecorded absence from the Designers' Guild Convention. By devious ways he went to the Corley suite to investigate.

He had used Dodie Merritt on extracurricular jobs before.

Hunt had been unprepared for Dodie's attempted treachery. She had learned of Ivors' connection with the group. She meant to make full use of the knowledge, to sell the denarius back to him. She announced this intention to Hunt.

Enraged, Hunt had brought one up from the floor. He wanted to punish—not kill. But fury, backing his wiry strength, betrayed him. Worse still—for him—there was no time to retrieve the coin. At the sound of footsteps and voices in the hall, he and Topping ducked. Unseen, they managed to reach the stairs.

The next morning he had waited for Ivors to appear at Hastings. But Ivors had taken a seldom-used roadster from the garage and had driven off.

He had ended his drive at the home of a crony, a tight-lipped fellow patriot who suffered him because of his wealth. To this crony he had poured out his heart.

The man had become uneasy at the garbled tale of murder, of a lost symbol, of the police. He had telephoned to Hunt for advice.

Hunt had given instructions. Ivors was to be told that at last the time was ripe for a meeting between him and his Grand-Council-to-be. He must spend the day where he was, showing himself to no one. He could have a few drinks to steady him. In the late afternoon he must leave, timing it so that at six o'clock he would reach an empty lot two blocks from his own address. He was to park before an abandoned watchman's shack, get out, and stand on the sidewalk until he received a sign. A messenger would be hiding in the shack. He would, if the coast was clear, tell Ivors where the momentous meeting was to be held.

Hunt was the messenger in the shack. And the coast was clear. As soon as Ivors stepped to the sidewalk he received the sign. The sign was two bullets, one that missed, one that did not.

He fell, and Hunt fled to his own rooms. The gun stayed behind in the watchman's shack.

But Ivors was not quite dead. In a few moments he crawled to his feet. He staggered home.

Hunt responded to Gorse's phone call by rushing over to the apartment. Again he had to be there—to learn at first hand the progress of the investigation. Undoubtedly, had he realized that Topping was under suspicion for the earlier murder, he would have forced himself to stay away.

Then the roadster was discovered by a policeman, and everyone immediately concluded that it was the car Topping had left in the parking lot. So Topping's "singing" had been started by a falsely pitched note. . . .

"STORY, Mummy."

She sat between the children on the edge of the bed. It was good to be home.

"Mummy!"

She bent and kissed their scrubbed faces. "Once upon a time there was a very nice princess. She's going to be your aunt one of these days."

THE END

Puzzle 3 of 3/3/46

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

AL SMITH American, by **Frank Graham**, is one of the better biographies of a modern political figure. Alfred E. Smith's life was like a Horatio Alger book come true. From the lower East Side of New York he climbed to the governor's chair and almost to the Presidency and never lost the common touch.

During an argument with him, three Republican assemblymen announced that they were, respectively, from Yale, Harvard, and the University of Maine.

"Everybody," says Graham, "looked at Al."

Frank Graham

"'It's all right with me,' he said. 'I'm an F.F.M. man.'

"'What's that, Al?' somebody shouted.

"'Fulton Fish Market,' Al said. 'Now let's get on with the argument.'"

And while Smith was governor, "He felt the weight of the responsibility that rested upon him when, with a word or a nod or the scratch of a pen on paper, he could snatch a murderer from the death house. . . .

"They tell a story in Oliver Street of a midnight visit by the Governor to a death-house cell that held a young man whom the Governor had known as a boy.

"'I can't sleep, thinking of you,' the Governor said. 'I'm convinced, in the light of the evidence, that you are guilty . . . but tell me the truth: did you kill that man?'"

The prisoner put out his hand.

"'Thanks for what you did, Al,' he said. 'I killed him, all right. Now, go back to Albany . . . and go to sleep.'"

Graham, who has done biographies of Lou Gehrig and McGraw of the Giants, has a style particularly suited to a career as colorful and heart-warming as that of Al Smith.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. Price $2.50.

THE lighthearted verse and prose of **Look Who's a Mother**, by **Margaret Fishback**, makes child-bearing and caring seem easy. New mothers will find comfort in some of Miss Fishback's practical suggestions. "When you think you've reached the end of your rope," she says, "don't tie yourself in knots. Park Baby somewhere safely, relax, and try a facial or a new hair-do. You'll find the treatment revivifying. And the effect on Father may be electric."

Margaret Fishback

And all parents will appreciate

CAME THE SPRIG

Our life was placid once upon
A time. . . . Then came our infant son.
And though the animated sprig
Is definitely far from big
The iron power of his whim
Has made a Tartar out of him.
Where once we lounged like tabby cats,
We're now a troupe of acrobats.

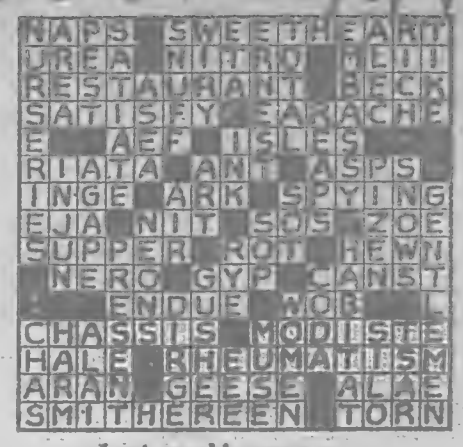
Published by Simon & Schuster, Inc., N. Y. Price $2.

THE BLACK EYE, by **Constance and Gwenyth Little**, is a racy and suspenseful murder-mystery in which antique furniture and Egyptian mummies play an important part. Eugenia, the heroine, and Sergeant Kendall Smith make a pleasant, fast-talking background for appearing and disappearing corpses and stuffy policemen.

The Crime Club, Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., N. Y. Price $2.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



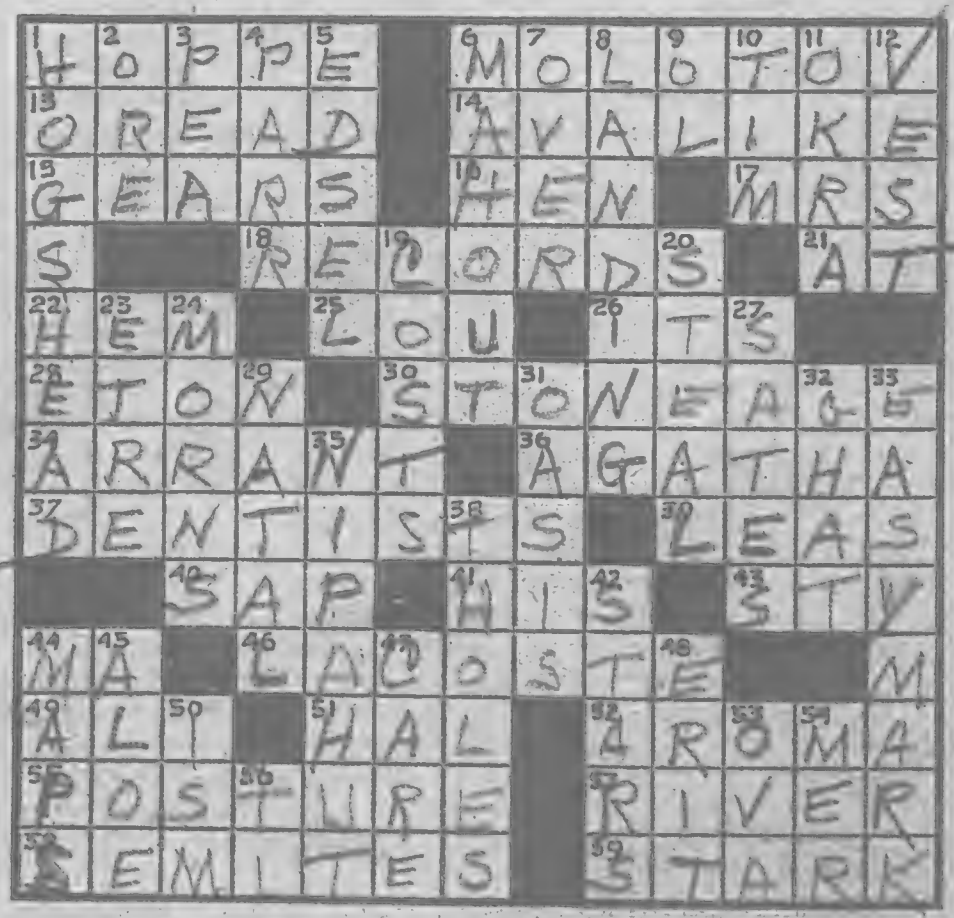
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Name the world's greatest billiard player
6 Who said: "If America wishes to frighten Russia, she has only to hold up an atom"?
13 You'll adore this glam-agram
14 What was Scrooge's hobby?
15 Racks and pinions are found in whats?
16 Creature enraged by moisture
17 If you're a Mr., what is your wife?
18 Platterbugs collect whats?
21 Cockney kelly
22 Lord Haw-Haw's reduced to saying what now?
25 Heroine of Shooting of Dan McGrew
26 Cockney baseball blows
28 Henry VI founded what noodle factory?
30 Eolithic, Paleolithic, and Neolithic were varieties of what period? (two words)
34 From R. L. S., complete: And my lazy little shadow like an —— sleepyhead!
36 "Murder, she says!" could be the motto of what Christie?
37 Jawbreakers
39 Seal feeders?
40 Mortimer Snerd In a word
41 Pronoun
43 Eyesore on the farm
44 What means the same when seen double?
46 Who brought Tilden's reign as an amateur tennis king to an end?
49 Mohammed's boy
51 Henry VIII was nicknamed bluff King what?
52 In Brooklyn it's stink; on Fifth Avenue it's what?
55 What physical deportment did old-fashioned teachers constantly correct?
57 Of what Ol' Man is America always singing?
58 Racially, Arabs are whats?
59 Name the retired commander of U. S. naval forces in Europe

VERTICAL

1 My first's swinish; my second's a think tank; my all's 'n apple-juice container
2 A Swedish coin
3 A size of coal
4 The indisposed young salmon wasn't feeling up to what?
5 What Ford died not long ago?
6 Who runs one of the world's biggest transportation systems?
7 What the war hardly seems to be
8 Kind of field
9 Kind of son
10 Irish nickname
11 What's another name for gumbo? (var.)
12 What part of a suit's called the gravy catcher?
19 Complete: At all ——
20 What's slang for a real bargain?
23 To be in French
24 Parts of poet days
27 Asset (anag.)
29 Pietermaritzburg's the capital of what?
31 The cornerstone of North African cities is the what?
32 In India what's a mountain pass?
33 How would you say sucker in two words?
35 A thatched Filipino domicile on stilts (two words)
38 Name a part of his shoes a lithper would have repaired
42 What fell on Alabama in a recent best-seller title?
44 Rand McNally are famed for their whats?
45 The juice of what's inspissated to make a drug?
47 Kind of taker
48 Tire (anag.)
50 The fellow hoped the what'd become a wasm?
53 For brekker Caesar might've asked for two four-minute whats?
54 Kind of man that's all wet
56 Solmizationary scaly thing



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"Good-bye, noise and trouble! We're changing to a Servel!"

says Jane Wyman *Warner Bros. star of* "ONE MORE TOMORROW"

JANE WYMAN says, "All through the war, I envied friends who have Servels. They never have noise or trouble. And now that there *are* new refrigerators, I'm making sure we get a Servel." If you, too, want a new refrigerator, look into Servel. 2,000,000 owners say, "It stays silent, lasts longer."

Sh-h-h! It's silent! There's not a single moving part in the freezing system of a Servel to cause noise, wear or need fixing. Just a tiny gas flame does the work. Circulates the refrigerant that produces constant cold and sparkling cubes of ice . . . silently, efficiently.

Come see the new models! They're at your Gas Company right now. And they're beauties. Big and roomy (so you need shop less often!), with just-right temperatures for meats, vegetables, frozen foods. You'll be amazed at their wonderful conveniences!

Stays silent . . . lasts longer

Servel

GAS REFRIGERATOR

Other Servel Products

SERVEL ALL-YEAR GAS AIR CONDITIONER
SERVEL AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER
SERVEL UNIFIED GAS KITCHENS

Servel also runs on Bottled Gas—Tank Gas—Kerosene. Write Servel, Inc., Evansville 20, Ind., or Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King St. W., Toronto 1, Ont.

SHAN LEE'S LUCKY EAGLE

Continued from Page 31

To enter the main cabin, with its gaming tables and chairs of carved blackwood, was like crossing the threshold of another world. For the interior of the Lucky Eagle was as rich and exotic as rumor had painted.

"Well, Shanley," I said, "you're really set up like a white-button mandarin. But it must have cost you a great deal of money."

"Every dollar I make goes into this boat," he replied, and gave a short sardonic laugh. "If I should hit a losing streak, I may have to borrow something on my luck piece."

"You wouldn't have to go far," I said. "There isn't a Chinese banker anywhere along the Yangtze who wouldn't cheerfully lend you a thousand silver dollars against that gold piece."

"Yes, I know," Shanley said. "Number One Lucky, the Chinese call me." Then suddenly his restless eyes burned at me. "But how about your Yangtze friends—what do *they* call me?"

IT was an awkward question. "I think they don't quite understand—about you and your boat, Shanley," I said. "You're quite a mystery, you know, and that usually leads to rumors and idle gossip—"

"You don't have to beat around the bush," he cut in brusquely. "Deal it to me from the top of the deck."

"All right," I said, "here it is—straight. My Yangtze friends, as you call them, don't like the idea of a white man running a gambling boat. They think it makes all of us lose face before the Chinese. And then, on top of that, you refuse to let any white man play at your tables—"

He made an impatient gesture. "I'll tell you why my tables are closed to white men. I have a code—a strange code maybe—but I live by it, and I'll die by it. This boat and everything in it was paid for with money won from the Chinese. Not a single dollar of it came from a white man's pocket. And so I don't see why any white man should have the chance to carry off any of the Lucky Eagle's dollars.'

His eyes glinted with anger. "I know what your friends are saying about that. They've put out the story that I won't let white men aboard because I run a crooked game! Damned fools! Don't they know it's easier to cheat ten white men than one Chinese?"

"Well, Shanley," I said, "it's your business. If you want to live the lone wolf, though, you must take things like that in your stride. Are you staying long in Ho-Fang?"

"Only overnight this trip," Shanley replied. "I'm pushing on to Hoy-Shan in the morning. There's a man there I want to see. A missionary fellow who's been trying to make trouble for me along the river. His name's Lundeen—the Reverend Lars Lundeen. Know him?"

I nodded, and warned him, "Better go easy there, Shanley. Lundeen's head man of Yangtze missions. He packs a lot of weight in both languages."

"Good!" Shanley's lips tightened. "He's been bragging he's going to run me right off the river. I expect to have a very interesting chat with him about that."

SO Shanley took his Lucky Eagle on to Hoy-Shan and had his talk with Lundeen. I saw Shanley afterward and asked him how he had made out with the missionary.

He gave me a peculiar look. "You didn't tell me Lundeen had a daughter," he said.

I smiled. "So you met Maria? Beautiful girl, don't you think?"

Shanley nodded. "It's rather incredible that she should be Lundeen's daughter."

"Well, Maria's mother was Spanish," I explained, "and Maria has more than the coloring of her hair and eyes from her mother—she inherited a lot of Spanish fire to go with it. She's a mixture of honey and TNT, that girl."

Shanley's white teeth flashed. "I like temper in a girl—makes her more interesting. Why isn't she married? Does the prospect of Lundeen as a father-in-law scare off her suitors?"

I laughed with him. "No; that's a matter entirely of her own choosing. Certainly she's had plenty of opportunities. . . . But what about your talk with Lundeen?" I persisted.

"Oh, the padre," Shanley said casually, and grinned. "Old Straitlace still thinks he's going to run me off the river. Well, let him try it!"

And that was the beginning of the long unrelenting feud that made Yangtze history. Here were foemen worthy of each other's steel. Shanley—smooth, subtle, poker-faced; Lundeen—rugged, blunt, an outspoken giant of a man with deep-set eyes that flamed with apostolic fervor when aroused.

And Shanley's presence on the Yangtze had roused Lundeen to a crusading fury. Two things Lars Lundeen hated with all his soul—gambling in any form, and white men who deviated even an inch from Lundeen's personal idea of the China code. Thus, Mark Shanley stood under a double indictment.

It was fascinating to watch the bitter tug of war between the two. All along the Yangtze, Lundeen had great personal influence with both the scattered white colonies and the Chinese officials.

Shanley stood alone, but he asked no quarter and gave none. He had one great advantage—his floating domicile. For he lived aboard the Lucky Eagle, and merely by hoisting sail he could move from one district to another.

But Lundeen kept exerting relentless pressure, forever prodding the Yangtze officials to take action. However, there is truth in the old Chinese saying: For every lock there is a silver key. But finally Shanley grew tired of buying the necessary silver keys.

Then came that much talked-about day when the Lucky Eagle put into Hoy-Shan again and Mark Shanley went ashore to have a final showdown with the missionary.

"Look here, padre," Shanley said, "I want to get this thing settled. This is China—we're both visitors here, and I have just as much right on the Yangtze as you have. It's a big river—there should be plenty of room for both of us."

"I shall never agree with that statement, Shanley," Lundeen replied stiffly. "I do not intend to alter or reconsider my course."

"All right, padre," Shanley said. "Since my presence on the river distresses you, and your presence annoys me, I'll make you a fair proposition." He took out his gold eagle. "Let's toss for it! Heads—I leave the Yangtze. Tails—you keep your hands off my affairs. How about it?"

For a good thirty seconds Lundeen could only stare at him in speechless fury. Then, recovering himself, the boiling missionary unleashed his tongue in blistering wrath.

When Lundeen finally ran out of words, Shanley shrugged and drawled, "There are shorter ways of saying no, padre. Well, we go on from here. But I warn you, you're only wasting your time—and my money."

And Shanley was right. His feud with Lundeen went on undiminished, but the Lucky Eagle still plied its chosen course.

I USED to wonder why Shanley's boat put in at sleepy little Ho-Fang so often, when there was so much bigger game to be found elsewhere along the river. The truth burst upon me one day when I had occasion to visit White Pine Hill, midway on the river between Ho-Fang and Hoy-Shan, where Lundeen had his mission.

There is an ancient temple on the crest of White Pine Hill—a roofless ruin with crumbling walls and weed-grown courtyards. And it was there that I came upon Maria and Mark Shanley. They were sitting on the broken wall, and Mark's arm was about the girl. I withdrew very quietly, before they could see me or hear me. And something told me that this was not their first meeting. Yes, I knew now why the Lucky Eagle put in so often at Ho-Fang.

White Pine Hill! I could vision those two together up there in that hushed green sanctuary which lay midway between their two antagonistic worlds. It must have been inevitable from their first meeting that they should fall in love—that the warmth of Maria's Spanish blood

(*Continued on page 52*)

...doesn't
...t out love
...th knowing!

And when she does... she takes up where Eve left off... a little more tempting.

...and alluring...And you can't expect a man's wife to like that! But you

can look forward to an evening that turns into a night you'll never forget...

NOEL COWARD'S

SUPER NATURALLY SPICY COMEDY

Blithe Spirit"

in Blushing TECHNICOLOR

with

REX HARRISON • CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

KAY HAMMOND — MARGARET RUTHERFORD

A TWO CITIES FILM • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

...ed the London and New York stage with laughter is twice as amusing on the screen.

(*Continued from page 50*)

would cry out to the adventurous strain that burned in Mark Shanley's veins.

I felt sorry for Maria and Mark that day, for I could see nothing ahead for them but heartbreak. I had watched Maria grow up from a pretty child to a beautiful young woman. Her mother had died when she was born, and Lundeen had been both father and mother to her. I knew that despite her mother's blood, she was her father's daughter too, and Shanley was quite beyond the pale in Lundeen's eyes.

It wasn't long before word reached Lundeen's ears. There was an immediate and stormy interview with Maria and Mark Shanley.

As a result of that interview Shanley sailed off, and seldom again did he ever put foot in Ho-Fang.

There were tales of incredible sums of money won and lost on the Lucky Eagle—at fan-tan, mah-jongg, pie-gow, ching-gong, or the *Mei-kuo* game of "poh-kair." There were stories of gambling duels that went on for days at a time; the story of the drunken *tuchun* who whipped a pistol against Shanley's stomach, demanding the return of his losings. Whereupon Shanley calmly counted out the money and threw it upon the floor, knowing that the *tuchun* could not afford to lose face by stooping to pick it up.

THUS matters stood with Shan Lee and his Lucky Eagle when war came to China.

The Japs kept coming southward—spreading fanwise like a creeping blight. Shanghai fell, and the Chinese government fled to distant Chungking. And month by month, mile by mile, the brown tide of Nippon swept up the Yangtze valley.

Finally the Japanese tidal wave reached Ichang, and came to a halt there. The Yangtze beyond that point was too difficult, too filled with gorges and rapids and treacherous rocks.

Those were strange days for us at Ho-Fang, days full of wild rumor and fantastic alarm. The river lay empty and brooding. Even the gambling barges were gone. It was more profitable now to haul refugees and household goods upriver. Only a few fishing sampans remained—and Mark Shanley's Lucky Eagle.

Our little white colony at Ho-Fang doubled when the foreign correspondents made it their field headquarters. It was close enough to Jap-held Ichang to be a good news center and listening post. But Shanley held himself aloof from all this.

Then came the news of Pearl Harbor. After those first hours of stupefied incredulity, Ho-Fang seethed with activity. We held a meeting—knowing we'd need some sort of organization to help rescue the various white people still scattered through Jap-held territory.

As might have been expected, the Reverend Lundeen was elected chairman of this Refugee Commission, and as soon as the result of the voting was announced, I saw Shanley get up, I hastened to intercept him.

"Look, Mark," I said. "You can't walk out on this. We're going to need your help. You've got a fine boat and a trained crew and you know every bend and twist of the Yangtze. It's not to help Lundeen—it's to help all those poor devils caught behind the Jap lines."

"O.K. I'll give it a try," Shanley said.

But later, when he went up to Lundeen and offered to help with the refugee work, the missionary stared through him and said stiffly, "Thanks, Shanley, but I think we can manage without your help."

Shanley tensed. But when he spoke his voice was smooth and controlled. "Forgive my mistake, padre," he said. "I didn't know this was a private war."

He stalked out, and within half an hour the Lucky Eagle had hoisted sail and was on its way upriver.

Lundeen was a good organizer and we had pretty good luck with our refugee work. We managed to smuggle out quite a few of the missionaries, doctors, nurses, and others caught in the backwash of war. And we had the great personal satisfaction of passing one group of Doolittle's original Tokyo fliers through our Ho-Fang station.

But our modest exploits at Ho-Fang were as nothing compared to the brilliant record Shanley was hanging up on his own. After Lundeen's rebuff, he had made contacts with the China underground and with various guerrilla groups operating behind the Jap lines, and the Lucky Eagle was running the river blockade in daring night runs that made monkeys of the Japanese patrol boats.

GREAT changes had been made in the Lucky Eagle's appearance. All its fine furnishings had been stripped away, its decks were purposely littered now, its sails patched and tattered, its crew boys clad in fishermen's rags. Shanley himself did the steering, disguised in an old pair of shorts, a floppy blue shirt, and a round coolie hat.

"I'm just doing what I can," he said to me once, and added, "You see, I don't like the Japs barging in on *my* river."

My river. From some one else that might have sounded arrogant, but in a sense the Yangtze was forever Shan Lee's river. Certainly he loved it, every mile of its turbulent water.

Through the years I had always been on friendly terms with the missionary, but in these days I began to find scant welcome at Hoy-Shan. Knowing that I was Shanley's friend, perhaps Lundeen suspected me of carrying secret messages between Shanley and Maria.

Well, it happens that I did carry one such secret message.

Shanley had come knocking on my door in the middle of the night. "I only have a minute," he said, "so listen carefully. I have word that the Japs are on the move. They're going to push farther upriver. Get the women and children out of Ho-Fang and Hoy-Shan—all the way up to Wu-choy—and get them out fast!"

"You're sure about this, Mark?" I asked. "We've heard that same rumor a dozen times before."

"Don't be a damned fool!" he snapped. "I don't come a hundred miles out of my way to hand you coolie gossip. Get that warning to Lundeen, but don't tell him it came from me, or he'll ignore it. And one more thing—a personal favor," he added. "Make sure Maria leaves with the others, will you? This is the real thing coming up, and you know what Japs are. I couldn't bear to think of Maria—"

"Count on it, Mark," I said hastily. "I'll see to it that Maria gets out, if I have to kidnap her."

WELL, I managed to convince Lundeen that my warning had come from reliable sources, and so we chartered native boats to take the women and children upriver to Chungking. But, as Shanley had foreseen, there was trouble about Maria. Maria refused to leave Hoy-Shan and her father.

I waited for a chance to speak to her alone. "Look, Maria," I whispered. "Does it mean anything to you that this warning comes direct from Mark Shanley? He came a hundred miles to bring it, and he exacted my promise to see that you went off with the others. Don't fail him, Maria."

A swift flush swept her cheeks. "All right, I will go," she said quietly. Then the flush deepened as she whispered suddenly, "When you saw Mark—was he all right?"

"Well, he looked as if he could do with some sleep," I replied. "Outside of that, he looked fine. He still has his lucky eagle, you know. Maria, if I see him again, shall I tell him anything—a message—"

For a moment her eyes lit up, but then the glow died away. "No—nothing," she said. "I promised father—"

The next few days passed in sunny quietness, but one morning all hell broke loose along the Yangtze as the Japs launched their surprise offensive from Ichang.

Ho-Fang and Hoy-Shan and half a dozen other river towns were encircled. Jap motorboats patroled the river, machine guns turned upon the shores, while their bombers circled overhead in swarms.

We had to break and run for it—every man for himself. Most of us from Ho-Fang managed to escape alive. Eventually we reached Chungking, and it was there we heard the story of Shanley's daredevil rescue of the Reverend Lundeen from the Hoy-Shan trap.

Oblivious to danger, Shanley had

(*Continued on page 54*)

Trust the American People

—THEY ALWAYS CHOOSE THE BEST

Feast your eyes on these bottles! Here's why the name and fame of **BERKE BROTHERS** has spread from coast to coast! Here are not only superb whiskey and gin, but also something wonderfully different: fruity flavored liqueurs and brandies *that pour like whiskey!* Drink them straight or enjoy them like a highball with soda or ginger ale. So smooth, so mellow, *so easy on the breath!* You don't have to buy a big bottle...there are handy pint and half-pint sizes at prices that make your dollar go far!

—ABOVE ALL OTHERS...*CHOOSE*

BERKE BROTHERS

(*Continued from page 52*)

taken the Lucky Eagle into Hoy-Shan in the midst of the bombing and tied up at whatever was left of the docks. Instantly he was besieged by a terror-stricken horde of Chinese, shouting and bidding against one another for rescue.

By that time Hoy-Shan was a shambles, and Lundeen's own mission school for orphan Chinese, his particular pride, only a roofless ruin. But Lundeen and most of his small Sons of Han had escaped alive and uninjured from the burning mission.

AS soon as Lundeen recognized the Lucky Eagle, he pushed and shoved his way through the surging mob on the wharf. Shanley ordered his crew boys to open up a path and let the missionary aboard.

Gasping for breath, his coat and shirt half torn from his back, Lars Lundeen pleaded with Mark Shanley to take his mission boys aboard the Lucky Eagle and carry them to safety.

"Do you realize what you're asking, padre?" Shanley asked. "Listen to that howling mob out there. See all that money they're waving at me? They'll pay anything to get on my boat! There's a fortune to be made here today!"

Lundeen reddened. "I can't offer you money, Shanley. I have nothing left. I've seen my work of a lifetime wiped out in a few hours. But what happens to me isn't important. It's these mission boys of mine, Shanley—they're good Christians, and every one of them is marked for instant death when the Japanese march in. Save them for me, Shanley!"

Shanley smiled then, flipping that gold eagle up and down in his palm. "Padre, I've waited a long time for this moment. Now we come to the final showdown—you with your creed; I with my code. You've hated me and hounded me because I was a gambler. Well, I'm still a gambler—"

"What do you mean?" Lundeen stammered, but Shanley's meaning must have been quite clear.

"Remember this coin, padre? A long time ago I made you a proposition, and you turned it down. Well, I make it again. If you want your boys rescued—I'll match you for it! That's my price, padre," Shanley said inexorably. "Heads or tails! You can take it or leave it."

Knowing Lars Lundeen, and his lifelong fanatical loathing for any form of gambling, I can realize what anguished wrestling of soul he must have endured before he could force himself to accept Shanley's challenge.

"If there is no other way—" he said finally.

"Good! Then I choose heads!" Shanley said briskly, and sent the coin spinning, catching it between his palms. He lifted one hand, looked at the gold eagle, and gave a quick, sardonic laugh.

"Tails it is! You win, padre!"

And without a word of anger or regret, Mark Shanley proceeded to carry out his part of the bargain completely and efficiently. "There's not a minute to waste, padre," he urged Lundeen. "Get the boys aboard here as fast as you can."

In the beginning, luck was with them, and they were well on their way when the questing beam of a searchlight from a Jap motor patrol boat played over them.

Shanley's boat made a run for it, swerving, dodging, heading into a series of silver-feathered streaks that revealed the presence of hidden rocks. But the strategy failed—the Jap boat, scenting danger, swung in a wide half circle, raking the Lucky Eagle with machine-gun fire.

Quickly Shanley put the Lucky Eagle about, apparently heading for shore. The Jap boat, intent on blocking the maneuver, came roaring in at a sharp angle. Then, with split-second timing, Shanley sent his ship shearing across the Japs' course, catching their boat amidship.

Planking crackled and splintered like matchwood, and the brown men of Nippon, hurled into the river, screamed and cursed as their searchlight beam swept wildly skyward and snuffed out like a blown candle, leaving them to drown in darkness.

On the black river the Lucky Eagle limped on slowly, crippled and leaking, but safe. And some hours later, at Wuchoy, Lundeen led his slant-eyed charges ashore. Shanley watched them disembark.

"Everything all right, padre?" Shanley called out.

But Lundeen made no reply.

THE full story of that lucky eagle came out a few days later, when the Reverend Lars Lundeen came to see me.

"You look fagged out, padre," I said. "Can I give you a glass of wine? I have a bottle of fairly decent port—"

"No, thank you," he said wearily. "I feel rather like a lost soul these days. I've seen my whole world blown into ruins before my eyes. And I'm old—old and tired—too tired to start rebuilding again."

"We all feel that way," I said. "We've all had the props kicked out from under us. Everybody's lost something, padre—even Shanley."

Lundeen's head went up, and some of the old-time fire came into his eyes. "What about Shanley?" he demanded. "What has he lost?"

"His profession," I said simply. "War changes men, padre. It's changed Shanley—more perhaps than even he realizes at the moment. He was in here the other day, talking about all the things that have happened—wondering about the future. Yes, he'll always be a gambler in spirit, but I think he's discovered that there are higher stakes in life than gambling for dollars."

Lundeen looked at me, silent, inscrutable.

"I'm sorry you were always his enemy, padre," I said, "for in a certain sense you both had a lot in common. You both loved this river and the people of the river. And, in a different way, each of you has served them well—you in the years of peace, Shanley in these times of war. Working together, each of you could have given something to the other."

I stopped then. Finally Lundeen spoke.

"It's strange that you should bring up the subject of Mark Shanley," he said slowly, "because that is why I came here—to ask you something about him. Or rather—about that gold piece he carries. You're familiar with it?"

"Yes," I said. "I've seen it a hundred times."

"There's a mark on the coin, isn't there? A nick—a scratch of some kind?"

"Yes, it has a scar on one side," I said, "like a knife cut."

Lundeen paused, wetting his dry lips. "This mark—is it on the face of the coin—or the back?"

"It's on the face," I said.

Lundeen drew a deep breath. "You're sure it's the face? You couldn't be mistaken?" he asked, and his voice was tense with anxiety.

"No, I'm positive," I said. "But why do you ask?"

Lundeen looked past me, speaking softly and deliberately: "At Hoy-Shan, when I pleaded with Shanley to rescue my mission boys, he made me toss that coin with him. He chose heads. It came down tails, and I won. But I've been wondering about that gold piece. Now I know!"

The missionary's glance, straight and level now, met mine. "When that tossed coin lay there on Shanley's palm, the *marked* side was up!"

"Then Shanley lied to you!" I exclaimed. "It came down *heads!*"

"Yes, Shanley lied to me," Lundeen said heavily. "He told me I had won."

WE sat there in silence, looking at each other as the implication of Shanley's act deepened and broadened in our minds. And call it merely coincidence, or the secret workings of what the Chinese call the Lords of Destiny, but at this precise moment Mark Shanley walked into the room.

He stopped short when he saw who my visitor was. "Sorry!" he said, turning on his heel. "I'll drop in again—"

The Reverend Lars Lundeen was getting swiftly to his feet. "Wait, Shanley. Please come in," he said. "I want to thank you for your help that day at Hoy-Shan—for risking not only your boat but your life for my boys—"

"You don't owe me any thanks, padre," Shanley answered stiffly. "We played it my way, and I lost—"

Lundeen was moving toward him. "No, Shanley," he said gently, and held out his hand. "You played it *my* way—and you won."

THE END

do it today

Someone once said with a great deal of truth that "most of us act as though we expected to live forever." Surely the fuller life all of us strive for is possible *only* if we make certain that we and our families are protected against the more painful experiences that we know are sure to arise. The purchase of a place for family burial, *ahead of need*, is a provision every responsible person makes today . . . right along with his insurance and his estate. It's an easy provision to make *now* . . . an extremely bitter one for our families to have to make after death descends upon them. Take this question mark out of tomorrow by protecting your family today.

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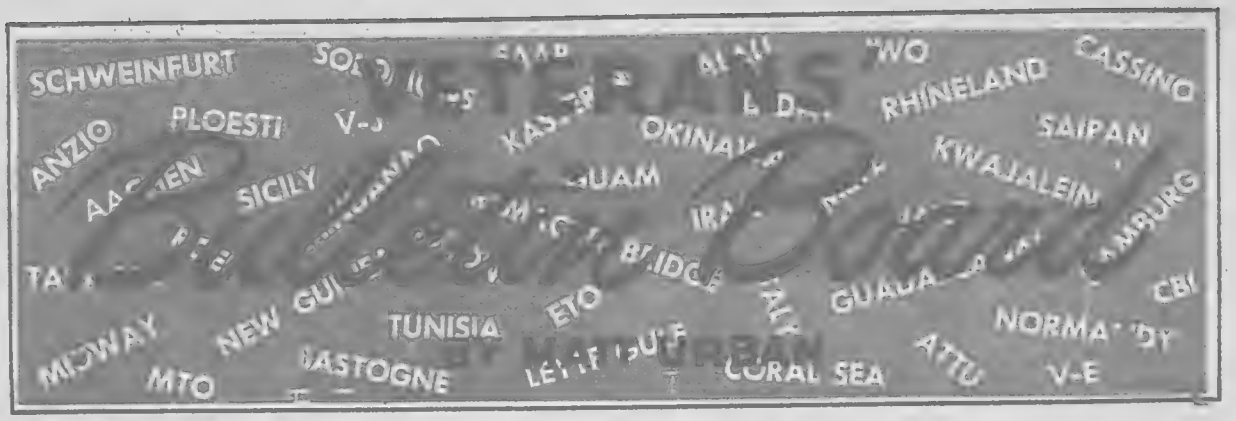

Veterans' Bulletin Board

SHALL I join a veterans' organization? If so, which one? What will it do for me? What do I have to do for it?

So numerous have been the requests for information on various veterans' organizations that the Bulletin Board recently shoved off for Chicago, where most of the conventions take place. After talking with the members, officeholders, and national commanders of representative vet organizations, we are able to give you the over-all picture. We'll get down to cases later.

Veterans' organizations provide the

Which one?

member with valuable legal, political, and personal assistance in emergencies. They can deal far more effectively with an impersonal federal government than the individual veteran can. As to which organization to join—that choice has to be an individual one. It depends largely on what you want.

No matter which organization you join, however, it will be only as good as you make it. Its effectiveness will be largely dependent upon you, the new and young veteran members.

The American Legion, of course, is an old and well-established group, worthy of any veteran's consideration—*and not simply as an onlooker's.* Granted, the Legion has power and prestige; but it also has to surmount a date line that goes back almost a quarter of a century. Perhaps because of its age and the experience of its public officers, you may need its help. But make no mistake; the Legion needs you—your youth, your inventiveness, your foresight, and your faith in the way of life for which you so recently fought.

So, if you join the American Legion, or any group that gained its start with World War I or earlier, stand up, speak up, and strike out for recognition, participation, and control. See that your buddies become the leaders they were in your squads and companies; make them the officers of your civilian affairs. Gain a voice and a vote in the policies selected. This is particularly important in organizations such as the Veterans of Foreign Wars, which, though powerful and adorned with a likable overseas atmosphere, still occasionally tends to limit its practices and ideas to past wars and past issues.

The Disabled American Veterans is dependent upon the continued enrollment of recently discharged patients. To them, the organization offers a very progressive program, headed by specially trained disabled service officers.

The "AmVets" and the American Veterans Committee are two comparatively new outfits directed almost solely toward the veteran of World War II. "AmVets," headed by sincere and shrewd Jack Hardy, is a highly progressive, well-meaning unit that frankly admits it needs more members, but has some good theories that would seem to be practical. The AVC, under young, ambitious, and energetic Charles Bolté, is a liberal-minded committee that has world planning in its constitution but contains enough promise of the here-and-now variety to deserve an individual's consideration.

Whatever your choice of veterans' organization, it is essential that you become a respected and recognized member and *leader.* For in the final reckoning, *you* will set its policies in accordance with what you feel is best for you, your buddies, and the country.

* * *

William Pavelka, Troy, N. Y. An honorably discharged veteran may join as many of the nationally organized veterans' organizations as he pleases, so long as he meets their membership requirements.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

THE SLAM-BANG GAME OF HOCKEY

Continued from Page 21

foolishness by sparking the Canadiens to a winning streak in their first ten games of the 1942-43 season. He went on from there to play the game as though he had invented it. Last year, Lach, the star of two straight championship teams, led the league in scoring and won the Dr. David A. Hart Memorial Trophy as the outstanding player in the National Hockey League.

Money cannot buy the devotion hockey players give their teams, and candor compels the report that few employers attempt to assuage their hurts with lavish applications of green salve. Lester Patrick, the elder statesman of the game, says the average big-league player today earns $5,000 a year, an estimate that will be greeted with raucous noises by citizens who profess to know whereof they snicker.

"TAKE off the top twenty salaries baseball pays stars like DiMaggio, Greenberg, and Feller," Patrick insists, "and you'll find hockey players do as well financially as ballplayers. Some people will yell that I'm padding the figures, but before the war there was an agreement among all club owners that their annual payroll for fourteen players could not exceed $67,500 a season. That comes to just a few bucks short of $5,000 a man, and most of the teams were paying the limit.

"The agreement was eliminated during the war to give the players cost-of-living boosts, bringing salaries up around five grand. A hockey team plays only forty-eight games a year compared to the 154-game schedule in baseball. The top capacity of our rinks is 15,000, which makes it impossible for us to hand out big contracts. Maybe we don't pay the bankers' salaries a few ballplayers get, but you don't see hockey players on championship teams getting $2,500 a year, either. That's more than some of the St. Louis Cardinals can say.

"All this talk about money is purely academic, anyway. Whether the average salary is more or less than $5,000, it's a cinch a player can't get rich on it. The game itself is the lure that keeps him going until the skates have to be cut off his feet. Oh, hockey players yell bloody murder when we're trying to sign them, but once a contract is signed, you never hear a peep for more dough. There never has been a strike in hockey such as the one Mort Cooper pulled last year after the season opened."

It must be love, for there are easier ways of making a better living and the majority of the major leaguers know most of them. As a rule, hockey players are better fixed financially than any group of professional athletes, and many own prosperous farms in Canada.

The Secret of Making Other Women like you

DON'T BE A "WHINER"... Stop magnifying every little trouble you have. For instance, if you're foolish enough to let some harsh bad-tasting laxative weaken and upset you, don't complain about it to others. Resolve, instead, that that sort of punishment is *unnecessary,* and that

Some laxatives are too strong!

MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND... Don't burden others with making your decisions—especially the little ones!... *"Do you really think I should try something else?"* is a silly question when some insipid-tasting "sissy" laxative has failed to give you the proper relief. Your own experience should be enough to convince you that

Some laxatives are too mild!

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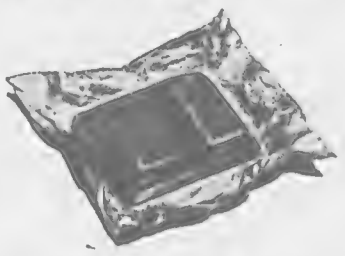

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EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

A few months ago the Rangers' Neil Colville and Alec Shibicky, just discharged from the service, put $57,000 in cash on the line for a wheat farm in Manitoba, then hurried off to join the team for the opening of the current season. Red Dutton, president of the National Hockey League, inherited $100,000 about ten years ago while he still was a sweaty slave in uniform. In addition, he owned an extremely profitable contracting business in the Middle West. However, Dutton continued to knock his brains out for two more seasons with the last-place Americans, then took over as manager of the team.

The famous Cook brothers, Bill and Bun, own the largest wheat farm in Saskatchewan as well as a dairy farm in Ontario. They could live off the fat of the land, but Bill manages and Bun coaches the minor-league Cleveland team and both were wont to play an occasional game when they were pushing forty.

IN the mad days of the 1920s, ardent admirers of the Montreal Maroons rewarded their favorites with tips on the stock market. Dunc Monro, Nels Stewart, and Eddie Gerard made such killings in the market, the boys referred to them as millionaires. They also were known as guys who would kill themselves on the ice to score a goal.

Ching Johnson qualified as a first-class subject for a psychiatrist a decade ago when he was bouncing opposing forwards with such vigor that he addled his own bald head. Johnson, a fortyish amiable fellow, owned a thriving fruit farm in Redwood City, California. However, each autumn he kissed his wife and two children and good health goodby and exposed himself in short pants to the public and great bodily harm.

Scarcely a square inch of Johnson's big hulk was left unmarked by the scars of his trade. The Rangers finally attempted to save Johnson from himself in 1937 by giving him an unconditional release. Having known every honor and distinction the game could offer, it was believed he would have the good sense to call it quits after more than a quarter century of hand-to-hand brawling. Six months later the Americans offered him a contract and Johnson established a new transcontinental record to accept it.

If hockey were only a game, Tiny Thompson, the old celebrated goalie of the Boston Bruins, could have found greater fame and fortune in another sport. Thompson spent most of his spare time turning down baseball scouts. One year the Calgary Pucksters, a pick-up team he recruited from professional hockey players, won ninety out of ninety-eight games while playing in three leagues simultaneously. Minneapolis offered Thompson more money to play first base than Boston was paying him and further assured him he shortly would be endorsing those enticing pay checks major-league ballplayers draw twice a month. Thompson's answer was a horselaugh.

It doesn't add up. A second-rate boxer earns as much in a half-hour waltz as a hockey player gets for forty-eight games, each one carrying the promise of infinitely greater danger. Ballplayers retire to their couches when they are afflicted with hangnail or housemaid's knee. Let a football star sprain an ankle or stab himself with a fork while feeding, and sportsmen will anxiously await bulletins from the stricken hero's bedside. But hockey players are expected to stay in there until they are threatened with drowning in their own blood.

Frank Frisch, an ardent hockey fan when he is not managing the Pittsburgh Pirates, says:

"Some ballplayers should be ashamed to take their money compared to the beating these hockey guys take. If they had to take the punishment dished out on the ice for the same money, baseball wouldn't be cluttered up with so many prima donnas."

A few months ago the Rangers' Bob Dill, who plays baseball with Indianapolis of the American Association in the summer, suffered a nasty eye cut. He promptly returned to the ice as soon as he was patched up. "If this happened in baseball," he said afterward, "I'd stay out for a month on general principles. It's funny how your attitude changes as soon as you put on a pair of skates."

THAT must be the answer: Attitude. The gory glamor that the pioneers imposed on the game is now so firmly established in tradition that the current torchbearers really believe it is a pure white flame transcending bodily anguish.

Hockey players ache all over when they're bounced for a loop, and they feel pain just as acutely as lesser mortals. Through the years, though, fear of ridicule has made them assume an indifference to injury. They invariably give this stock answer, popularized by Roy Worters, when solicitous questions are asked after a messy accident:

"It doesn't hurt to bleed."

Violence and injuries are so firmly rooted in custom that the players can't temper the blood-and-thunder aspects of the game at this late date even if they wanted to. Sadistic customers would hoot them out of the joint. The fans in Montreal scream for "red ice" when the action is too tame, and they accuse the players of accepting money under false pretenses if they don't get it.

Maybe it is coincidence, but most professional rinks are just a litter's carry away from a hospital. Madison Square Garden, once shared by the Rangers and the defunct Americans, faces Polyclinic Hospital, and Western Hospital in Montreal is a few steps from the Forum, famous as the battlefield of the Canadiens and Maroons. It is not quite clear whether the hospitals or the rinks were erected first, but the proximity is significant.

Although the incidence of serious accidents is high in hockey, there have been fewer fatalities than in any other body-contact sport. Only one player in organized professional hockey has ever been killed in a game, and that was a freak accident. More than thirty years ago, Eddie Baker of Niagara Falls, in the International League, collided with a teammate and died as a result of striking his head on the ice.

IT'S a wonder hockey's conscience is not disturbed by more Jocko Andersons. In the Stanley Cup playoffs of 1926, Anderson, of the Victoria Cougars, was body-checked so savagely by Babe Siebert that he was crippled for life with a shattered thigh. Frank McGee, a star with the old world-champion Ottawa Senators, had an eye poked out, a danger confronting a player every time he goes on the ice. Last autumn Aldo Palazzari, a Ranger rookie from Eveleth, Minnesota, lost an eye during a practice scrimmage at Winnipeg.

The most shocking mishap of recent times was the Ace Bailey-Eddie Shore incident of 1934, which had such serious repercussions that it sobered the boys for nearly a week. Shore, the most colorful player of his day, was paid $15,000 a year—the all-time top—by the Bruins for the rock-'em-'sock-'em tactics which earned him the title of the "Bad Man." One night he knocked cold the Maple Leafs' Bailey with an extra-special block, whereupon Red Horner hauled off and flattened Shore with a right to the jaw. That touched off a free-for-all which was proceeding splendidly until the players of both teams, sensing something was radically wrong, suddenly stopped. Both Bailey and Shore were stretched out stiff upon the ice—and a hockey player who does not join in a battle royal is practically lying at death's door.

It was more than a figure of speech in Bailey's case, for he suffered a compound skull fracture. It was touch and go for six weeks whether he would live; his eventual recovery was hailed as a minor miracle. Shore also cracked his skull, but seven stitches and a brief rest made him as good as ever and twice as nasty.

The near tragedy had no visible effect upon the principals' affection for hockey. Eddie Shore continued to belt guys, then invested his hard-won life savings in a minor-league franchise at Springfield, Massachusetts.

And Bailey? He still get as close to the ice as possible. He coaches the Toronto University team and is as interested as ever in the game which almost cost him his life.

THE END

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COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

DADD: Papa doing Willie's sums.

BAIR: Polar atmosphere.

ZEEL: Well-known fish after the bait.

WINFLUENCE: Illegal payment to an amateur athlete.

EYE-LAND: Bali.

DUNKLE: Pa's brother with coffee and doughnuts.

CON-CLUE-SION: End of the murder trail.

SPANYELL: *A call to a cocker.*

PENICILLINDER: Vial for the famous drug.

DEBAIT: Worms or minnows?

WHAT THE JAP PEOPLE THINK OF IT ALL

Continued from Page 13

ruled by a feudal aristocracy. During the Meiji restoration of 1868 this oligarchy relinquished some of its feudal privileges but retained its wealth and got off to a flying start in the industrialization of Japan. As a result, a few of its families now own Japan lock, stock, and barrel.

In the Philippines, Mr. Kano, son of a director of the Yokohama Specie Bank, graduate of Oxford and the Tokyo Imperial University, and liaison officer between the Japanese Army and Philippine puppet President Laurel, became a prisoner of war and had this to say about the *zaibatsu:* "American political commentators have exaggerated the influence of the *gumbatsu* [militarists]. In Japan the essential power is held by the *zaibatsu.* When national defeat is certain, the *zaibatsu* will bring about the surrender of Japan, sacrifice the *gumbatsu,* and seek to hold what they have." Events have borne out his predictions. The Army and Navy were immolated with alacrity, but any changes menacing the position of the *zaibatsu* have only followed Allied demands (*e.g.,* establishment of free speech, abolition of the secret police, sale of company shares to the public).

The small-fry representatives of the *zaibatsu* machine have not been disturbed, for local government in Japan remains painfully intact. Over an ample lunch, the governor of the province told me that "The Imperial Institution is the base of Japanese religion and morality," and that "no major changes in the economic structure should be considered until the period of reconstruction is over."

But the day of retribution may be near. The jails are being emptied of political prisoners and bitter, dangerous men are emerging. Their social and political philosophies vary, but all were jailed for independent thought and all are determined that the old Japan will not survive. In the near-by town of Fukaya about ten have organized the Fukaya Free Speech Society. The Patrick Henry of the group is a man called Otani. The day after the surrender Otani spoke on democracy to a group of factory workers and received a bloody nose at the hands of the police. He carries the bloody handkerchief with him now and waves it before Allied military government officials to the embarrassment of the Fukaya Police Department. Real leader of the group is Tomiyuki Takada, young, intelligent, ambitious scion of a wealthy family. He has spent most of the last six years in the jails of the "thought police" because of his advocacy of peace and espousal of destruction of Japan's feudal economic edifice. Takada in political theory is a Socialist, in action he is a demagogue, and in American parlance he seems to be "a young man with a future." Takada at mass meetings demonstrates through homely illustrations the meaning of democracy to earnest, uncomprehending audiences.

"OF course I don't expect them to understand yet," says Takada. "Centuries of oppression have made my people almost insensible to inequality and injustice. There is no revolutionary spirit in Japan and virtually no popular support for the principles of the Potsdam Declaration. The government of the nation will inevitably fall into the hands of educated liberals, for only the educated understand the Allied program and only the liberal minority of the educated favor its ends. Our hope is that during the years that we are protected in power by the army of occupation we can educate the people sufficiently to prevent the strangulation of democracy when the Americans leave."

In addition to being a tacit threat to the advocates of reaction, the American occupying forces serve as examples of free men. Most explosive, though, is the effect the G.I.s' relentless pursuit of the female is having upon the position of the Japanese women.

The women of Kumagaya fall into three castes: *jorōs,* geishas, and family women. The *jorōs,* or Japanese prostitutes, are often young girls sold to the brothels by their parents. American soldiers, flush with occupation yen, are not only destroying the price structure of the industry but are actually buying many girls out of the profession entirely. A compassionate officer who just bought out a sixteen-year-old girl for 5,000 yen ($230) defended his extravagance with the plea that she was "young, beautiful, and spoke English." His friend replied, "Speaks English! The only words she knows are mama, papa, and nice boy." "Yeah," acknowledged the officer, "but, man, how she times them!"

The only geisha house in Kumagaya is operated by Mr. Ogawa, whose red face, bow tie, loud coat, and baggy pants give his establishment an unfortunate burlesque atmosphere. His geishas now tango instead of *mai* (traditional geisha dance), drink the *sake* instead of serving it, and under the suasion of American cigarettes, chocolate bars, and flattery tend to forget the geisha is supposed to entertain the guest with dancing, singing, and conversation only.

THE family women are the mothers, wives, and daughters of Japan. They are respected and admired by the Japanese men but rarely regarded as equals. Women do not enter into conversation with male guests, do not attend parties, suffer marital infidelity in silence, and, according to the Book for Brides used in the local girls' high school, are not supposed to even mentally compare their own husbands with other men. As one girl put it: "We Japanese women unconditionally surrendered about seven hundred years ago." But Americans who visit Nipponese homes insist on talking to the mothers and entertaining the daughters. Already a few Japanese girls flaunt convention and stroll at night with men of the occupation.

In the feminine realm the G.I. is a devastating ambassador. I watched him inspire a national schism between Australian men and women because of his success with the Aussie women. In the Philippines he shredded the religious precepts of the devoutly Catholic Filipinos. Japanese traditions of a thousand years' standing may not prove impregnable.

THE END

THE TRUTH ABOUT TESTOSTERONE

Continued from Page 17

of any change taking place within them. But in a small proportion quite distressing symptoms occur. These are not by any means all in the sexual sphere. Difficulty in passing urine, insomnia, overanxiety, indecisiveness, and a general feeling of "losing grip" are characteristic signs. In these men testosterone works miracles. But, remember, not every middle-aged man who feels tired and is sexually below par is suffering from testosterone deficiency. Nervous exhaustion, neurasthenia, and a hundred debilitating conditions can cause almost identical symptoms. Nevertheless, though only a relative handful of men stand to benefit so dramatically, physicians are constantly finding more and more middle-aged men who experience a new sense of well-being from testosterone treatment.

JUDGING from the lack of sexual desire on the part of most eunuchs and men whose sex hormone production is falling off, it might be thought that sexual passion is solely dependent on this vital chemical. Such is not the case. The psychiatrists have the answer to this. Sexual desire is a state of mind conditioned by instinct and experience. Testosterone acts with regard to it like a fuse to a bomb. It fires and transforms the somnolent emotion into an expanding passion. This explains why impotence is due far more often to a mental quirk snarling the patient's attitude toward sexual life than it is to disease or failure of the sex organs. Testosterone may help in these cases, but the real spadework must be done by the psychiatrist.

Testosterone preparations can go far toward revitalizing the man who is going through a male "change of life," and can cure impotence when it is due to failure of the sex glands. But does this complete the list of troubles caused by male sex hormone starvation? If it is normal for our sex glands to reduce their hormone output as we get older, is it not possible that some of the changes of age may be due to this cause? Only a partial answer to these questions has been found. Aging is a complex process. The whole answer does not lie in testosterone, for if it did, an injection a week or a few tablets a day would hold the possibility of keeping every male alive indefinitely.

Yet this does not mean that testosterone is not part of the answer part of the time. Look, for instance, at hardening of the arteries, particularly that type which leads to replacement of the healthy muscle cells in the heart with tough, stringy, inelastic fibers. Some degree of it occurs in practically every elderly person. In severe cases it may be accompanied by an agonizing, searing pain that grips the chest in a vise and holds the victim motionless and terror-stricken with a sensation of impending death.

On the supposition that the thickening of the arteries which leads to this dread disease may in some way be bound up with male sex hormone starvation, a well-known heart specialist of Beaumont, Texas, tried testosterone as a treatment in some of the more severe cases at Beaumont Medical Dispensary. To test his theory, he injected male sex hormone three times a week into men and women alike. Within weeks, three out of every four patients so treated claimed that the attacks were less frequent and less severe. Typical of the successful cases was a fifty-two-year-old man who for eighteen months had been under continuous drug treatment without beneficial results. Before receiving testosterone, the exertion of walking three blocks had prostrated him with chest pain. After testosterone treatment his high blood pressure fell to normal and his walking distance increased to eight blocks. So much improved was he that after three months he was able to go back to light work.

Soon others were using the new method and reports began to come from Boston, New York, and other medical centers. Some enthused over the treatment, others cautioned against overoptimism, and at least one expressed frank disappointment. The pendulum still is swinging wide, but there seems no doubt that when it settles, testosterone's place in the treatment of this type of heart disease will be assured—not a cure, perhaps not even a prolonger of life, but a merciful hand that dulls the sharp edge of one of the most excruciating pains to afflict mankind.

To pour male sex hormone into the tissues of the female sex would seem to be a way of brewing trouble. But a physician on the staff of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital had a theory that male sex hormone might help the woman undergoing the menopause. To test his theory, he selected a forty-six-year-old patient who six years before had had her ovaries and womb removed by operation. Ever since, she had been subject to hot flashes, headaches, and all the other discomforts of "the change." Into this woman he injected large doses of testosterone propionate. In two weeks her flashes and headaches had gone.

BUT one successful case does not carry much weight with the medical profession in assessing the value of a drug. Hundreds of cases were required to impress the more skeptical members of the profession. A second big-name physician co-operated with the first, and together they set about proving that the male sex hormone can do almost as much for women as it can for men. First they had to determine how much male sex hormone could safely be given to a woman. Unpleasant things happened

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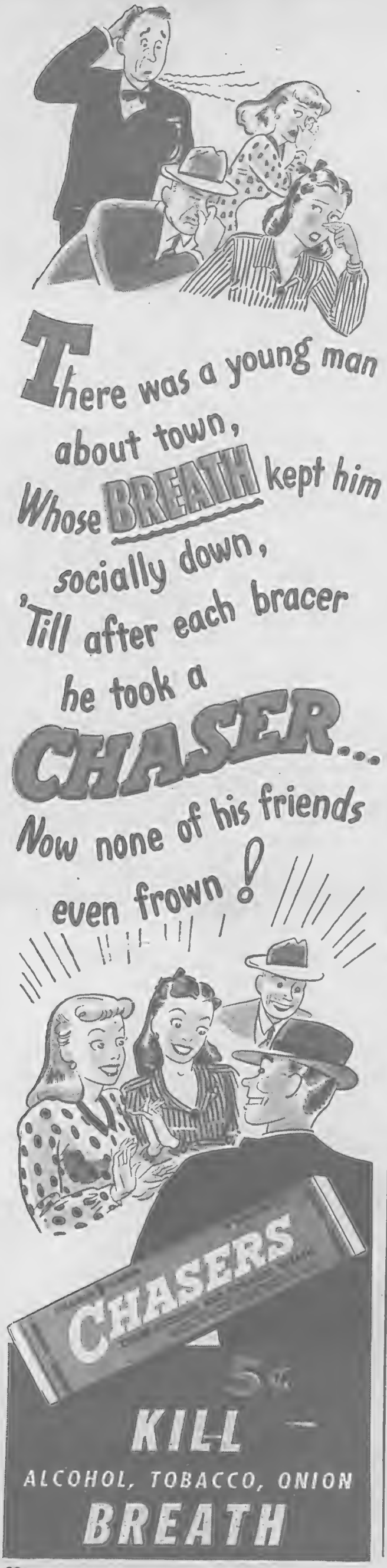
There was a young man about town,
Whose BREATH kept him socially down,
'Till after each bracer he took a CHASER...
Now none of his friends even frown!
CHASERS
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when they gave too much. Soprano voices shifted into the bass register. Menstruation ceased. Upper lips sprouted rudimentary mustaches. A transformation into a new in-between sex, neither man nor woman, took place.

The physicians began cautiously to treat carefully selected patients with doses which they had found by experience were well within the limits of safety. They anticipated that testosterone might correct some of the abnormalities of disordered menstruation, so they tried it in women whose blood was being drained away by menstruation which went on for weeks or months without let-up. After a few shots of testosterone, the bleeding ceased in most cases, and in roughly about a third of all the cases treated, normal menstruation established itself again without any other treatment. Encouraged, they tried it in painful menstruation, in the change of life, for sexual coldness, and in certain painful breast conditions. Like any other drug, testosterone was not 100 per cent effective, but in almost all instances the results were better than could be obtained with any other type of treatment.

Their results published in the medical journals stimulated the interest of other physicians. Soon most of the big-name gynecologists throughout the country were trying this new treatment and the vast majority of them were loud in its praise. Now it has become almost as accepted a practice to inject male sex hormone into women as it is to treat them with their own female sex hormone, and there is still every probability that more feminine upsets will be found to respond to this new treatment.

ONE of the strangest and most fascinating features about the sex hormones is their relationship to cancer. Chemically, the male and female sex hormones, although so opposite in effect in the human body, bear some resemblance to one another; but, stranger still, they both belong to a group of chemical compounds notorious for their ability to produce cancer in experimental animals.

But there is no necessity to shy away from them on this account, because the animals, usually mice, must be an especially cancer-susceptible breed and the doses required to produce the growth have to be of a size which would make an elephant shudder. In fact, there has never been an authenticated case of a sex hormone producing cancer in the human being. On the contrary, the sex hormones are proving the one chemical weapon of any value in treating this fatal disease.

The male and female sex hormones seem in some ways antagonistic to one another in the body, and this is the feature of which modern surgeons are taking advantage in treatment of certain cancer cases. The female breast, for instance, is brought to mature development and maintained in this state by the female sex hormone present in the blood. As long as the breast remains normal, this stimulating action is beneficial and healthy; but when cancer develops, grave harm may result because the hormone seems to stimulate the malignant growth as powerfully as it does the breast itself. But if male sex hormone is injected, it seems to counteract the female hormone and by so doing slows down the growth of the tumor. Similarly, in men naturally-formed testosterone promotes the growth when cancer develops in that auxiliary sex organ, the prostate gland; and the administration of female sex hormone checkmates this action.

THIS type of treatment is not curative, but it does definitely prolong life and eliminate an immeasurable amount of human suffering; and, even more important, the ultimate and specific remedy for this disease may some day be forged from the knowledge which this new treatment is yielding.

That is perhaps the most important aspect of all concerning testosterone—the steppingstone it forms for new discoveries. Testosterone is no mere sexual stimulant. It is an important link in the chain of human knowledge concerning the innermost workings of the body. And every link in this chain is a clue—a clue to the shape and size and function of the next link.

That is one reason why research workers are still recording every minute detail of testosterone's action on every kind of life, from microbe to mammal. From their researches may eventually come new ways and means of prolonging life, of warding off the diseases which affect us in our old age, and maybe even of defeating that archenemy of all mankind—cancer. It cannot be said that we are yet even within measurable distance of reducing this mirage to actuality, but the signposts are there, pointing the way, even though they fail to state the distance.

Those long-haired professors, those impractical dreamers who gave us penicillin and the atomic bomb, are dreaming again, and when professors dream, the world has learned to walk on tiptoe.

THE END

************★************

One of General Wainwright's men was being beaten by the Japs in an effort to make him spill secrets.

"When you are whipped," said the Jap commander in excellent English, "you ought to say you have had enough."

"If I have the strength left to say I have had enough," responded the American, "I'm not whipped yet!"

—Hollywood Reporter.

****

THE GIRL WITH THE ALLIGATOR BAG

Continued from Page 27

angle. She was there. This was the fourth afternoon she had been at the same table, always drinking the same drink. Sherry. The drink suited her somehow. Her face had a certain warmth, but it was not spectacular. She wore some sort of green hat, and on the table in front of her was a large red alligator pocketbook. I couldn't quite see in the mirror, but she seemed to have shoes to match. She held her glass firmly with her left hand, and on the fourth finger was a platinum wedding ring.

I had noticed her first because there seemed to be a certain tension about her as if—unlike the others—she were waiting for something definite and imminent. Or for somebody.

WHEN she was there the second day of the week, and the third, I asked Martino about her. Martino was wonderful; he always knew something about everybody. Not much maybe, but something. Sometimes I wondered if he were psychic. "This lady?" he repeated, following my gaze in the mirror. "She is a Mrs. Dickeson. She waits now for her husband to come home. He has been abroad long time—six, seven months—on government service. I think"—Martino screwed up his face in a spasm of recollection—"he is in the State Department, this Mr. Dickeson."

"Why on earth is she meeting him here, in front of all these people? Why doesn't she wait at home?"

Martino smirked. "It is his idea; he is what you call the sentimental type. They have meet each other here for the first time three-four years ago. So now he sends this cable saying, 'Meet me at Martino's at cocktail time.' She showed it to me. But he does not say exactly which day. Probably he does not know. This is the fourth day she is waiting. Touching, is it not?"

"The sentimental type," I repeated. "Maybe I should have given more thought to that sort of thing myself. What else is he like, this sentimental husband of hers?"

"Well," said Martino, "he likes very much to be liked." He looked to see if I understood him. I did. He shrugged. "Quite a lot of money," Martino recited. "Used to be quite a playboy. Now—I don't know."

"Introduce me," I'd said.

Martino had looked at me in pure astonishment. "You want to meet this lady?"

"Yes."

"But this lady is waiting for her husband to come home. Any minute, maybe, he walks in here!"

"That's right. I would like very much to meet a woman who is waiting for her husband to come home."

Martino's face softened suddenly and he put his hand on my arm. "Mr. Danny," he said, "you are taking

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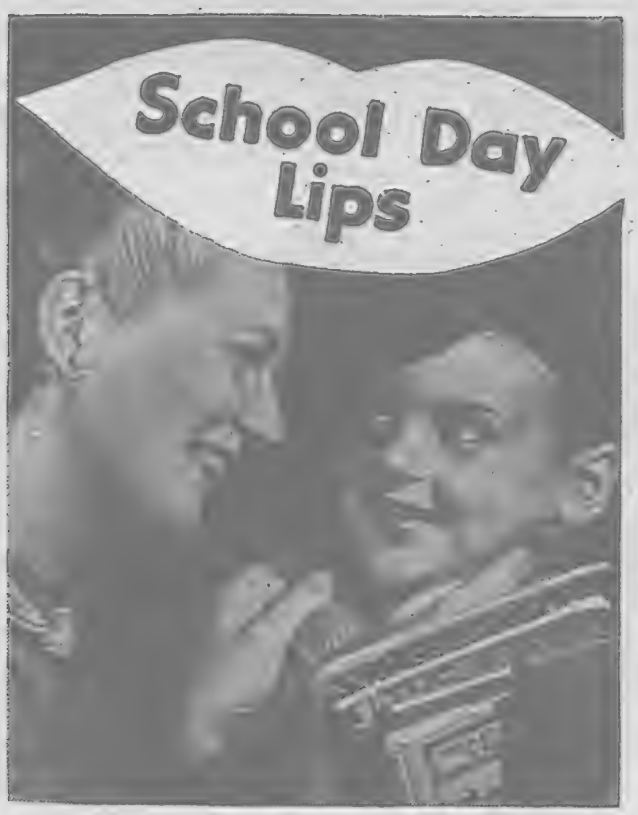

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this divorce of yours too seriously. You were gone a long time. No one is to blame."

"Never mind that," I said. "Introduce me."

The girl looked up as we came over to her table. She had rather remarkable eyes. Martino seemed to have lost some of his urbanity. He said, rapidly and nervously, "Excuse me, Mrs. Dickeson, this is Mr. Crane, one of my very oldest customers. I know you are lonely, waiting for your husband, and he is lonely—he has nothing to do. So I say to myself, Martino, why don't you—ha-ha—why don't you—"

"Do you mind?" I said to the girl.

She looked at me, and then at her pocketbook, and then at the empty seat on her left. I had the feeling that she did not want me to sit down. She said finally, in a low voice, "Not at all."

"Don't worry," I told her, sliding into the seat. "If your husband appears, I'll fade right away."

SHE smiled very faintly. "He may not come today. The cable just said sometime this week. On the other hand, he may be getting out of a taxi right now—"

"The suspense must be killing you."

"It is."

"Since our conversation may be short," I said in a rather heavy attempt at gaiety, "let us exchange some rapid confidences. Tell me, what appeals to you—right now—more than anything in the world?"

"More than anything else in the world? Children."

"Children. I hope you have some, then."

She twisted the sherry glass slowly between her fingers. "I have two."

"Tell me about them."

She stared across the dim room as if trying to visualize them exactly as she had seen them last. "The little boy is four, dark hair and eyes, very mischievous, but I love him. Naturally. The little girl is not quite two. Blue eyes and fair curls. . ."

"Like her father?" I said.

"No, not very."

We were silent for a while. Finally I said, "Martino tells me you first met your husband here. Was it at this same table?"

"No," she said. "It was at one of those middle booths. The third, to be exact."

I seemed to be getting nowhere rapidly. "Cigarette?" I asked her.

"Thanks," she said. "Try one of mine." She drew the red pocketbook toward her, took out a case, and offered me one. As she did so an envelope that had evidently been propped up against the pocketbook, facing her, slid to the floor. I picked it up and couldn't help seeing the name and address of the sender stamped in the upper left-hand corner: Harvey De Renne, M.D.

"Doctor's bill?" I said sympathetically. "I hope it's paid."

She took the envelope from me. "It's a bill," she said. "It's almost paid."

"Well," I said, "you'd better hide it. No use confronting your poor husband with it on his arrival."

She opened the pocketbook and put the letter inside. "Perhaps you're right," she said.

I decided abruptly that the conversation was a waste of time for both of us. She was not in the least interested. Why should she be? I made a few more banal remarks, offered her a drink, which she refused, and went back to the bar.

Half an hour later, watching her in the mirror, I saw her pay her check and go out. But this afternoon she was back again.

Martino came up behind me like a guilty conscience and said in my ear, "You have not spoken to Mrs. Dickeson, no?"

"Not yet," I said. Something had been bothering me vaguely, and I decided to ask Martino about it. "Tell me," I said. "Did Mrs. Dickeson ask you for that particular table?"

"Yes," said Martino, "she did. Why do you ask?"

"She told me she met her husband for the first time in that middle booth. Why doesn't she ask for that?"

Martino waved his arms. "Who knows?" he said. "Women, they do funny things. Maybe her hat looks better in the corner. Who can tell?"

He moved away to greet some people. I kept watching the girl in the mirror and I saw her head turn sharply. I looked over my shoulder and saw Martino bowing before a large individual in a Palm Beach suit and gesturing unnecessarily toward the corner table. "Mr. Dickeson," he was saying, "how nice to see you at last." The man moved forward quickly and I swung back to the mirror to watch.

He stood beside the table, smiling down at his wife in an amiable possessive way. He was not a bad-looking guy. A bit soft, for my money, with a mouth that was too curly for a man. But eager to please. As Martino had said, he liked people to like him.

HE slid into the seat that had been waiting for him for so long. I waited to see what kind of drink he would order to celebrate the happy event. Champagne, undoubtedly. But before he could signal to Martino, hovering happily in the background, his wife said something to him. He looked surprised, then incredulous. He reared back against the wall and shook his head. She opened her red pocketbook, reached in, drew out an envelope, and handed it to him. He glanced at the sheet of paper it contained and kept staring at it.

The girl put her hand back into the pocketbook. Deep, so that half her forearm disappeared. The pocketbook gave a convulsive leap and I heard a loud metallic cough, like a small bark from a big dog. The noise was loud enough to stop all

conversation in the room. In the sudden silence the pocketbook jumped and the noise came again.

I got up quickly and walked toward the table. I was watching the girl's hand, but when she drew it out of the pocketbook she was holding nothing but a compact and a lipstick. Her hand wasn't even shaking. When I got close I could smell the cordite and the burnt fabric of the alligator pocketbook. I could see the twin holes where the bullets had come through. I kept my eyes on the girl, but I was aware of Martino beside me. There were some small agitated screams in the background and a scraping of chairs and a babel of voices.

I said, "Get the screen, Martino."

At the end of the bar there was a folding screen. Martino had the screen in front of the corner table before most of the customers knew what had happened. I could hear him soothing them. He was saying, "Just a small accident, ladies and gentlemen. Nobody hurt, but of course if you prefer to go now. . . . No, no, nothing serious at all."

I SLID behind the screen. The girl was sitting quietly, toying with her lipstick. I pushed her husband's head back, and he gave me a look of weary astonishment. I had seen that look plenty of times in the last three years. He was badly hurt. He might live or he might not.

I said to the girl, "Nice shooting. But you should've used a bigger gun."

She said nothing at all, and I had a feeling nothing was going to break that silence, ever. I took the pocketbook and came out from behind the screen. The place was almost empty. Five minutes later it was empty, and we had carried Mr. Dickeson into the office, and the cops had arrived. Martino and I told them all we knew. The girl said nothing. They took her away finally, and they took him too. Feet first. He was still alive. I looked at my watch. It wasn't yet six.

Martino said, "Now we have a drink, eh, Mr. Danny?"

"No," I said. "Why do you suppose she did it?"

Martino lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Jealous, maybe. Crazy. All women in love are crazy."

"She wasn't crazy," I said. "You know why she chose that corner table? So the bullets would be stopped by the wall. If she had taken the center booth, she might have nicked one of your prize customers with that popgun—besides her husband."

"You are right," said Martino. "I am very grateful to this Mrs. Dickeson. Perhaps she is not so crazy."

"Perhaps she is not so in love, either," I said.

Martino blew three smoke rings and spoke sharply in Italian to the pale-faced waiters.

I said, "I suppose the notoriety will hurt your place."

(*Continued on page 68*)

Don't fail your daughter *when she comes to you...*

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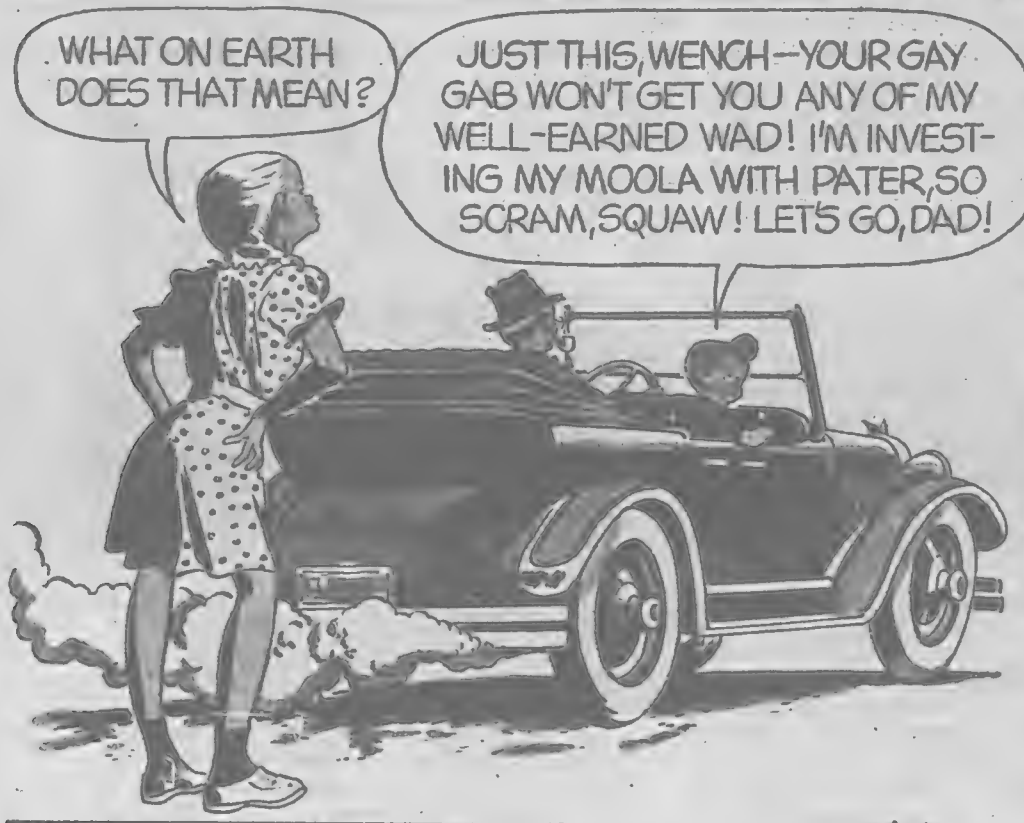
THE THROPP FAMILY

JUST LOOK AT THAT ICKIE LINDA TRYING TO GET HER HOOKS INTO OZZIE THROPP'S MONEY!
DON'T BE A JEALOUS JERK, MARY. I WISH I HAD HER NERVE. THEY SAY OZZIE THROPP IS WORTH A FORTUNE - HE'S GOT $2,500!
I THINK IT WAS SIMPLY **THRILLING** THE WAY YOU CAUGHT THOSE CROOKS, OZZIE! HOW DID YOU LEARN TO BE A DETECTIVE?
STOW THE SYCOPHANCY, CHICKEN. YOUR COY COQUETRY IS OBVIOUSLY AIMED AT MY EXCHEQUER.


. WHAT ON EARTH DOES THAT MEAN?
JUST THIS, WENCH—YOUR GAY GAB WON'T GET YOU ANY OF MY WELL-EARNED WAD! I'M INVESTING MY MOOLA WITH PATER, SO SCRAM, SQUAW! LET'S GO, DAD!

NOW, MR. THROPP, WHAT KIND OF FOUNTAIN WOULD INTEREST YOU?
WELL- AH-I REALLY DON'T KNOW-
BUT I DO, DAD. WE WANT THE NEW TYPE OF NECTAR NOOK, A SACCHARINE SPOT GEARED TO SNARE ADOLESCENT OPULENCE!

HERE'S ANOTHER POPULAR NUMBER. HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
IT LOOKS NICE TO ME. HOW ABOUT YOU, OZZIE?
THESE INK-AND-PAPER PORTRAITS LEAVE ME COLD. YOU COULD MERCHANDISE YOUR PRODUCT EASIER IF YOU SHOWED ME MODELS IN ACTUAL OPERATION.

THE LAD SHOWS REMARKABLE BUSINESS ABILITY, MR. THROPP. DOES HE SHOP WITH YOU ALL THE TIME?

WELL-AH-NOT EXACTLY. I BROUGHT HIM ALONG TO GET THE KIDS' POINT OF VIEW. AFTER ALL, THEY BUY MOST OF THE SODAS.

JULIA'S SHOP

NOW HERE'S ONE OF OUR FINER MODELS- CHROME AND IMITATION MARBLE.

GOSH, THAT IS BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT, OZZIE?

LUSH BUT FRIGID, PATER. THIS DIVE IS AS BARREN AS A BALKAN BUTTE. LET'S SEE SOME OTHERS.

YOU'VE SEEN ALL MY MODELS-DON'T YOU LIKE **ANY** OF THEM, SONNY?

OF COURSE HE DOES. TELL THE MAN WHICH ONE--

HOLD ON, GENTS! HERE'S A BURP BAR THAT INTRIGUES ME. LET'S GIVE IT A QUICK GANDER!

BUT THIS ISN'T ONE OF MY MODELS!

I'M SURE OZZIE WON'T LIKE IT-

WHAT'S DRAWING THE CROWD, CHUM? YOU FEEDING 'EM SOMETHING SPECIAL?

MOST OF 'EM COME HERE TO SLURP MY SUPERMAN SUNDAE. I'LL BAT ONE OUT FOR YOU!

A MASTERPIECE OF PALATE-TICKLING SUCCULENCE, PAL! HOW IS IT MANUFACTURED?

IT'S SIMPLE, KID-SMOTHER TWO BANANAS IN ICE CREAM, PLUS A DOZEN CHERRIES AND ADD EVERYTHING BUT THE DISH RAG!

THANKS, PAL-THAT THIRD SUPERMAN SUNDAE WAS BEST OF ALL. OBVIOUSLY THE SODA FOUNTAIN IS UNIMPORTANT. WE'LL BUILD OUR OWN AND CREATE SIMILAR PRODUCTS!

PARDON ME WHILE I COLLAPSE!

LET ME COLLAPSE, FIRST-I'M OLDER!

Continued next week

(*Continued from page 65*)

Martino removed his cigarette. "I suppose. But things were getting very dull, Mr. Danny."

Something had been stirring in the back of my mind, and now I knew what it was. I said, "Stick around, Martino. I'll see you later." Then I went out and found a taxi. The address I gave was in the Sixties. I had decided to go and see Harvey De Renne, M.D.

I found his office easily enough. There were one or two women in the waiting room, so I knew I was not too late. I walked up to the nurse and said that I would like to see the doctor, that it was urgent.

She gave me a rather quizzical smile, as if any urgency of mine could hardly concern her. She said, in a soft, maddening voice, that Dr. De Renne was quite busy. She added that he was a gynecologist.

"I don't care if he's a giraffe," I said, "I want to see him. It concerns a Mrs. Dickeson."

That did it. The nurse disappeared, and a moment later she was back. "The doctor will see you," she said.

DR. DE RENNE was a slight fair man with a kind, intelligent face and gentle, almost boneless hands. He asked me to sit down, and I did. I told him what had happened, and watched the pity and anger chase each other across his face.

I said, "Can you tell me why she did it?"

"Yes," said Dr. De Renne, "I can tell you why." And he told me.

I said flatly, "There was nothing else you could do?"

"No," said the doctor. "By the time she went to her family physician and he sent her to me, the infection was too far advanced. I remember when I told her the operation was necessary and that it would mean sterility, she fainted, right in that chair you're sitting in. I thought it was the operation she was frightened of, but it wasn't. It was the fact that she had no children and the knowledge that she could never have any."

"She had *no* children?"

"No. I gathered her husband had been in favor of postponing that side of married life."

"Are you sure?"

He smiled tolerantly. "Quite sure."

I remembered that searching look in her eyes when she had told me about her imaginary children. Maybe the doctor read my thoughts. He said, "Shooting was much too good."

"He knew he had this—this infection himself?"

"Oh, Lord, yes. He'd been treated for it, I gather. And cured. It's fairly simple these days, with these new drugs, if you catch it soon enough. That's the damnable part of it."

"But he never told her what he had? Or that he might infect her?"

"She had no idea. He must have known, though."

"Did you tell her that?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "I did. I figured she might as well know what kind of man she had for a husband." He hesitated. "I'm not sorry, either, although I never expected such a violent ending. It just shows you what can happen when a really basic instinct, in this case the maternal instinct, is thwarted unjustly and needlessly. She was lonely, I suppose, had plenty of time for brooding, until her normal desire for children became an obsession. She just built it up into a real psychosis." He tightened his lips grimly. "She certainly wasted no time."

I said, "I don't blame her for taking the first opportunity. She was probably afraid of changing her mind. I think she felt she was dealing with a murderer whom the law could never touch."

"The law can touch her, though," the doctor said.

"Not if I can help it."

He looked at me closely. "Are you an old friend of Mrs. Dickeson?"

"No," I told him. "I spoke to her yesterday for the first time."

He stood up and held out his soft pliable hand. "Well," he said, "if any medical testimony is needed—"

"I'll remember," I said. "Thank you, Dr. De Renne."

When I got back to Martino's I took Martino into a corner and told him what I had learned. "She'll never testify in her own behalf," I said. "We've got to help her. You and I and Dr. De Renne."

Martino gave me a long look. His dark eyes could be quite steady at times. "Anything you say, Mr. Danny. Would you like a drink now, on the house?"

"No, thanks," I said. "I'm going to skip that stuff for a while. I have things to do."

I STARTED to move away, but he held my sleeve. "Wait just one minute," he said. "I show you something." From his pocket he drew a square of white paper. "This was under the corner table."

I unfolded it, knowing what it was. It was the bill from Dr. De Renne. The bill she had shown her husband to make sure he understood exactly why she shot him. The amount was typed in, and the bill had been receipted by the doctor or his secretary, because at the foot had been stamped the words: *Paid in full.* Around the words, accentuating them, was a bold semicircular crimson smear. Martino pointed almost fearfully. "Look," he said. "Blood!"

I looked. I remembered the girl sitting quietly behind the screen with her compact and lipstick in her hand. "That's not blood," I said. "It's lipstick."

I put the paper in my pocket and went outside. I no longer felt strange and loose. I felt purposeful and good. I hailed a cab and told the driver where to go. For the first time since leaving the Army I knew what I was going to do, and why. I was going to help her, whether she liked it or not. "Step on it," I said to the driver.

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

WITH HELEN PARKER

Kenny (George Raft) has a snootful and seems bent on making trouble.

WHISTLE STOP *(United Artists)*

George Raft, Victor McLaglen, Ava Gardner

MARITTA WOLFF once won an important literary award with a realistic novel called Whistle Stop. Then came a movie sale. What followed then is an old, old story—to wit, the book was bled of all social significance and turned into a murder shocker.

George Raft and Ava Gardner, whose business it is to love and hate each other alternately, were, if I'm not mistaken, brother and sister in the original story. She also was a mildly successful prostitute. In the picture, her mink coat is explained as a "present."

There are two fine character roles in this tale of violence in a little Michigan town: Raft's mother, played by Florence Bates, a not-so-sympathetic role that she does a lot with; the other is Victor McLaglen as George's too-loyal bartender friend.

Giving away the plot would be quite unfair, but with the dynamics of Gardner and Raft in it, Whistle Stop is certainly not a dull place.

THE BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST *(Columbia)*

Cornel Wilde, Anita Louise

ROBIN HOOD rides again! Or, more correctly, the son of Robin Hood takes over his old man's role of putting down tyranny in England. Cornel Wilde is Robin Hood II, and I must say he has the shoulders for it. Political inspiration for his feats of derring-do is the oppressed people of thirteenth-century England; but his romantic spurs are provided by Anita Louise, the noble lady whom he loves.

The excitement of this is slightly timeworn, but for what it is, it's a good production. The Technicolor is lovely, and the sets—the forest, Nottingham Castle—are stunning. The music department, particularly the horn section, has contributed appropriate medieval mood music.

"Keep smiling!" seems to be the trick to it. (Daniell and Wilde.)

Mr. Wilde shows us that he can take as convincing swipes with a sword as he did at the piano in A Song to Remember. He himself is trapped after rescuing the young king from the castle, but he challenges the Lord Regent (Henry Daniell) to trial by combat, and the resulting swordplay is good and climactic, and has a happy ending.

The Bandit of Sherwood Forest is good escapist adventure.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Guess who's back?

★ ★ ★ ★

And guess who's got him?

★ ★ ★ ★

GABLE'S BACK!

and GARSON'S GOT HIM!

★ ★

in M-G-M's exciting love story...

★ ★ ★ ★

ADVENTURE.

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, *Adventure* adds up to being the most exciting and thoroughly enjoyable screen *Adventure* we've been on, in many a season of movie-going.

★ ★ ★ ★

Gable is a tough, swaggering, romantic bos'n who has made love and trouble in every port on the seven seas.

★ ★ ★ ★

Garson's a girl whose greatest *Adventure* is a picnic on Sunday.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then—WHAM! They meet!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's lightning and thunder...it's sound and fury...it's wind and flame...it's heaven and some of the other!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's love on every note of the keyboard—laughing, lilting love; roaring, raging love. It's Gable and Garson in the screen's most exciting *Adventure!*

★ ★ ★ ★

Pardon us, while we doff our cap to Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell, who turn in such stand-out performances.

★ ★ ★ ★

And a low bow to the excellent supporting cast—to Victor Fleming for his fine direction—to Sam Zimbalist for his super production—to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Vincent Lawrence for their screen play with a punch!

★ ★ ★ ★

They've given us a great entertainment *Adventure* that marks the return of our favorite swell guy, Clark Gable—and the advent of Greer Garson in a zestfully different role!

—*Leo*

"The Beginning Or The End" will be the most important picture of 1946. It is the story of the atomic bomb!

OWN THIS GOLD RING WITH YOUR OWN FIGHTING DIVISION'S INSIGNIA

A precious souvenir that says, better than words, "I saw action in World War II...I'm proud of my fighting division!" Order one with your division insignia.

These rings are 10K solid gold, designed and produced by master craftsmen. Richly ornamented with division insignia and in most cases the major campaigns and countries in which the division fought.

$22.75 (Incl. Fed. Tax)

If you do not know your ring size, wrap a strip of paper tightly around middle joint of ring finger. Cut ends of paper so they meet exactly. Attach paper to coupon.

No. C.O.D.'s

Custom Twenties Jewelry

L12 BANK OF BISBEE BLDG., BISBEE, ARIZONA

Gentlemen: Please send me.....gold insignia rings at $22.75 each

Division..... Ring Sizes.....

NAME (Print).....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

I enclose money order ☐ bank draft ☐ check ☐

Costs only 3¢ A DAY • EACH ADULT
1½¢ A DAY • EACH CHILD

FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT
Hospital Expenses paid, up to . . . $560.00
(beginning with the first day)
FOR ACCIDENT
Doctor Expense paid, up to . . . $135.00
Loss of Wages reimbursed up to . . . $300.00
Loss of Life by Accident $1000.00
WAR COVERAGE and EXTRA BENEFITS
Childbirth Expense paid, up to . . . $60.00

Sickness or accident can easily wipe out, in a few weeks, savings it may have taken years to accumulate. Don't let this happen to you. With a Family Mutual Hospitalization policy, you'll be able to pay your hospital bills. In case of accident, you will be reimbursed for your doctor expenses and for loss of time from work. You may choose any hospital in the United States and your own family doctor may attend you. Benefits applying to children are 50% of those paid adults.

MAIL COUPON TODAY—No Agent Will Bother You

FAMILY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., WILMINGTON 99, DEL.

Family Mutual Life Insurance Co.— L-64
601 Shipley St., Wilmington 99, Del.
Please send me, without obligation, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

GUS THE BEAUTIFUL

Continued from Page 29

tially, swell people. For her book, that was enough. Without further ado she bore down upon the stenographic department.

Philippa Johnson's blonde head was bent over her typewriter. She pounded the mechanism as if she were mad at it.

Flick looked up. "Oh—oh, hello, Chlo."

"Honey," Chlo got straight to work, "I've had a talk with Gus."

"Have you?" Flick's mouth tightened. "That's more than I've had for three days."

Chlo smiled. "Look, darling," she said. "This isn't any of my business. But—oh, it's just that your technique's wrong. Gus is all but carrying you around in his vest pocket."

Flick nodded rather dumbly. "I know. But what can I d-do? It's nuts, but I—I'm s-s-silly about the fool."

"He's a fool, all right," Chlo said soothingly, "taking a chance on losing a sweet girl like you. But, Flick, you've simply got to stop adoring him so obviously. Now, listen! Isn't there some other boy that you could appear—mind you, I say 'appear'—to get interested in temporarily?"

"Other boy?"

"Yes. Gus needs competition."

Flick cogitated. "Well, of course, there's Harvey Painter."

Chlo seized upon Mr. Painter as a dunked mariner upon a spar. "Look, Flick, your cue is to encourage Harvey a little. Gus has everything too easy. Well, how about it?"

Flick brushed a hand across eyes dangerously close to tears. "I'd do anything, Chlo, to show that conceited m-mutt where he gets off."

"All right." Chlo straightened up. The first prong of her two-pronged drive was going nicely. "Remember, now! For as long as it takes, Harvey's the boss man." She departed.

THE door of Chlo's office opened suddenly. A brace of gentlemen converged upon her.

The first, tall, light-haired, and lean-jawed, walked with a slight limp. This was Chuck Eiler, copy chief of D., D. & D., whose limp was a souvenir of Guadalcanal. In Chuck's wake came a little brown-faced individual, D., D. & D.'s art director. The brown-faced delegate ranged himself beside Chuck.

Chlo looked up from a large leather-bound folder. "Ah," she said, "the wolves are in."

Chuck nudged the brown gnome. "Pixsley," he commanded, "ask this tomato where she wants the body sent!"

"It's a gruesome twosome," said Chlo. "But sit down. You make me nervous."

"You've reason to be nervous, woman," Chuck pointed an accusing finger. "What's all this you've been putting in Redfern's head?"

"Redfern?" Chlo's black eyes, high-lighted now by tawny pinpoints, were wide. "Oh, you mean that nice new very-serious contact man on the Gleam-o account? I hope you old-timers haven't been upsetting him. He's awfully easily upset."

PIXSLEY perched on the lukewarm radiator. Pixsley was a born percher. "Calder," Pix said, "we've got the dope. You went to young Redfern and disturbed him about the present Gleam-o ads. You told him they weren't so hot. You know that Gleam-o intends to repeat the series in a couple of weeks. But you inferred that repeating ads is the 'easy way.' Briefly, you got the bird jittery —over a campaign that's doing a swell selling job. I pause for your denial."

"Why, Pix," Chlo was bland, "I didn't disturb Mr. Redfern. I only sort of intimated that it was always well to have fresh material on hand, an ace-in-the-hole, in case—"

"That'll do," said Eiler. "And that did it. Redfern's on our necks. He wants a new campaign by yesterday afternoon."

"And, of course," Chlo squinted at him, "you'll be charmed to oblige. That's what I like about you two. The spirit of co-operation."

"Ha! Ver-ree droll! But, for your information, we refuse—" Chuck broke off suddenly and indicated the big book before Chlo. "What are you doing with that?"

"That" was the "Idea File," a D., D. & D. institution. It was simply a large black folder into which the creative personnel, from Eiler down to the lowliest cub copywriter, were supposed to record any brain waves not feasible for current use but which might be trotted out some day for one or the other of the agency's multitudinous accounts. Now Chlo detached a sheet from it.

"In line with this fascinating discussion," she said, "here's a little item that might do a job for Gleam-o. If you disgruntled geniuses could be persuaded to dress it up a bit."

Eiler snorted, but he looked at the paper Chlo waved. "H'm! I put that in there myself."

This was an unexpected break. Chlo pounced swiftly. "Then you ought to be enchanted to develop it."

"But why," Pix persisted, "with the present stuff pulling its weight?"

For a second Chlo debated explaining why. But she shuddered to think of the uproar if Chuck and Pix learned that they were being asked to pitch extra innings to keep an office boy employed and salvage a romance between said boy and his girl.

"Well," she said virtuously, "don't you want to go all out to—to help D., D. & D.'s clients?"

"Aaagh!" Pix's impish face contorted.

Chuck spread his hands. "Look! I'm a busy man. But, seeing you just want me to hoke up one of my own

notions, I—oh, the devil! What do you say, Pix?"

"Sure, sure." Pix slid off the radiator. "Anything to keep the kid quiet."

Chlo breathed an inaudible sigh of relief. Prong Two seemed about to get under way. "I love you both. Want this?" She fluttered the gem from the Idea File at Chuck.

"I do not." Eiler tapped his forehead. "It came out of here, didn't it?"

"Why, so it did." Chlo smiled.

Mr. Thaddeus K. Dark, overlord of Dark, Devlin & Disbrow, stepped mightily on the buzzer.

"Ha!" he said, glaring, as Chlo's svelte form poured in. "This is most considerate of you."

"Oh, T. K.," Chlo said contritely, "I'm sorry. But I—I've been terribly busy lately."

"Busy? Bah! Not on any jobs of mine, that's certain. Why I don't get me a secretary who'll condescend to look in here once or twice a week, I'll never know. But—ha, hmpft! Now then, I'm going to Chicago tonight. Among other things, I'm calling on Seth Finlay."

Chlo nodded. Mr. Seth Finlay, an old acquaintance of T. K., was head of Finlay's Products, cosmetic manufacturers. T. K. had long wished to add this business to D., D. & D.'s list.

"Now I've a hunch," T. K.'s bright blue eyes gleamed shrewdly, "that we've been approaching Finlay with too much paraphernalia, too much—er—formality. So this time I'm just dropping in. Almost socially, you might say. But"—the gleam in the Darkian eyes deepened—"I've got something up my sleeve. A hint or two for Mr. Finlay. Well, have you anything to—harrumph!—say?"

Chlo hadn't.

T. K. thumped his desk. "I'll want all kinds of things. You'll stay within call today, young woman. Now you go get me . . ."

He enumerated a list of items which would have stretched from there to Yonkers. In consequence, Chlo staggered from the office that evening slightly punchy. And when the face of young Mr. Redfern loomed before her suddenly in the downstairs lobby, she scarcely recognized him at first.

"Say," he said enthusiastically, "when Eiler and Pixsley go to town, they go, don't they? And it seems I've got you to thank."

"For what?" Chlo asked tiredly.

"For the hottest campaign Gleam-o ever had. Something that makes the present ads look sick. Those two fellows knocked out some roughs, plus darn good copy, and I took 'em over to the Gleam-o people—just to show 'em that the agency's on the ball, even though we've got a good series now. Well, Gleam-o went for the new stuff, hook, line, and sinker. Now, by gosh, they want to scrap the current ads and run these. They're in the works already. And the agency's sitting prettier with Gleam-o than ever before."

"Then," said Chlo, "the—the Gus things were out?"

"Out dead, *fini!*" Redfern was like something operated electrically. "A good campaign, but it's served its time."

Well, thought Chlo with satisfaction, this will hit our beautiful Gus right where he lives.

On the following day she waited, in anticipation, for Gus to appear. But when he did come, she gaped.

Something like a ghost of Gus dragged itself into her office. True, he was still handsome; still photogenic enough to drive Robert Taylor to hod-carrying. But his face was lined, careworn. If an office boy can look raddled, Gus looked raddled.

"Well, Gus?" Chlo's black eyes raked him. "What's the good word?"

"Good word?" Gus spoke as one who has inadvertently dug himself a foxhole in a sepulcher. "There isn't any—any— Gee! I don't even want to talk about it."

"Now look, Gus!" Such was his dejection that Chlo almost regretted her roundabout disciplinary measures. "It isn't as if the world's breaking up. You did a swell job for Gleam-o. Everybody appreciates it. But the campaign had to end sometime."

He stared at her dully. "Oh, Gleam-o? Yeah. I've seen the new ads. They're plastered all over the art department."

"Well, don't take it too hard, Gus! You can be perfectly O.K. around here. All you've got to do is forget yourself and sail into your job. I know what I'm talking about."

"Do you?" There was a stricken look in Gus's eyes. "Well, maybe. But—oh, heck, Miss Calder! I'm not going to be around here any more. I'm quitting next payday."

"Quitting?" Chlo jumped. Before she settled back, Gus's face twisted. Then he dashed from the room.

Chlo followed him out. Something had slipped, definitely. A frown creased her wide forehead as she sought the stenographic department.

Flick was giving her typewriter another going-over, but without quite so much vigor. All morning Flick had been pausing at intervals, regarding one hand surreptitiously, turning it this way and that.

"Listen, dear," Chlo began. "I seem to have fumbled the ball. I—" She checked it abruptly. "Good heavens!"

Flick sported a diamond that would have impressed Mr. Cartier.

"Flick!" gasped Chlo, half thrilled, half fearful. "What on earth? Has Gus actually—"

Miss Johnson permitted herself a ladylike snort. "Gus? That stuck-up jerk? You gave me the world's best advice, Chlo. I found out that I hadn't really known Harvey Painter. Harvey's—oh, he's solid, if you get what I mean. And is he a fast worker!" Flick smiled cozily.

"But, darling!" Chlo all but wailed. "You're in love with Gus! You know you are."

Hear Better!

Beltone MONO-PAC

No separate battery pack! No battery wire! About ½ the weight of most hearing aids!

New freedom, new comfort, and clear, rich hearing! That's what the compact little Beltone MONO-PAC offers you. It's a masterpiece of electronic research and precision construction . . . with batteries and transmitter combined into a *single streamlined case* so small that it fits in the palm of your hand. Thousands wear it . . . try it and compare it! Write for free booklet.

Beltone Hearing Aid Co. Dept. L22 1450 W. 19th St., Chicago 8, Ill.

"I," said Flick calmly, "was dope enough to think so—once. But I snapped out of it. Harvey"—with a slight effort she got two thirds of her soul into her eyes—"Harvey—well, anyhow, he's a real man; not just a pretty boy."

"This," declared Chlo, "is terrible."

"It is not," Flick said resolutely. "It's swell. I'm very happy. But, Chlo, you should have seen Gus's face!"

"I did," said Chlo.

"MANY a moon," Mr. Chuck Eiler grinned gloatingly, "have I waited for something like this."

Chlo glared at him across the table. The table belonged to one Niccoletti, restaurateur and cocktail purveyor *par excellence*, in whose establishment the trio were wont to brush off the cares of the day, come 5 P.M.

"A gentleman," she said snappishly, "would at least exhibit polite sympathy."

Pix sipped his drink. "What leads you to suspect that Eiler's a gentleman? But I agree with him, for once. The spectacle of Calder the Conniver confessing that her grandiose screwball scheme backfired pleases me."

"I'm not confessing, you little worm. I'm confiding. Because I want you two to help me."

"Get this, Pix!" Eiler laughed. "She starts out to cut an office boy down to his proper size and pop him back into love with his girl. She works so cleverly that boy loses girl, which gives him advanced melancholia. So boy is quitting his job without waiting to be fired. During all this she makes us sweat out an extracurricular and entirely unnecessary campaign. And when the whole cockeyed plan goes phut, she calls us in to pick up the pieces."

Chlo stabbed Pix with eyes like dark daggers. "Listen, Chuck. I was only trying to bring a nice kid who's off the track to his senses. All right, I muffed it. But I know darn well that Flick Johnson got herself engaged purely out of pique. Well, I guess I can't do anything about that. But Gus just mustn't toss away his chances at the agency. So maybe if you and this"—she indicated Pix—"this gargoyle had a heart-to-heart talk with him, it might help. He—he respects you."

"And rightly!" Pix tapped the table. "We're eminently respectable. But what else do you think we are, the Y.M.C.A.?"

"Well, Calder," said Chuck, "you seem to have worked yourself into a jam. But me and Rembrandt here will try and help you this time."

Chlo threw him a grateful look. "Chuck, you're sweet!"

Then a cold took Chlo out of the combat for three days. But she got back to the office on the third morning, when T. K. Dark blew in from Chicago.

"Good hunting, T. K.?" she asked.

T. K. beamed, rubbing his hands. "Ah, a highly successful trip."

"Don't tell me," said Chlo, "that you've got Finlay's Products in the bag—at last!"

He smiled paternally. "Not quite. But ready to drop in any minute. Told you I had something up my sleeve, didn't I? Well, I showed it to Seth Finlay and I've never seen him so interested. Now he's thinking it over. But the account'll come in or I'm a Dutchman."

Chlo drifted away. From her own office she phoned Chuck Eiler. She wished to know, in sprig-is-here voice, what, if anything, he and Pix had done about Gus.

"You have a co'd, darling," said Chuck sympathetically. "But don't concern yourself with matters out of your hands. When the time cubs, you will be to'd."

"Nuds to you," rasped Chlo, and hung up.

HALF an hour later her buzzer loosed off an outsize in buzzes. T. K. sat embattled, his face a tasteful maroon. Before his desk stood Eiler, Pixsley, and Redfern.

". . . and what I want to know," T. K. was roaring as Chlo slid in, "is—" He broke off and leaped on Chlo. "You! Library says you've got the Idea File! Get it, get it!"

Chlo was out and back in one jump, lugging the treasure house of inspiration. "What on earth's the matter, T. K.?" she inquired.

"Matter? I went down to the art department. And what did I find, hey? I found the whole damn place littered with Gleam-o ads."

"But of course." Chlo glanced nervously at Eiler, Pixsley, and Redfern. "Hasn't anyone told you? We have a grand new campaign for Gleam-o."

"Yes!" T. K. bestowed a resounding buffet upon the Idea File. "And it came out of here. I went through this before I left. Ran across something perfect for Seth Finlay's account. And I took it out to Finlay, in my head. Explained it to him. Drew thumbnail sketches. Got him right up to the point of doing business on the strength of this idea. And now, by gad, I find the selfsame thought handed over to Gleam-o, a two-by-four account that doesn't spend a quarter what Finlay would. But I can't take it away from Gleam-o now. And you tell me—just tell me—what I'll say to Finlay, instead of asking what's the matter!"

"B-but, T. K.—"

"But, bah! Speak up, somebody! *Who did this thing?*"

Eiler, Pixsley, and Redfern cleared respective throats. But Chlo beat them to the punch.

"Just me, T. K. You see, we had a—a personnel problem. One of our most — well, valuable office boys was—"

"Office boys! Good heavens, the girl's mad! Right off her—aaagh! I've no time for gibberish. Get me Finlay on the wire! Well, don't stand there gawping! *Get me Chicago!*"

Chlo flew and got Chicago.

"That you, Seth?" bellowed T. K. "Listen! Throw that idea I left with you in the wastebasket. . . . Yes, the wastebasket. . . . Why? Because"—he clamped an awful eye on Eiler and Pixsley, and perjured himself—"because I've got another for you that beats it hollow. . . . Yes, sir! A couple of my boys did some thinking while I was gone. Might-ee fine thinking. . . . How's that? When can you see the new idea? You'll have it middle of next week. . . . Someone will bring it out. . . . What? . . . Ha-ha! You will, eh? . . . Good! . . . good! . . . Good-by!"

He slammed down the receiver. "You heard!" he shouted. "The four of you put me in a spot. But, by Jupiter, you'll get me out again by developing something that *is* better than the thing I showed Finlay. And if I don't have it by Monday"—he breathed dragon fire—"*the fur will fly!*"

Chlo shot an apprehensive look at Chuck and Pix. But they were grinning, accepting the challenge almost gleefully. She relaxed.

"Now, T. K.," she began, "I'll tell you just why—"

"You won't tell me anything. You're crazy. Clear out of here and get to work! All of you!"

"Oh, Lord!" Chlo was a woman chastened. "This on top of everything! Gus out of his job, his girl gone! T. K. losing Finlay's, practically, unless you two spark! And all because of me!"

"Quiet," advised Chuck. "*Sparkiturі te salutamus.* We who are soon to spark salute thee. But, first—"

They led her gently to the door of the art studio.

Gus Crane, sober and businesslike of mien, was bending his handsome head over a drawing board.

"Nothing to it," Pix said nonchalantly. "I talked to the kid and found he'd taken a course in drawing once, at night school. So I fixed it with Beacham to let me try him in the studio. He's doing O.K., too."

"Pix," breathed Chlo, awed, "you're wonderful."

THE next moment there was Flick having a drink on the house from a water cooler. And Chlo gave a cry. Flick's left hand was ringless.

"Darling," Chlo exclaimed, "what's happened to—"

Flick blushed.

"You'll think me an awful little fool, Chlo. But it—it's all off. I just couldn't take Harvey Painter. He got so darn dictatorial and—and possessive from the very start. And, anyhow"—her blue eyes were soft—"you had something. I'm just plain nuts about Gus."

Chlo turned loose a sigh. Then she invoked the water cooler.

"Never again," she told it with fervor, "will I mess into the human problems around here. So help me, Hannah! You too, Kismet!"

But, away in their secret realm, Kismet winked at Hannah.

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY

MARGARET FISHBACK

SHANGHAI SHIVERS: A letter from "Shivering Steno" to the editor of the China edition of Stars and Stripes ought to get action. The lady protests the Army's ruling against slacks for women, observing that they "may be considered slightly unconventional in the United States, where every building is blessed with central heating and public conveyances are enclosed and warm. But in Shanghai, which is colder than a landlord's heart once winter sets in, women need slacks for minimum comfort. Many of the

civilian women employed by the Army live in camps or in unheated quarters far from the center of the city. They come to work in open trucks, on bicycles, or pedicabs—and even with long underwear the wind comes whistling up their shanks. So in heaven's name give us a break and let us dress as comfortably as men do—in pants." Shivering Steno's plea will be echoed by many women workers in the United States.

CAME THE DAWN

Although assailed by chills and fever,
In springtime I'm a great believer,
For days are getting longer now,
Despite the frost upon my brow.

DOCTORS, TAKE A BOW!—A study recently completed by the Labor Department's Children's Bureau shows that the nation's birth rate rose 30 per cent in the ten years between 1933 and 1943. According to Dr. Martha M. Eliot, associate chief of the Children's Bureau, infant mortality was cut nearly a third, and maternal mortality was reduced more than one half. The number of live births rose from an all-time low of 2,000,000 in 1933 to almost 3,000,000 in 1943. Dr. Eliot believes the reduced mortality is due to the prenatal care given women, and improved techniques at childbirth.

MOUTON, MUSKRAT, AND MINK: With midwinter fur sales under way all over town, I am reminded of Artist Mary Cornwell's sardonic observation. Well above the average in height, she says the clerks try to sell her the same size coat they'd sell a five-foot-fiver. "On *me*," says Mary, "the coat is a three-quarter length and the cuffs have to be turned down so they'll reach my wrists. On smaller women, the same coat becomes a full-length model and there's a fine turn-back cuff."

DOG LOVER

His beets he's willing to enjoy,
And even with his spinach flirt,
If I but pledge to give my boy
A tawny hot dog for dessert.

SWEETHEART STUFF: With St. Valentine's Day in the offing (Thursday, February 14), mothers, wives, grandmothers, daughters, and best girls of all ages will be hoping for delicate gestures from their admirers. Flowers are always in order, and they needn't be the longest-stemmed, most costly blossoms to be appreciated. The fact is, many flower lovers would rather have several modest bunches month in and month out through the year than unwieldy oversize boxes of showy blooms on state occasions. One trouble with such extravaganzas is, they usually arrive on holidays or birthdays, when the lady of the house is extra busy and can't give them the attention they deserve. Furthermore, vases

become a problem when large quantities of flowers arrive simultaneously. A bunch of violets or a brace of gardenias or a demure bouquet of early spring flowers would do any feminine heart a world of good, come February 14. So would choice cosmetics, such as Helena Rubinstein's heavenly blue wooden box containing "Heaven-Sent" toilet water, perfume, and bath powder. This charming threesome was concocted by the same good lady who recently returned from France, where she has bought a tract of land on which to grow her own flowers and compound her own perfume. Appropriately enough, Mme. Rubinstein, who has spent so many years selling products to promote romance, is now promoting two French movies for French mothers, showing modern methods of pre- and postnatal care.

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EAGER BEAVER OF THE MOVIE MAKERS

Continued from Page 19

Gone with the Wind, and how they should be developed. "My ideas exactly. Every character as I see him," Selznick beamed after the writer expounded his views for two hours.

Van Druten chuckled to himself, for, sensing the hermetically sealed mind of the producer, he had deliberately omitted any mention of Rhett Butler, a pivotal character in the book. Selznick, so wrapped up in his own conceptions, failed to notice the omission because he hadn't actually listened.

"I must revolutionize your thinking," he'll storm at people who disagree with him. That anyone can think any way but the Selznick way is to him incomprehensible. His ego, even for Hollywood, is colossal. Invited to be the radio guest of a local woman commentator, Selznick undertook to write what she was to say about him, extolling at length the many Selznick achievements. When his secretary hinted that perhaps he was overdoing it, Selznick thought a moment and then came forth with a suggestion: "Let her read the speech the way I've written it, and then I'll reply, 'Oh, perhaps you exaggerate.'"

HIS selection of a middle initial is typical of him. The story goes that feeling his name dramatically incomplete, Selznick went through the alphabet, sounding each letter against his name. When he came to O he announced, "That's it. David O. Selznick." There are those who contend it should read David Oh! Selznick.

He was first to employ the Gallup poll for audience penetration, but whether he abided by the findings is problematical. He relies solely upon his own taste and judgment. In like proportion, he demands every production detail be better than best. The late Sidney Howard was once summoned into Mr. Selznick's office to discuss a completed sequence written by the author. "It needs to be pointed up more," Selznick said. "Brought more into focus."

"I don't know what you mean," Howard said.

Selznick reluctantly admitted he didn't know what he meant either, for he hadn't yet read the sequence. But going on the theory that a good thing can always be improved, he had invariably used the ruse on unsuspecting authors with success. Only this time it didn't work.

Unlike many executives, his knowledge of every publicity outlet is amazing. Entire states become embroiled in bitter feuds at the instigation of David O. When his Duel in the Sun troupe went to Arizona for location scenes, he saw to it that Texas, the real locale of the novel, became so incensed over the matter that state Senate was set against state Senate, with all America, through the ensuing newspaper publicity, aware that Duel in the Sun was in the process of being filmed.

Only once did a publicity stunt, and not of his own making, backfire to Selznick's discomfiture. During the search for Scarlett O'Hara, his neighbor Paulette Goddard hounded him day and night for the role. In the meantime a local belle had a huge cardboard replica of herself as Scarlett made and mounted on a truck for delivery to the producer. Miss Goddard, seeing the enormous Scarlett being driven past her home, concluded this was David's way of announcing to her that the role was hers. Instantly columnists were notified, telephones jangled and wires hummed. Selznick fled town and stayed away until the furor subsided.

BRUTAL in his demands and merciless in his expectations, Selznick asks the impossible. That he almost but never quite achieves it, fills his soul with a restlessness that sends him out in the small hours seeking a gin-rummy game for relaxation. Whether he wins or loses is of no consequence. Bleary-eyed from achieving genius the hard way, he plays to forget that whiplash of revenge that urges him on.

He loved his father. At fourteen, David was consulted on business deals and about certain pictures. Early in his career, Carey Wilson, who now produces the Andy Hardy series, submitted one of his efforts. "Wait until I call in David," the elder Selznick said. "If he likes it, it will make money." David was sixteen.

Lewis J. Selznick, who had been a jeweler in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where David was born, came into the motion-picture business by negotiating a deal between his friend Mark Dintenfass and Universal Pictures. The Dintenfass stock was transferred to Carl Laemmle at a price that left everyone happy. As a reward, Mr. Laemmle told Mr. Selznick, whose jewelry business had failed, to find himself a job with the motion-picture company. He did. He became general manager of the studio. In no time he was the tycoon of the motion-picture business, paying the unheard-of sum of $1,000 a day to the late Alla Nazimova, exclusively signing Clara Kimball Young, the Talmadge girls, and other stars of the era.

He organized, bought and sold enormous motion-picture industries. He provided his two sons, David and Myron, with an allowance of $350 a week and preached the doctrine of living beyond their means as an incentive to work and more work. He taught David to read the classics, to study the poetry of Keats and Shelley. They were rich, powerful, a loving, united family.

Then came the squeeze. Selznick, out in front, became the natural target for all those who felt his power

too stifling. He lost out. David, still in his teens, began the slow march back to power. Determined to get even, he looked about for a beginning and spotted Firpo, the Argentine scheduled to fight Dempsey. David had $500. Firpo wanted $1,000 for a day's work. David hired him for half a day and for twelve hours raced the bewildered South American through the processes of a short subject which David titled Will He Beat Dempsey? There are those who claim David answered the question himself by overworking the fighter to the point where he couldn't lick a flea, let alone Dempsey.

He sold the short for $3,500 and then sought the aid of a producer who had borrowed $50,000 from his father on David's O. K. The producer sneaked him into Hollywood and onto the payroll of Louis B. Mayer, a man to whom the name Selznick was cyanide. How David remained to hound and dumfound Mayer is one of those tales that lend credence to the outside world's opinion that Hollywood is nuts.

He was given an obscure job in the story department by his friend, who felt the boy was well hidden. The friend might as well have attempted to keep the Empire State Building a secret from New Yorkers. In nothing flat the lad was deep in the heart of memos—to Mayer, of all people—on how to reorganize the story department, the production department—in fact, the whole studio.

MR. MAYER read the memos, fruity with brilliant suggestions; noted with astonishment the name and made his choice whether to explode then and there or heed the contents. He made David story editor. The memos increased. David was made an assistant producer. In poured memos. He was given a Western film to produce on his own. He returned from location with not one but two Westerns. He had taken along two scripts, two pairs of leading players, and by using one supporting cast had finished two pictures in the time it took to make one.

Mayer was stumped. Then David tossed in his last straw wrapped around a dynamite stick. He wanted to marry Irene, Louis Mayer's daughter. All semblance of personal relationship was terminated and David went to Paramount. He looked about for more hell to raise and found none. So he created some. He began the campaign for the unit system rather than the assembly-line methods of those days. He fought four years, made their prize films Four Feathers, Sorrell and Son, The Texan, and Manslaughter. Then, at twenty-seven, he moved over to RKO as executive vice-president. A short time later, he married Irene Mayer after keeping a reluctant Mr. Mayer waiting forty-five minutes for a conference on the subject.

RKO agreed to his demands for a unit system, and under his guidance such films as The Lost Squadron, Symphony of Six Million, State's Attorney, A Bill of Divorcement, and The Animal Kingdom began to get under the hide of rival producers. They knew a Selznick was again on the loose when Little Women hit the screen and a newcomer called Bette Davis knocked the public cold in Of Human Bondage. They drooled with envy when a Selznick product with dancing feet hit the screen and Fred Astaire became the rage. Like a magician he created directors, producers, and writers who today are tops.

IN 1931, when David was twenty-nine, M-G-M tendered him the post of vice-president. He accepted, with the provision ("Always the provisions!" Mayer groaned) that he must have his own production unit. His Dinner at Eight made a mint for the studio. Dancing Lady, Viva Villa, Manhattan Melodrama followed. Then David remembered his father's advice to read the classics. David Copperfield was born. A Tale of Two Cities, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Garbo's Anna Karenina followed.

During his courtship days, while motoring Irene about in a dilapidated car, he talked endlessly of himself and revealed his greatest ambition—to own a studio. Ten years later he drove his wife by the white colonial façade that fronted the Culver City studio. It bore the name Selznick International Pictures. At his own studio he made the unforgettable A Star Is Born, with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March; followed it with The Prisoner of Zenda, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, and finally Gone with the Wind, the film that swept practically all Academy Oscars into its lap, grossed $35,000,000, and avenged the name of Selznick for all time.

As an encore, his Rebecca the following year captured its share of awards, and Selznick turned his attention to the accumulation of stars under his banner. They came in eagerly—and in time fought just as avidly to get out. At this writing, both Joan Fontaine and Ingrid Bergman, Academy Award winners, are seeking release from the mighty hand which they claim clamps too tightly over the purse strings. His battle to keep Vivien Leigh exclusively his property is now history.

For two years he kept Jennifer Jones under cover until the right vehicle, Twentieth Century-Fox's Song of Bernadette, came along. It made her a star and won her an Oscar. He signed Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple, Claudette Colbert, Dorothy McGuire, and Alan Marshal. From Sweden he brought Bergman for the lead in Intermezzo.

His Vanguard Films, a new organization, became the medium through which Selznick expanded his enterprises and enlarged his stock company that includes many young newcomers. Anita Colby, a former model, was added to his staff as an

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expert in style and fashion. Henry Willson was given the job of scouting new talent.

The innumerable honors—Academy Awards, the Irving Thalberg plaque, and even the Parents Magazine Medal for Tom Sawyer—would stagger many another, but they leave him only seeking and groping. He dreams, for instance, of overriding his limited education, acquired at Hamilton Institute for Boys and in special courses at Columbia University, by receiving an honorary degree from some college. His friends claim Selznick would gladly endow a chair to receive such an honor.

His brother Myron joined the crusade against Hollywood by becoming the most powerful agent of his time, literally clubbing the industry into the fabulous salaries now doled out to the stars. When Myron died, in 1944, David alone undertook the gigantic task of answering in longhand each of the thousands of letters and messages of condolence. It took him four months.

At forty-three, David Selznick has won distinction (his favorite word) and fame. And it seems odd, with Hollywood feverishly searching for material, that the story of this revenge-ridden man who achieved so much so young should go unheeded by the industry.

THE END

PLEASURE ISLAND

Continued from Page 15

life talking over the telephone and the other half beautifying herself. She uses too much rouge and lipstick and readily admits it. She is heavier and hippier than her U. S. opposite number, for the Cuban man likes her that way. She will tell you she was born to dance and never has had to learn. The Cuban moral code is high. For instance, a married woman would never let a stranger extend affection to her, and an unmarried woman is still governed by the chaperon system. She will not go out at night with a man—even to the movies—unless accompanied by a chaperon.

The Cuban man is courteous and gallant. When a woman asks a policeman for directions, he will first pay her a compliment, and then—if he still remembers her request—will give her the directions. A Cuban man will often compliment a pretty woman even though she is a stranger hurrying along a busy street. He may say, "God bless your mother for bringing you into this world," or "Little angel, where did you leave your wings?"

The one word that best describes the Cuban's philosophy is *mañana* —tomorrow. He is vitally interested in living today—and working tomorrow. In Cuba you make an appointment like this: "I'll see you between one and three," or "Let's make it in the early part of the evening."

Cubans never come to close grips with time. They never seem to go to bed, for to them nighttime is the time to live—to dance out-of-doors and sip daiquiris, as any tourist will find. You might begin an evening in Havana at a sidewalk café opposite the Capitol. There are half a dozen of these, each with an all-girl orchestra.

Havana's night spots include the Nacional Casino, Monte Carlo of the Americas, where the most ardent gamblers are women; Sans Souci with its dancing under the stars; and for a "high" in spontaneity, the water-front café, Jiggs. Another "must" is the nonsensical club with oddly painted stones called the Rio Crystal. This club is owned by Enrique Berenguer, who is dubbed "Multicolor Berenguer" because of his bright neckties and the red rose which he always wears.

THERE'S no planned schedule for night-club shows. If you like an entertainer's performance you applaud and yell and scream. Encores follow in proportion to your ability to yell and scream after each one. The audience manages the show the way it likes it, and it loves to do it that way. The dance music is half American and half Cuban.

The favorite dances are the rumba, the tango, the bolero, and the danzón.

Havana has a sort of Mardi Gras called *comparsa* which is held on five successive Sunday nights before Easter. During the year most of the Negroes in Havana make elaborate preparations for the *comparsa.* Negroes from each neighborhood agree on a symbol to identify their group, and muster from fifty to 300 men and women for the event. The most popular *comparsa* is the Scorpion, the traditional enemy of the sugarcane worker. A make-believe scorpion ten feet long is carried in the street on the shoulders of a group who are dressed as cane workers.

Every *comparsa* has its band of drums, triangles, maracas, and the Scorpions, as they are called, dance with long knives and symbolically attack the scorpion. Another popular *comparsa* group is the Dandys. In this group the men wear high silk hats, tuxedos, canes, and spats; the women wear evening gowns, long white gloves, and gold or silver slippers with extremely high heels. The Dandys dance in elegant fashion. There are several other *comparsas* to round out this colorful pageantry. And if you see American tourists marching and dancing with a *comparsa,* that's the spirit of Havana!

Half the fun in traveling in a strange country is to "go foreign," and learning a few stock phrases will help in getting around. *No tengo dinero* (I have no money) ranks first in usefulness. It's handy in warding off beggars and letting

some side-street merchants know that you are not on a gigantic spending spree. *Mucho,* meaning "too much," is also valuable in the same connection. *Gracias* is useful too. It means the same as "thanks" in our language, but is used a dozen times more often.

There are any number of famous landmarks to see, such as Morro Castle, the Malecón, the Prado, and El Capitolio. El Capitolio—the Capitol building—is in the heart of Havana, and embedded in the floor of the rotunda under the golden dome is a twenty-four-carat diamond. Today it is this point from which all distances on the 730-mile-long island are officially measured. The $18,000,000 Capitol, furnished by Waring & Gillow, decorators of English royal family palaces—has several rooms that are replicas of some in the Vatican, with furniture of hand-carved mahogany. Among Havana's many points of interest is Colón Cathedral where the remains of Christopher Columbus were placed before they were transferred to Seville in 1898.

Seventy-three miles east of the diamond in the Capitol floor is Varadero Beach, which all Cubans insist is the world's finest. Cubans will tell you that the water is never so blue, the sky never so clear, and the sand never so soft and white as at Varadero. Close up, the sand is white; seen from a plane a few thousand feet up, it appears light blue. This eight-mile stretch of natural beach is the site of the Varadero Nautical Club Hotel, which will be ready for occupancy this coming summer. Right now there are modern stone cabañas available.

Facilities for landing seaplanes are being built at Varadero so that you may go there from any point in Cuba and even fly in your own private seaplane from Miami. The Ruta Blanca—the White Road—now under construction from Havana to Varadero, will make dozens of other beaches easy to get to by private car or bus. Just outside Havana is La Playa de Marianao Beach, where the water ranges in color from jade green to ultramarine blue and the beach is studded with thick laurel trees and huge umbrellas made of straw and leaves.

CUBAN trains run a regular schedule—more or less. Passengers wait at the station, drink coffee, and don't seem to mind when delays occur. Since the $75,000,000 Central Highway was opened to traffic in 1931, the best way to travel is by private car or bus. The Cuban bus service is something to look forward to. It is customary for the driver to stop at any time without apparent reason. His young son may appear from a side street with hot coffee for his father and the two will discuss at great length the father's probable hour of return to home and supper. It is customary, too, for the driver to engage in heated political discussions with the passengers. The door of the bus always remains open, and passengers get off and on while the bus is still in motion.

Two convenient air lines will take you almost anywhere on the island. The Expreso Aéreo Interamericano is Cuban in capital and management; the Compania Cubana de Aviación is a Pan American subsidiary. It is common in Cuba to take a plane for short runs—forty or fifty miles or even less.

THE countryside is dotted with dozens of sugar centrals—long, narrow buildings with big smokestacks, where cane is crushed and boiled down to sugar and molasses. In January and February you can see little brown men with funny straw hats cutting the cane with machetes. A two-wheeled cart drawn by oxen will haul the cane to the railroad. From there it goes to the central.

Cuba boasts of the cities of Camaguey and Trinidad as most typically Cuban. Camaguey is today known as a city rich in buried treasures. The farmer of Camaguey once buried his gold in an urn near his home. Every farm had at least one ceiba tree, and the farmer would mark the site for the burial of his urn so many paces from the shadow cast by the ceiba tree at a certain time of day. He steadfastly clings to this custom today. He would not cut down a ceiba tree anywhere because of its symbolic importance. In appearance, Camaguey is the most medieval of Cuban cities with its crooked narrow streets, huge arched doorways, ornamental balconies, patios, plazas, and old churches.

Proudest and most conservative city on the island is Trinidad, where there are no planes, no buses, and just a narrow-gauge railroad leading to a near-by town. The Cuban has always been proud of his home, but in Trinidad he has carried this pride to amazing lengths. The seventeenth-century Iznaga family challenged the Prunedas by building all their floors of nacre shell. Not to be outdone, the Prunedas built the floor of their living room with twenty-dollar gold coins. The Spanish government opposed this type of construction, however, because it would permit people to step on the likeness of the King of Spain which was imprinted on every coin. The Prunedas refused to abandon the idea. They worked it out by setting the gold coins in edgeways.

In Santiago, on the eastern end of Cuba, 604 miles from the Capitol's golden dome, you'll see Havana in miniature, complete with plaza, architecture in Spanish, colonial, and Moorish styles, and steep hills with stone stairways in place of the usual roadway. There you can visit the Bacardi Gardens, home of the famous rum.

That's Cuba—a "natural" for the tourist, where it's always today, and *mañana*—tomorrow—never comes.

THE END

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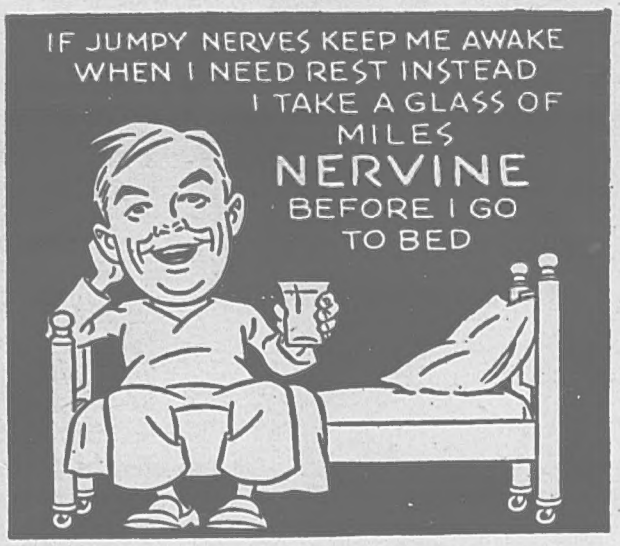

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Dr. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives which relaxes nervous tension to permit refreshing sleep. Get it now to have it handy when you want it. Buy it at your drug store on our money-back guarantee. Caution: read directions and use only as directed. Handy-to-carry Effervescent Tablets. 35c and 75c; Liquid, 25c and $1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

Try DR. MILES NERVINE

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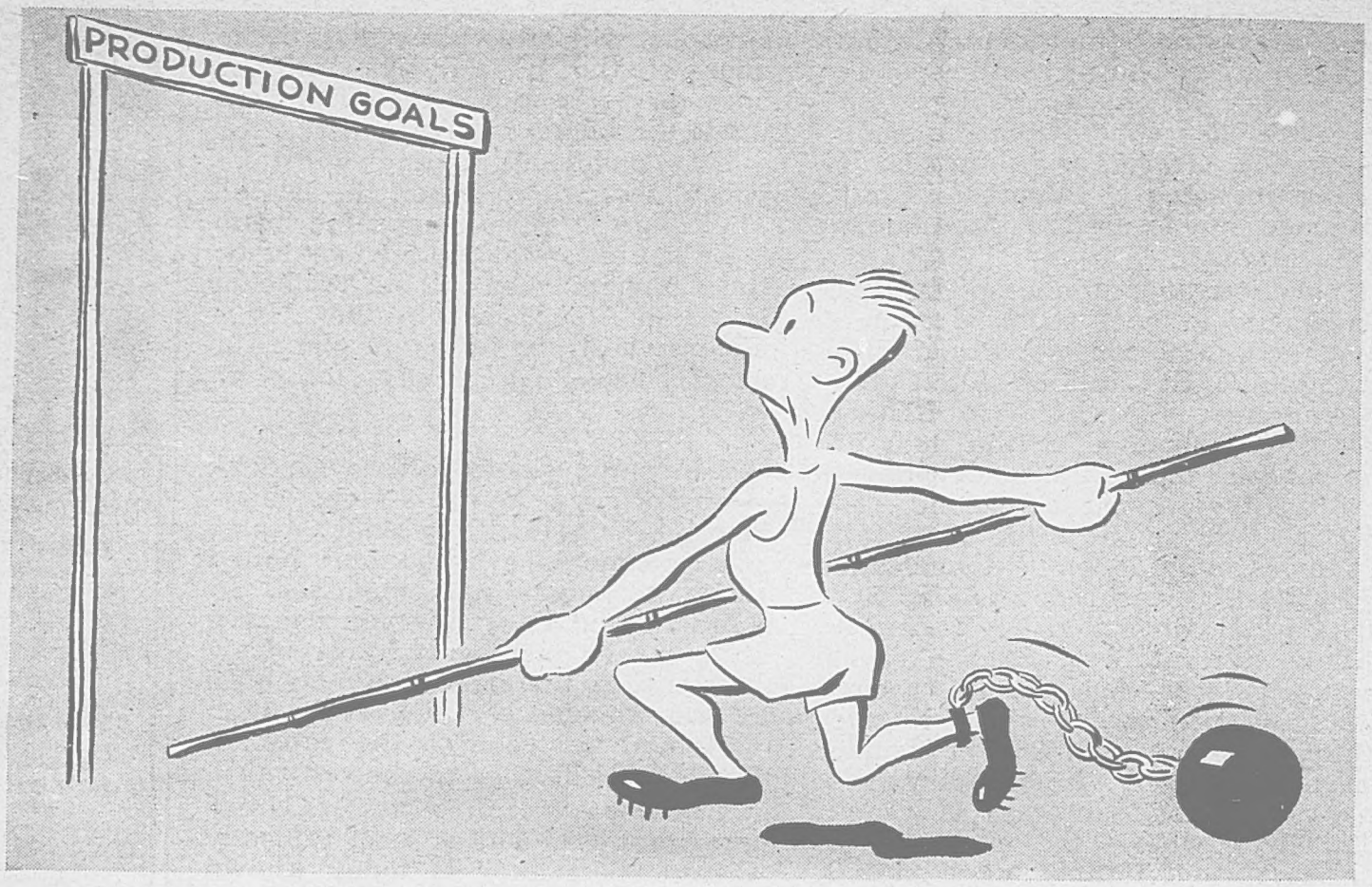


WHERE'S THE MERCHANDISE?

IT is evident that our attack on the problem of peacetime production lacks the vigor and determination we applied to turning out the tools of war. As yet, of course, reconversion is not complete in many industries, but even those which require no reconversion seem unable to produce for peace as they did for war. It is pertinent to inquire why.

An easy answer is that patriotism, which was a production incentive for war, no longer applies. However, this cannot be the whole answer or even the chief part of it. Certainly the high monetary rewards obtainable during the war were responsible as much as any other factor for the high performance.

Furthermore, we approached the problem of getting the necessary goods for war in a different way. If uniforms were required for soldiers or housing for war workers, we allowed no obstacles to stand in the way of creating them. If it cost a little extra to get production fast, we paid the money and got it. If bottlenecks intervened, we smashed them.

Now we need housing, clothing, and many other items just as badly as we needed them during the war. But the methods by which we obtained the production for war purposes no longer apply. The manufacturer who is held up by a bottleneck now has no government agency which he can call on to smash it for him. In trying to smash it himself, on his own initiative, he is stymied by the government controls which still remain in force. He can't offer or pay the extra inducements which might get action for him *now*. Simply put, we are trying to operate industry on a half-slave, half-free basis. Business men can plan but they can't carry out their plans—inevitably the plans run against an obstacle which proves to be a dead end because the normal steps they would take to override it are barred to them.

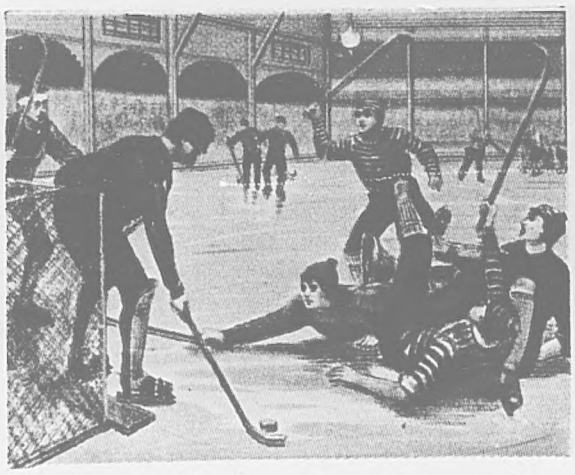
In these times our first anxiety should be to get the wheels moving and production flowing. If in the process individuals here and there take undue advantage and make a little more money than they are entitled to, it is unfortunate but not catastrophic. But if leaning over backward to prevent this restricts the productive function drastically enough to throw us into a tailspin, it *will* be catastrophic.

Inflation has been and still is a real bugaboo. We must guard against it. However, in guarding against it we will be less than smart if we find ourselves in the grip of a serious deflation, another term for which is the horrid word "depression."

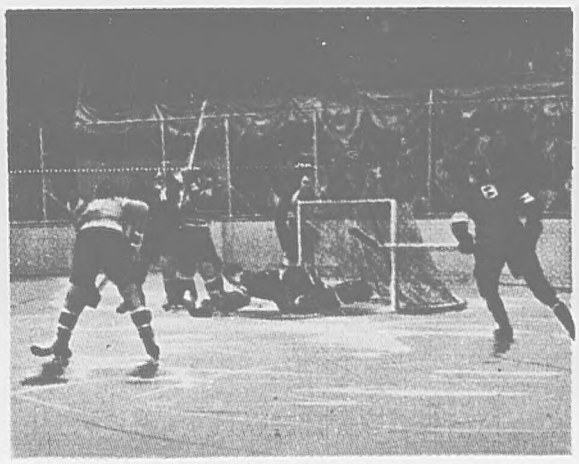
We need lots of goods fast, and we need the jobs that production of these goods will provide. We can wait no longer to get the goods flowing. National policies which place impediments in the way of production are dangerous and need reconsideration.

Paul Hunter

Twelve-man riot on ice!



1875 **Ice Skating,** probably brought to Canada by British soldiers, evolved into ice "shinny." Then in 1875, when the name Corby's Whiskey was 17 years old in Canada, the game of ice hockey—rough, tough and fast—made its appearance in Montreal.



1894 **The Stanley Cup,** prized hockey trophy, was put up in this year, Corby's 36th as a famous Canadian name. Canadians stepped up hockey action—the goalie's job came close to certain mayhem as driven pucks split heavy backboards (and occasionally a player's skull).

1906 **Indoor hockey,** with a mile-a-minute pace, came to the U.S.A. Pile ups, slam-bang slides into opponents, looping dives into the stands—those were the action thrills that began to attract crowds as Corby's reached its 48th year of fame in Canada.

1946 **Hockey today** is faster, tougher competition than ever—a veritable riot on ice! Professional skill puts new zip into the game that is Canada's gift to U.S. sports fans. Another of Canada's gifts to the U.S.A. is the name Corby's. Respected for generations in the Dominion, the name Corby's now brings you a light, sociable blended whiskey that "does something" for your favorite drink. Ask for Corby's in your bar or store.

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

Bright as a Winter Morning...

You'll agree it's "Mellow as a Sunny Morning"

You *taste* it at once . . . this *extra,* this *special* measure of flavor that's light, mellow . . . like a sunny morning. We think you'll agree it's not matched in *any* other whiskey! Try Schenley Reserve . . . most widely enjoyed whiskey in America today!
Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits.
Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.